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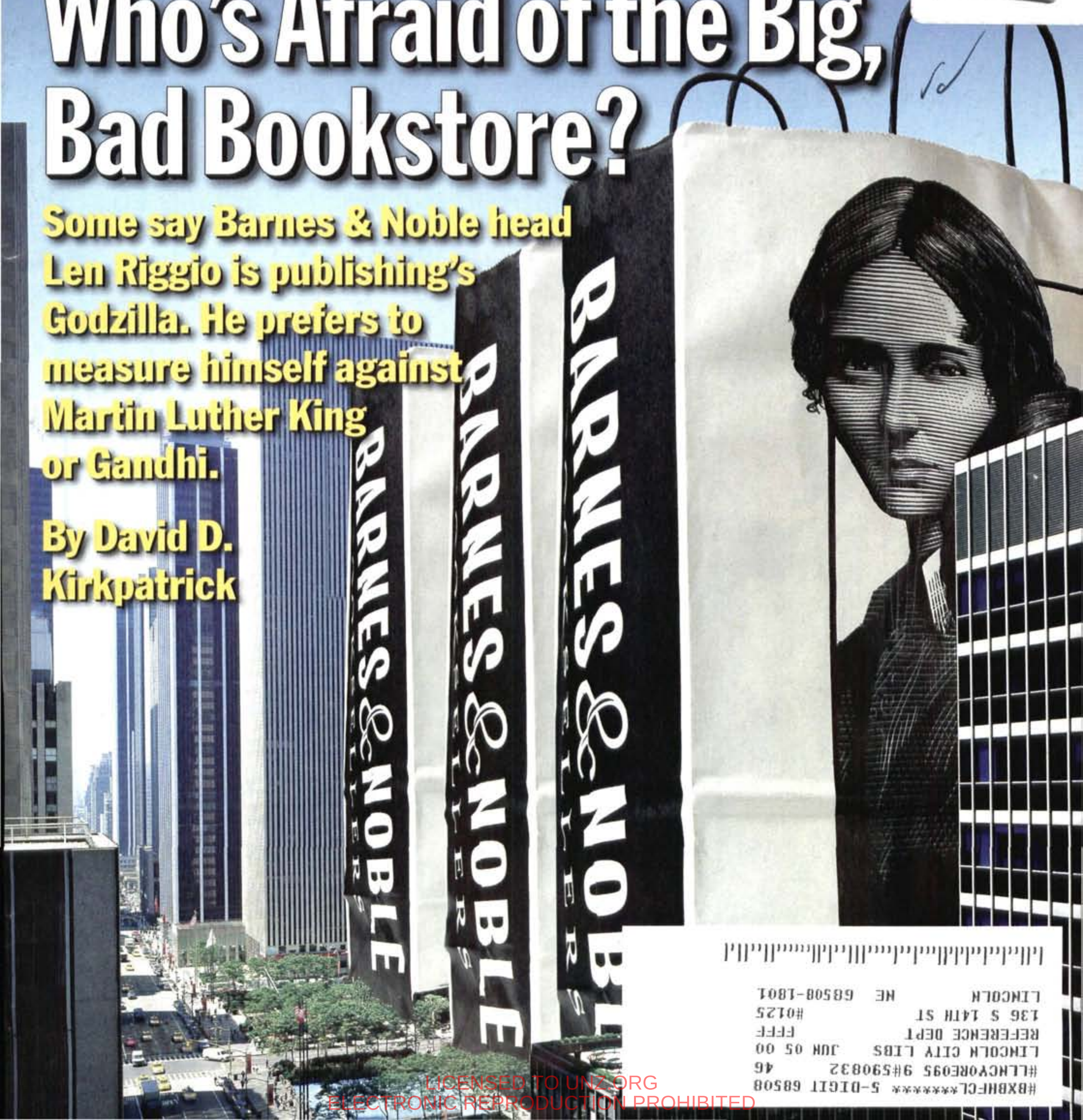
Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Bookstore?

Some say Barnes & Noble head Len Riggio is publishing's Godzilla. He prefers to measure himself against Martin Luther King or Gandhi.

By David D. Kirkpatrick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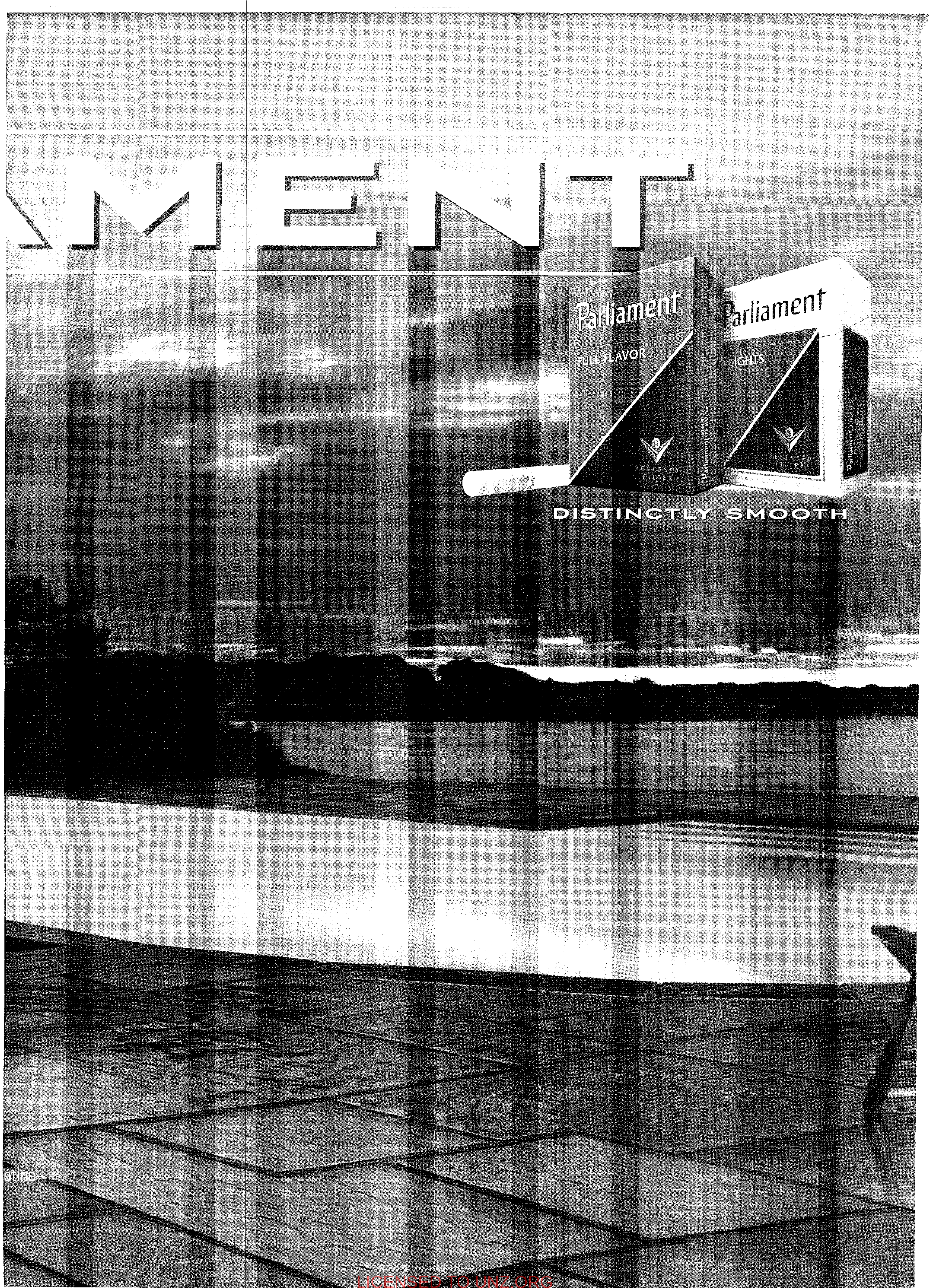
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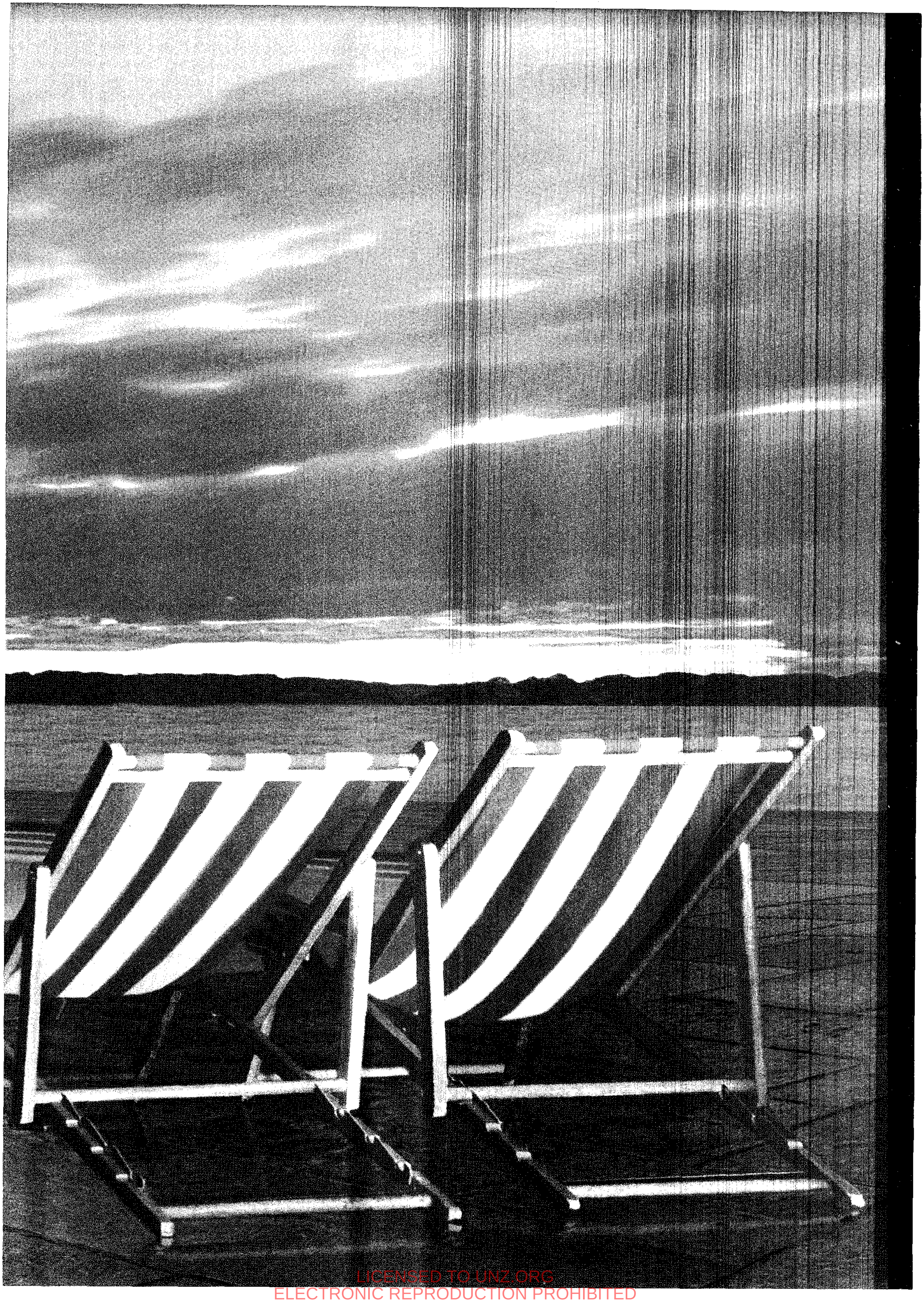

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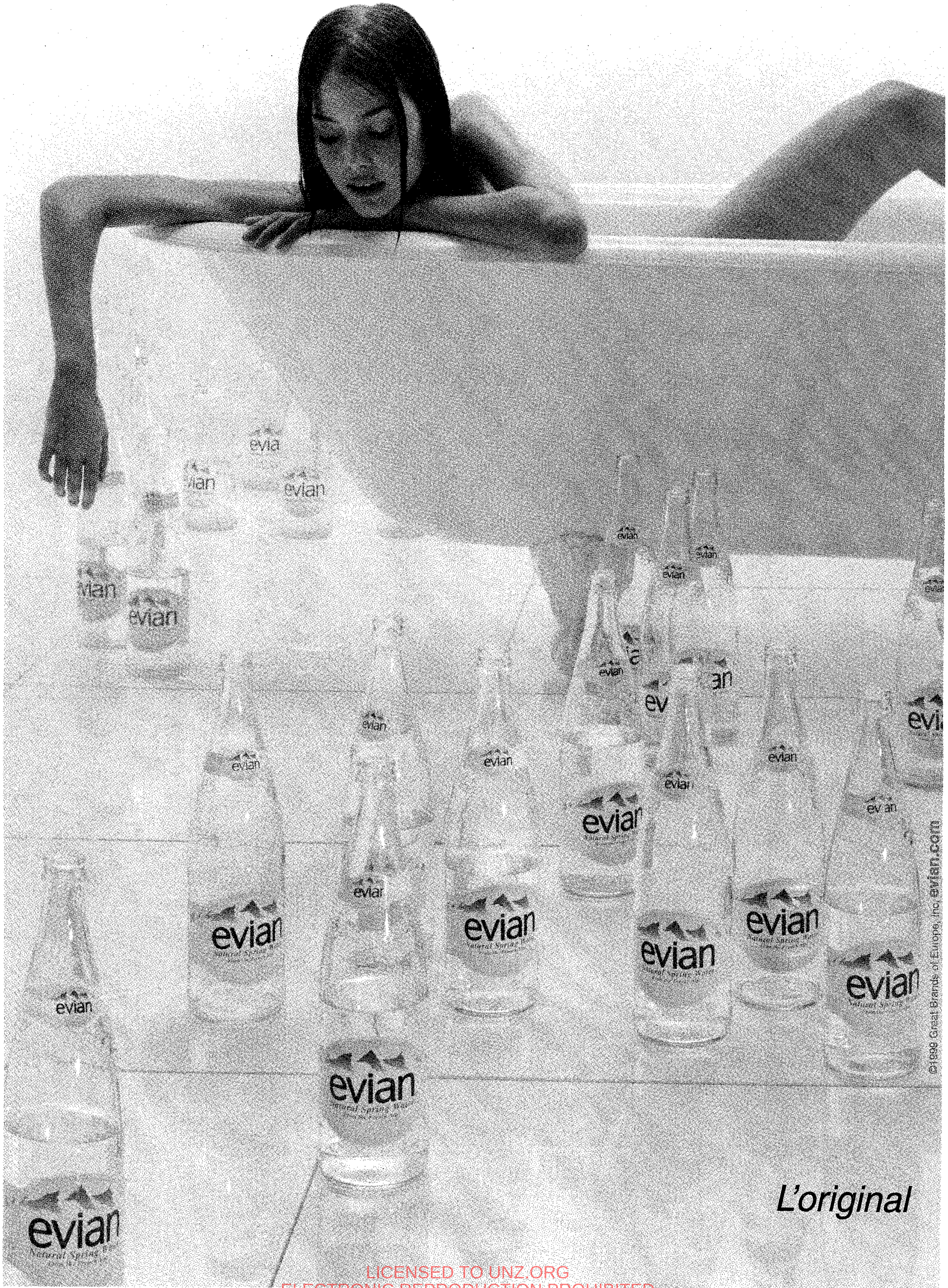
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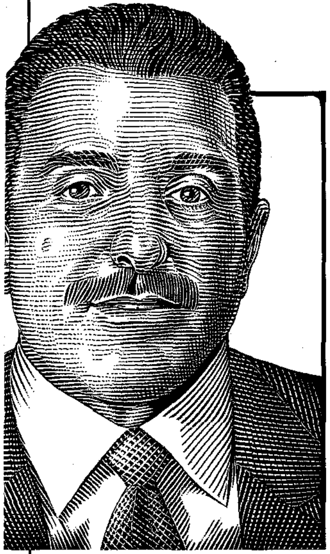
Contents July 19, 1999

> *"You would think I wake up in the morning thinking about who I am going to kill. I wake up looking to do some good! We are selling books. We aren't selling weapons of mass destruction."*
>
> LEONARD RIGGIO, PAGE 24



24 One for the Books

By David D. Kirkpatrick

Life before the Internet was pretty sweet for Len Riggio, the Bensonhurst native who turned Barnes & Noble into a retailing colossus. Okay, a few publishers fumed that he was a bully, and independent booksellers groused that he was out to get them. Then came Amazon.com—styling itself the new-media David to his bricks-and-mortar Goliath—and the battle turned into an all-out war. Can a guy who's a liberal Democrat and patron of the arts, a self-made intellectual who hangs out with both truck drivers and writers like Gay Talese, ever convince the literary world he's on its side?

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By Tony Schwartz

Sure, e-mail is convenient, fast, and informal. It's also intrusive, annoying, and addictive as crack cocaine, as we compulsively field messages in the office, during meetings, while we're on the phone, in bed, and while we're supposed to be on vacation. A meditation on the perils of being connected all the time.

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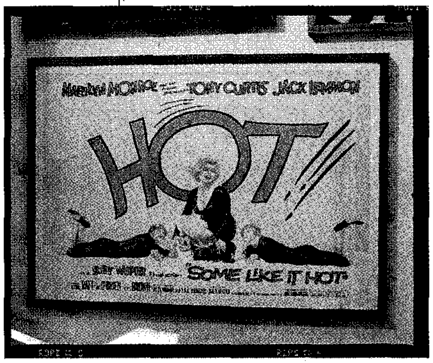
By Ethan Smith

During his 32-year tenure, Harvey Lichtenstein transformed the Brooklyn Academy of Music from a provincial relic into an international mecca for the avant-garde lively arts, from Mark Morris's dances to Robert Wilson's epics. On Lichtenstein's parting day, he has a few words for would-be impresarios. And then he's off to work the same magic on the surrounding neighborhood.

40 Crimes and Punishments

By Chris Nuttall-Smith

It's been more than two decades since Frank Penna kidnapped and raped two teenage girls, and it's been seven years since he got out of prison. Now, thanks to Megan's Law, everyone in his hometown of Linden, New Jersey, suddenly knows what he did. Some neighbors insist he's a changed man. Others shoot at his house. Will he ever be allowed to get on with his life?



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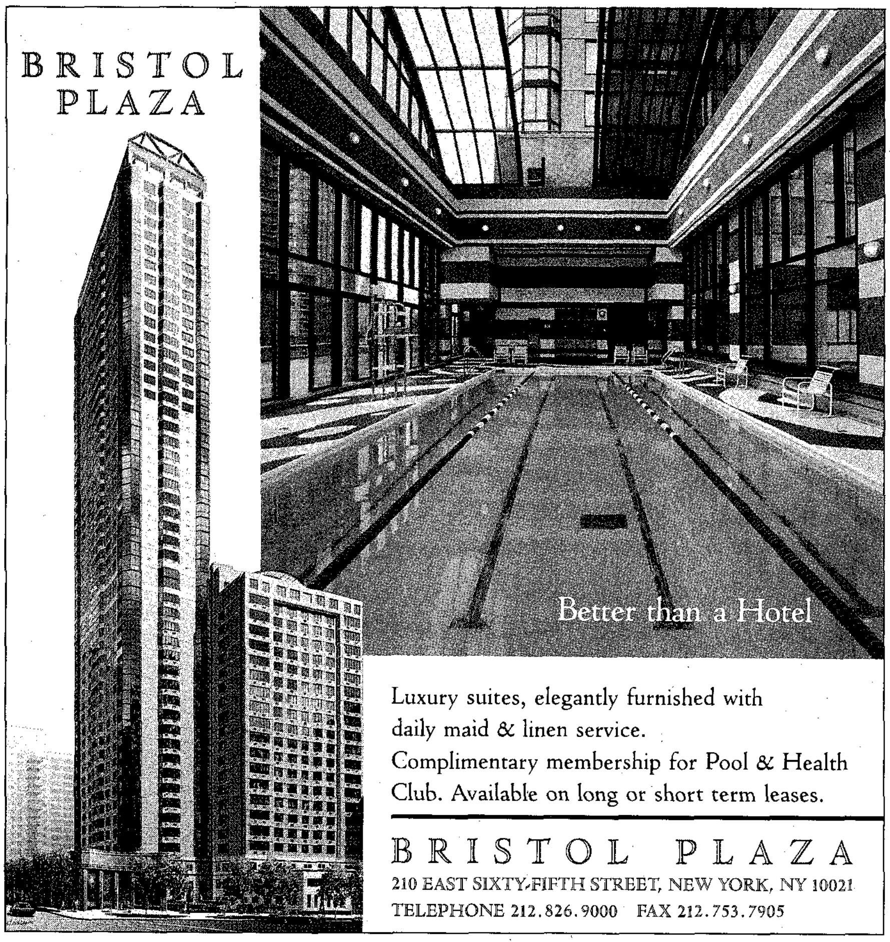

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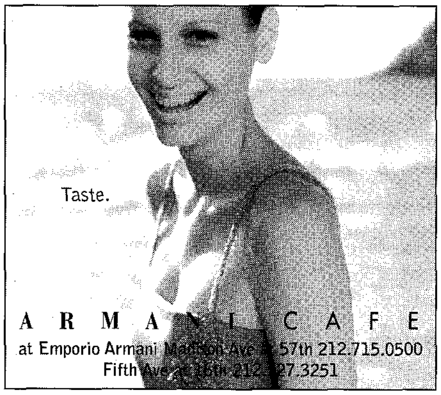
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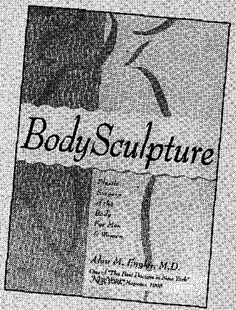

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Law Review

If law were more professional, it might not be so hellish; loyalty among lawyers; news flash—not all lawyers are white males.

YOU DESCRIBE THE AMBIENCE IN NEW York's premier law firms ["The Drudge Report," by T. Z. Parsa, June 21] as being like that of a jungle. You note the frequency with which a partner or associate leaves a firm and immediately lures away clients of the firm. In any other professional calling, such conduct would be deterred by the partnership agreement or the associate's contract, which would almost certainly contain a binding promise not to compete with the firm for a reasonable time after departure. This disparity between the rules governing the legal profession and those of other professional callings is an unintended consequence of excessive idealism. Decades ago, the ABA suggested, and the courts adopted, rules forbidding agreements binding lawyers not to compete with their ex-employers or ex-partners. Why? The rationale was "client choice." Similarly, except in very limited circumstances, a client may fire a lawyer without cause, subject only to a liability to pay for work already done. Why? "Client choice!" Put the two rules together, and the result is jungle warfare.

Joseph M. Perillo
Professor of Law, Fordham University
MANHATTAN

AS A FORMER MUDGE ROSE ATTORNEY, I think the article's portrayal of life at a big firm was accurate, and it made me very glad that I am now working at an Internet growth company. Mudge's failure did not come about solely because of John Kirby Jr.'s departure for Latham & Watkins. The biggest problem was a general inability among the old-line partners to realize that their legal practices were businesses just like their clients'. Thus, they did not feel comfortable employing standard business practices, such as P.R. firms and other marketing techniques, to develop new business. Mudge was actually an interesting and pleasant place to work until about a year before its dissolution, when partners and practice groups began leaving in droves. The place was full of rumor and innuendo, and several merger candidates came and went. The disinformation from the partnership was at first insulting; then it became quite humorous. Or maybe the other way around. Unlike many firm failures, this was not strictly about greed or incompetence. Partners were not stabbing one another in the back to steal clients, but they were unable to agree on a vision or a leader. The partnership did not do a good job of hiding this, and it was an unpleasant time to be an associate there.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

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YOUR COVER ARTICLE ON LIFE AT BIG LAW firms omits any perspective from the many big-firm lawyers who are happy with their careers. My experience as a senior associate in the litigation department at Weil, Gotshal & Manges, one of the "hellish" law firms featured in your article, has been a world apart from the nightmare you depicted. Some people will be miserable in any situation—and they are usually the ones who complain the loudest. Is all the whining from these highly compensated professionals at "blue chip" law firms really that interesting?

Adam I. Cohen
MANHATTAN

AS AN ENTERTAINMENT-LAW ATTORNEY AND a professor, I was dismayed by your article "The Drudge Report." It is hard to fathom how overworked associates and scheming partners can properly service the client. The old-boy network may not have been egalitarian, but at least the client was the focus of attention and pride of authorship was the attorney's goal. The goal has now become "How much wasted time can be spent on a matter so that the partner or associate can bill for it?" Perhaps it is too late to make the business of law a profession.

Rosalind Lichter
MANHATTAN

BACK IN THE "OLD DAYS," LOYALTY WAS A two-way street. Associates were loyal to their firms as the result of the firms' displaying loyalty to them. In today's market, firms think nothing of laying off lower-level attorneys so that partners' profits can be maintained. The age-old practice of senior lawyers' reducing their draws in order to retain junior associates during slack periods has become unheard of. Similarly, the old-time myth that in-house attorneys somehow had it better is no longer true. As one of the targets of three corporate mergers/downsizings in my 25-year career, I can attest to the fact that job security is shakier in the corporate world. I guess that it's always greener on the other side!

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

AFTER EXAMINING THE PHOTOGRAPHS you provided to illustrate your "Law Is Hell" cover story, I can't help noticing that they demonstrate a very narrow view of who lawyers actually are. Do you truly believe that the firms discussed in the article are populated solely by white males?

Ann Lipton
MANHATTAN

Straight Out of Brooklyn

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST PATRICIA Falvo's column about New York's alternative movie houses ["Smart City: Screen Dreams," June 21]. I was disappointed, however, that the newest addition to the scene was not included. Since opening in November 1998, BAM Rose Cinemas has presented classics and special festival programming in addition to first-run foreign and independent films. Recent examples include "BAMkids Film Festival," "From Africa to the Americas—A Musical Journey on Film," and a mini Bergman festival. Additionally, BAM Rose Cinemas launched a full-time repertory program called "BAMcinématek" on July 1. In the first three months of "BAMcinématek," the works of Robert Bresson, Stanley Kubrick, François Truffaut, Orson Welles, and Noël Coward, among others, will be shown.

Karen Brooks Hopkins
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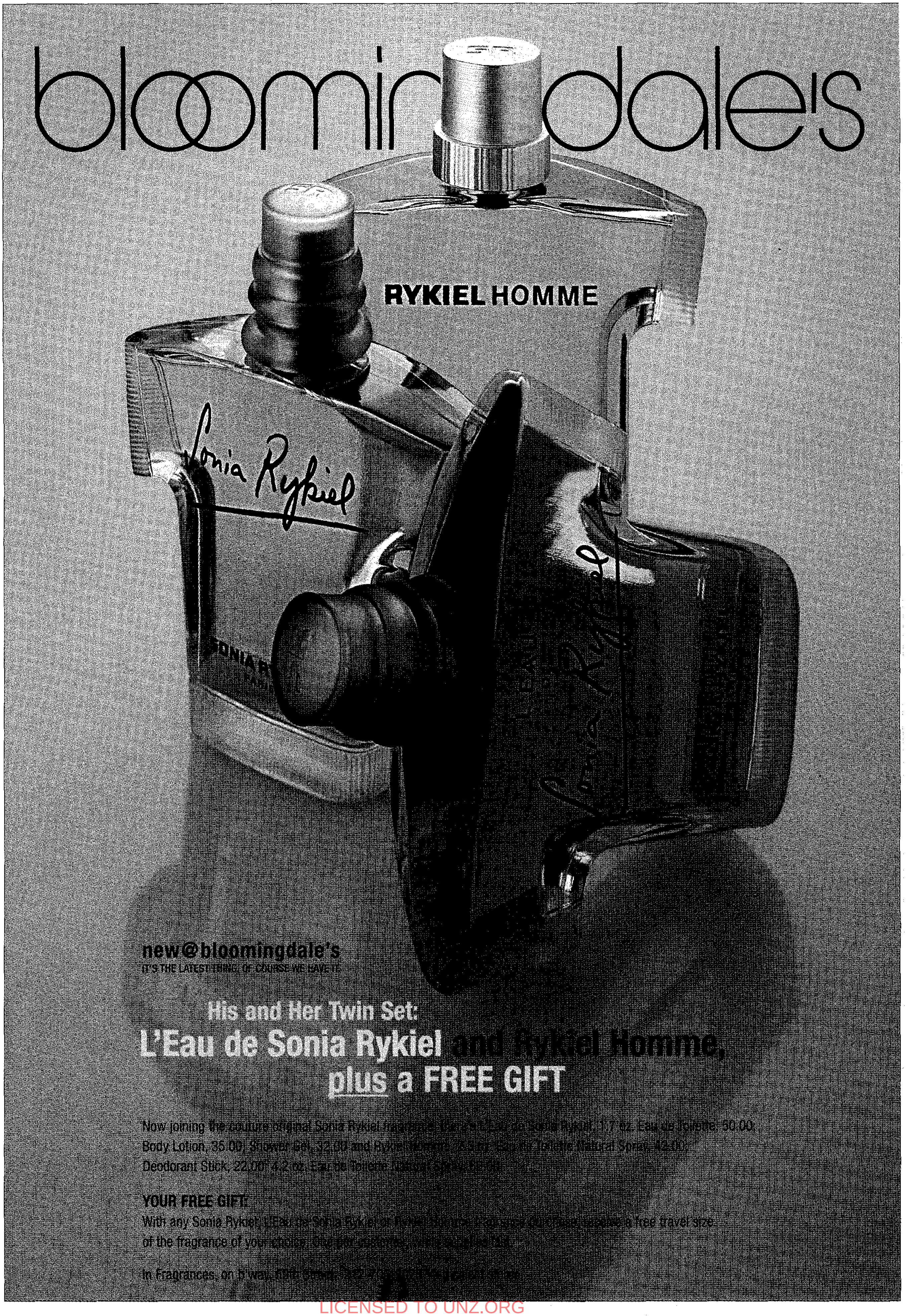

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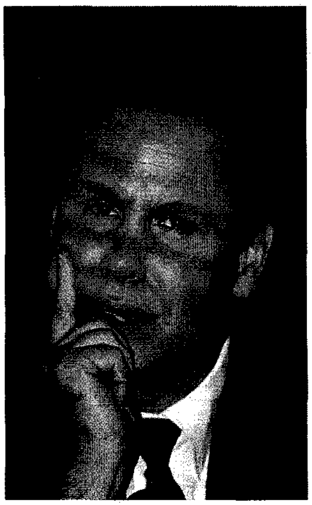
INTELLIGENCER

SILVER LINE: VENICE, ANYONE?

Good news for **Ted Turner** and Time Warner stockholders: The company's beleaguered movie division isn't paying for **Joel Silver**'s wedding in Italy after all. When press reports first surfaced about the *Die Hard* producer's July 10 date with producer **Karyn Fields**, perk-savvy Left Coasters wondered whether Warner Bros. might be picking up the tab for 50 at Cipriani's in Venice. Guess again. It turns out that **David Geffen**, Warner Bros.' **Terry Semel**, and Universal's **Ron Meyer** are shelling out their own hard-earned dollars for jet fuel and hotel rooms, according to an incredulous Hollywood source. "It's a B.Y.O.B. wedding—bring your own bed," cracks the source. "Joel should be paying for the hotel for those who are schlepping all the way over there." Explains Silver's press rep: "It's a very personal, private wedding with close friends. No one was asked to pay to go. . . . You either come or you don't come, like any wedding." She adds that Silver *is* picking up the bills for family members on both sides. Of course, they, unlike the moguls, didn't have to turn down **Herbert Allen**'s simultaneously scheduled luxe media retreat at the Sun Valley Lodge. There, you get fireworks extravaganzas and daily paparazzi outtakes—gratis.



Michael Eisner:
A snail on e-mail

HAVE THEY GOT MAIL AT DISNEY!

Steady, now: **Michael Eisner** has discovered e-mail. The embattled Disney head last month began sending around companywide communiqués, an idea he admits to having borrowed from **Bill Gates**. Eisner started off with a populist touch—"Dear Fellow Cast Members"—before offering a philosophic prescriptive to the company's recent bad press ("I have found throughout my career that the light regularly follows the dark") and reviewing the upcoming *Toy Story 2* ("I saw it 10 days ago and I can say without hesitation that it is actually better than the first, a bold statement I admit"). Eisner's second missive—apparently composed as he watched the Stanley Cup on ESPN ("If this letter wanders a little it's because my family is into this game. Score!!! Dallas 1, Buffalo 0! Ouch!")—brings the staff behind the scenes to his dinner with McDonald's chairman **Jack Greenberg**. The Mouse House's top cheese-leader promises "to frankly discuss matters that are not so upbeat" in the future. He goes international in the third e-mail, telling his fellow cast members that "the potential for Disney entertainment is tremendous on the globe's other six continents (though I wouldn't pin too many hopes on Antarctica)." Here's hoping the next installment presents Eisner's take on last week's settlement with **Jeffrey Katzenberg**.

BORTMAN TAKES THE METRO (PICTURES)

Not everyone is wild about the frantic world of Internet art auctions. According to Boston-based art collector **Alan Bortman**, his eBay auction of **Cindy Sherman** prints was interrupted by an unsolicited e-mail to bidders informing them that the prints were part of an unlimited series and implying that they weren't worth the $1,300 high bid at the auction. Bortman later learned that the e-mail had come from the Chelsea gallery Metro Pictures, which offers prints from the same series for only $150. Says Bortman, "Metro Pictures should never have gotten involved." **Helene Winer** of Metro Pictures counters, "We offer the Sherman prints so that less wealthy members of the art community can get artists' work that is not so precious. We did not intend these non–collectors' pieces to be sold for profit." Sherman herself (right) adds, "The idea that this person tried to make a profit selling art he acquired at a charity event for a reduced price is not only repellent but discourages artists from donating art to auctions in the future." Bortman insists he did not misrepresent the prints and points to the lucrative nature of Internet auctions to explain their increased value. Artist **Mark Kostabi**, who's been making a killing on eBay since Bortman introduced him to the site, is baffled by the conflict: "Galleries are irrationally afraid, instead of thrilled, to take part in the Internet mania." Caveat emptor.

ROCK CENTER, MEAL MECCA?

Foodie frenzy is gripping Rockefeller Center. The biggest gastronomic news concerns **Thomas Keller**, chef-owner of the acclaimed French Laundry in Yountville, California, who is negotiating with landlord Tishman Speyer to open a French bistro in the suddenly hot complex. French Laundry received the highest food rating in *Zagat's* 1999 San Francisco/Bay Area survey. Should he close the deal, Keller's

With Ken Frydman

Photographs: top, F. Taylor/Liaison Agency; bottom, Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

THE WINTOUR'S TALE, ACT TWO

The city's most-followed current soap opera isn't getting a summer hiatus. **Anna Wintour**, the maritally challenged *Vogue* editrix, is now in Europe with her two children, visiting **Jacob** and **Serena Rothschild**, reports a source close to her. Wintour is no stranger to high society: It was at **Anne Bass**'s table at a 1997 New York City Ballet gala that the editor first met telecommunications mogul and Democratic fund-raiser **J. Shelby Bryan**, sources say. Their ensuing romance has been whispered about in Condé Nast corridors for over a year. Last Friday, "Page Six" reported that Bryan left his wife, **Katherine**, and moved into a hotel. Now Upper East Siders say that Katherine was already meeting with divorce attorneys when she got more bad news: The servants told her that while she was in Europe, Wintour and Shelby were installed at the Bryans' Long Island estate. A spokesman for Wintour said only that she's "on vacation right now with her family." But Wintour's husband, **Dr. David Shaffer**, was in New York last week. Neither he nor the Bryans returned calls.

Rock Center competition will be stiff: Morrell & Company is currently building a wine bar and store; Restaurant Associates is opening Cucina and redoing both SeaGrill and American Festival Cafe, which will be renamed Rock Center Cafe; architect **Philip Johnson** is designing Campari; and Bice co-owner **Roberto Ruggeri** is slated to open Medí. One restaurant that definitely won't be opening, however, is the casual American spot planned by Gabriel's restaurant namesake **Gabriel Aiello**: He has decided, because of an illness in the family of a key staff member, to scrap plans for an outpost under Atlas.

NIELSENS, MEET THE HAMPTONS

The last thing the East End of Long Island needs is a little more attention, but Lions Gate Television is shopping a new hourlong drama to the networks with the terrifying title *The Hamptons*. According to creator **James Deutch**, the still-uncast series will feature a hip young writer—inspired by Deutch's friend (and Hamptons mainstay) **Bret Easton Ellis**—who works for an unnamed East Hampton newspaper and hobnobs with barely disguised celebrities and displaced Hamptons locals. The characters will be "compilations of real people torn from the headlines, such as **Martha Stewart** and **Ron Perelman**," says Deutch. Whom will they get to play **Ellen Barkin**?

MI CASTLE, SU CASTLE

Didn't you always think you had that rare, undiscovered quality that Kennedy playmates are made of? That you would fit right in at muddy scrimmages *if you only had the chance*? Well, thanks to hosts **Anne Randolph Hearst**, **George Plimpton**, **Princess Yasmin Aga Khan**, and other generous luminaries, your time has come. At a benefit for the upkeep and repair of San Simeon's Hearst Castle, to be held at the Galesi castle in Southampton on July 24, **Bobby Kennedy** is offering a falconry trip, plus, predictably, a game of touch football, to the highest bidder. Or you can join Plimpton for dinner at Elaine's and a very literary round of pool. Other rarefied opportunities include lunch with **Jay McInerney** at Moomba and a lifetime membership at **Dan Aykroyd**'s House of Blues.

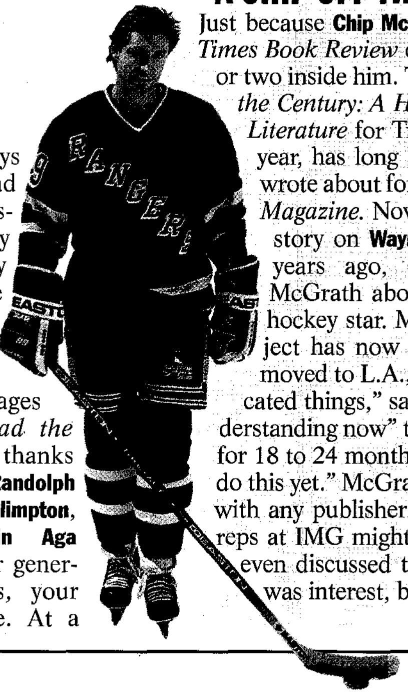
CASH-POOR WRITERS; LAND-RICH PHOTOG

CRYING THE BLUES: Warning to freelance writers and photographers: You may or may not get paid. The two-year-old adventure-lifestyle publication *Blue* is developing a habit of remunerating its freelancers in an untimely manner. **Abby Ellin**, who writes the "Preludes" column for the New York *Times* business section, is one of several disgruntled *Blue* contributors who claim to have been misled about payment by the bimonthly. Ellin still hasn't received a $450 check for an article that ran in the December 1998 issue. "[*Blue* editor] **Amy Schrier** said that suing her would bring us closer together," says Ellin. Schrier denies making the comment or encouraging Ellin to sue, but does admit to "longer payment periods . . . than the magazine-industry norm."

ANNIE'S NEW GUN: Photographer **Annie Leibovitz** lost money when she sold her Upper East Side apartment in the early nineties, according to the *New York Observer.* But she's primed to do better with her latest real-estate venture. A few years ago—before West 26th Street and Tenth Avenue became a hot artistic enclave—Leibovitz took over a garage on the block that she's been renovating. Last week, she moved her photography studio into the building. Leibovitz did not return calls to discuss her land grab in the far West.

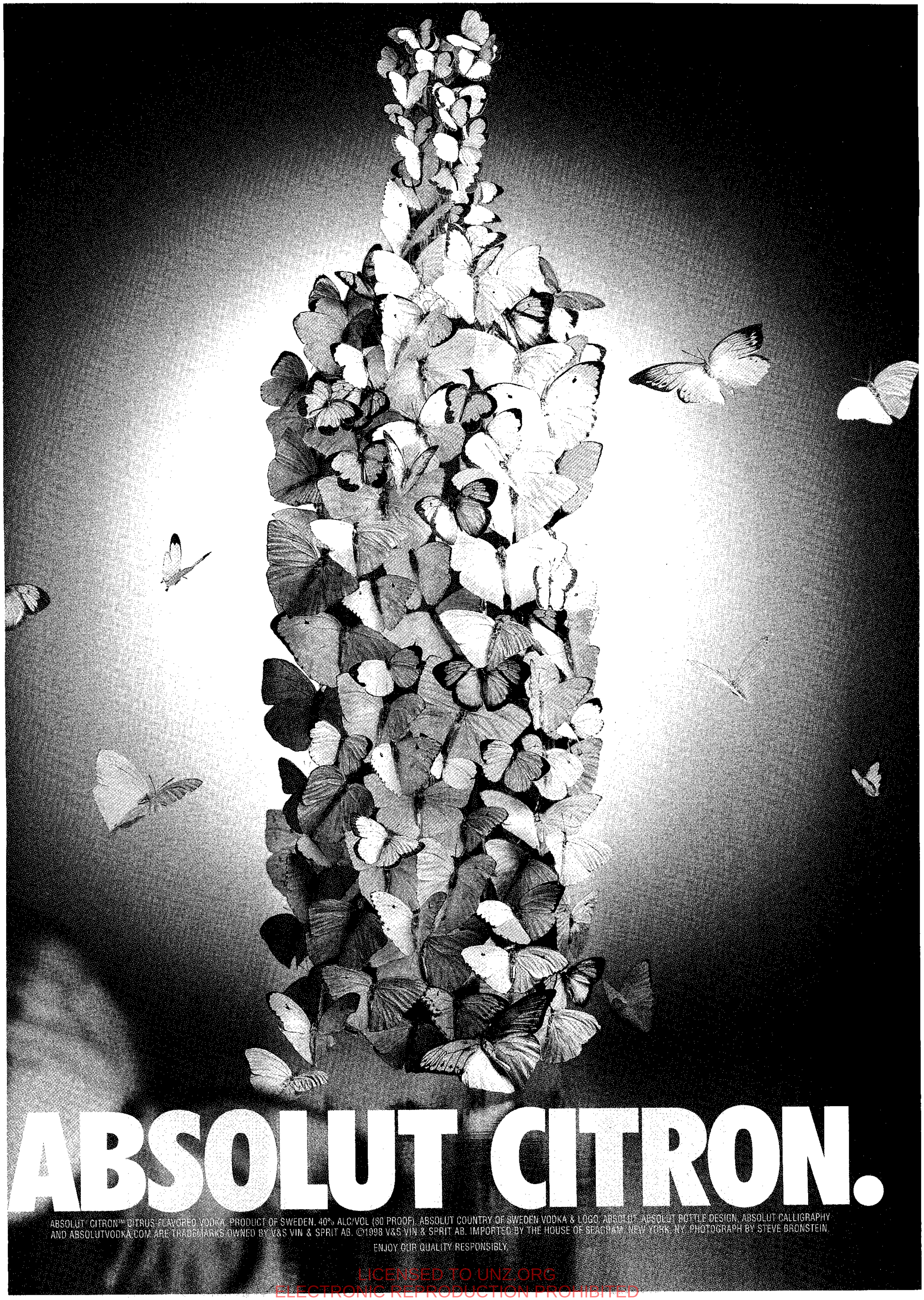
Additional reporting by Jared White.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK LOSES OUT



Just because **Chip McGrath** is the editor of *The New York Times Book Review* doesn't mean he doesn't have a book or two inside him. The *Times*-man, who edited *Books of the Century: A Hundred Years of Authors, Ideas and Literature* for Times Books with his staff earlier this year, has long been interested in hockey, which he wrote about for both *The New Yorker* and the *Times Magazine.* Now it turns out that after his magazine story on **Wayne Gretzky** and **Mark Messier** ran two years ago, Gretzky's literary reps contacted McGrath about writing an authorized bio of the hockey star. McGrath was interested, but the project has now been put on hold. "When Gretzky moved to L.A., that, from my point of view, complicated things," says McGrath, adding that it's "my understanding now" that the project "has been put on hold for 18 to 24 months, because Gretzky just isn't ready to do this yet." McGrath insists that he hasn't had any talks with any publishers, although he allows that Gretzky's reps at IMG might have. McGrath adds that he hasn't even discussed the project with Gretzky yet: "There was interest, but it was all slightly hypothetical."

Photographs: top, Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma; bottom, Globe Photos.



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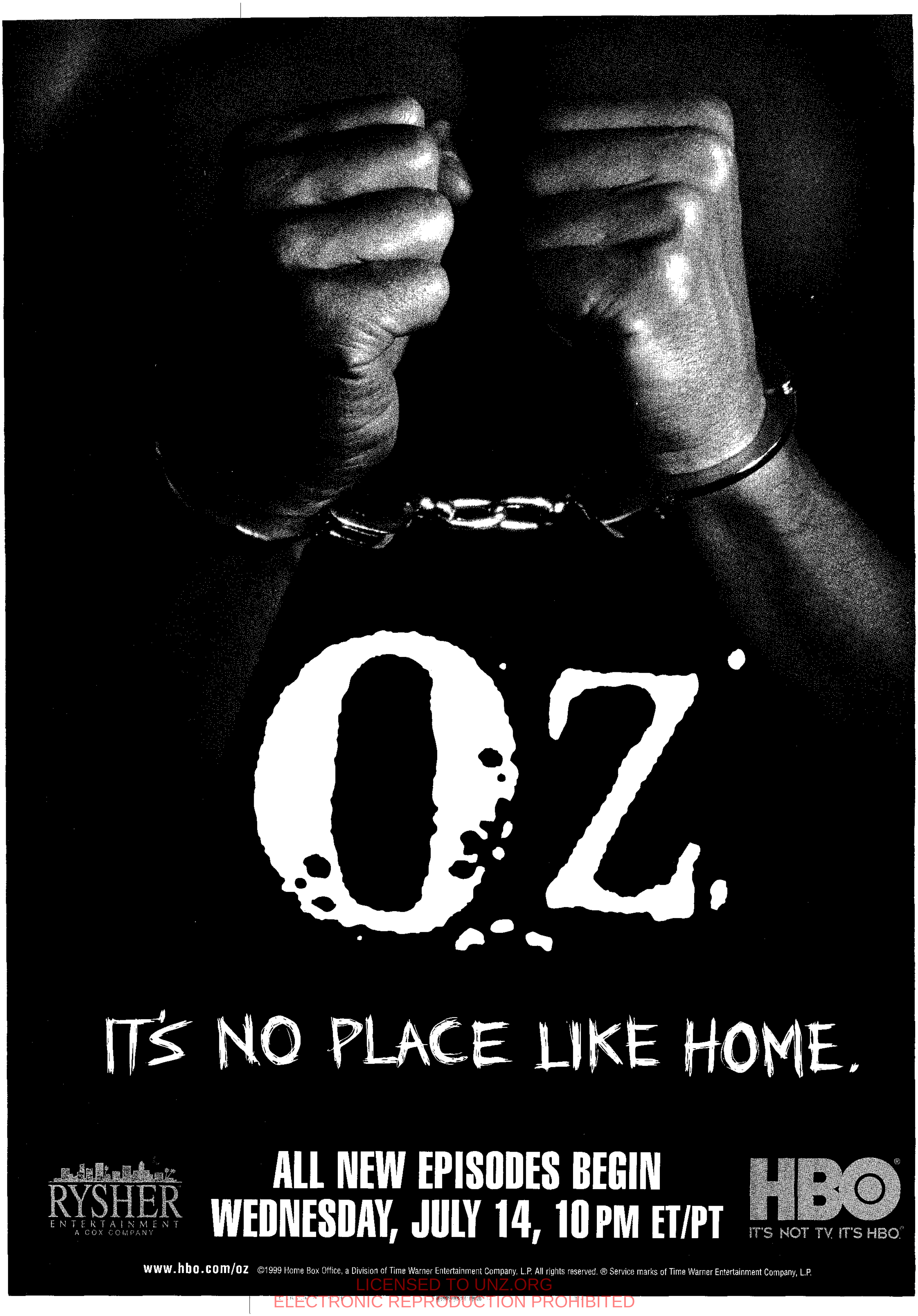
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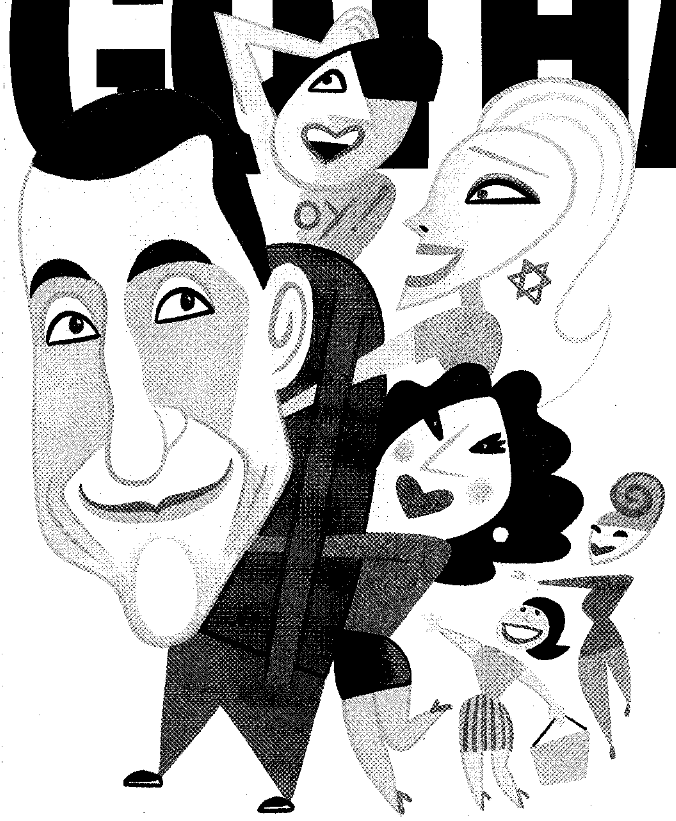
GOTHAM



The Chosen

Jewish girls go gaga for Adam Sandler.

THERE IS A CERTAIN KIND of girl (Jewish) who gets a certain kind of look (lovelorn) when you mention the name Adam Sandler. "He has been a part of my life for so long," my friend murmurs, her face awash with emotion. "I would watch him on *Saturday Night Live,* and my heart would *ache.* Nobody knows how much it would ache."

People tend to think of Sandler as a dirt-mouthed camp counselor, popular with little boys impressed by his penchant for filth and slapstick—*South Park* kids. But they don't know the *other* Adam Sandler. For a small but passionate army of young women, he is a Jewish love god.

Sandler is not what you'd call a beautiful man. As he recently told David Letterman, "My body has changed. It used to be, when I was with a girl, 'Pretty funny—and look at the abs.' Now I'm like, 'At least I'm nice.' "

It really doesn't matter how fat he gets, though. Jewish males have long been left with wit as their best weapon against rugged Wasp hotness in the epic struggle for babes. How many times have you heard people marvel over stubby Woody Allen scoring Diane Keaton and Mia Farrow? It sometimes works on the shiksas, but there is an added advantage with Jewish girls: Attraction has a lot to do with "connection" for some women, and while they may never have met Adam Sandler, they recognize his goofy, self-deprecating humor from years of bar mitzvah antics. This actually makes Sandler *more appealing than Leo,* if familiarity is your bag. (I mean, Brad Pitt singing "The Hanukkah Song"? I think not.)

Laughing is fun, but so is sex, and Sandler expresses an aggressive if adolescent virility that his comic Jewish forefathers rarely displayed. I doubt Woody could get away with singing the "stroke my dick at a medium pace" song, or carry off Sandler's bit about a Jewish mother obsessed with her son's "cock 'n' balls." With the exception of Lenny Bruce, who was too punk to be a fair comparison, Sandler is unprecedented in his equal fluency in Borscht Belt shtick and unabashed horniness. Woody talks about masturbating; Adam talks about getting laid.

Then there's the added allure of his post-hippie anti-slickness in an age where that distinctive celebrity-stylist glow is as de rigueur in Hollywood as white gloves at a cotillion. "I see you dressed up for the occasion," cracked Jay Leno like some hearty uncle when Sandler showed up on *The Tonight Show* flopping around in a T-shirt and sneakers. "Everybody wants me to dress up, and I can't do it," Sandler responded, smiling sweetly—a hulking male version of Sharon Stone in a Gap turtleneck at the Oscars. This refusal to be anything but his schlocky, unfabulous self only makes Sandler more appealing to girls looking for an updated version of their slightly burnt-out dads who never looked quite right in the suits they put on when they got too old for dashikis.

So it wasn't altogether easy watching him grow up and get married (to someone else) in *Big Daddy.* And you can't blame us for feeling a little proprietary now that everyone else in the country is seeing in Adam Sandler what we always have: a dream guy. ARIEL LEVY

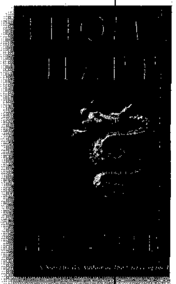
Reader's Digest

'Hannibal': The One-Man Show

I have read every word of *Hannibal,* most of them only twice but some as many as five or six times, sending them whirling among a bevy of sound engineers who organized them into the thirteen-hour, unabridged audiobook of Thomas Harris's summer page-turner.

When I won the assignment, I received a box crammed with 600 pages to be ingested in time for the first session just two days later. All I had to go on to bring the characters to life were half-remembered echoes from *The Silence of the Lambs;* Anthony Hopkins's gentle, seductive menace in his pronunciation of "Clarice," and Jodie Foster's sexy-sweet vocal tic that layers a soft shushunation over her Southern drawl.

I bent my North London accent to accommodate North and South Carolina; east and West Virginia; Maryland; D.C.; politicians; SWAT teams; African-Americans; women and men, one of whom had been left with no facial features—a reader particularly missed the use of his lips. Then, on the fourth day, the story decamped to Italy! Sardinians, Florentine intellectuals, Roman police, gypsies, extracts from the cantos of Dante's *Il Purgatorio* (in the original, to be sure). The unusual haste with which the project was arranged produced only one casualty: A character I'd decided to enunciate in South African tones turned out, a couple of hundred pages later, to be Swiss. Listen to where my pronunciation warps from one culture to the other in mid-sentence.



Weeks later, I see the book all over town and am nostalgic for the characters and the time I spent with them between the covers. They may have gone from my daily life, but they are out there somewhere. I can still taste them. DANIEL GERROLL

lustration by Robert DeMichiell.

Beat the Rap

MTV's Star and Buc Wild critique Justin's.

TROI TORAIN ADJUSTS HIS white snap-brim cap, leans back, and surveys the surroundings. Justin's, the upscale soul-food restaurant owned by Sean "Puffy" Combs, is jumping, and rapper turned novelist (and Puff employee) Sister Souljah is holding a book signing by the bar. But Torain, 33, known professionally as just Star, is unimpressed. Though the restaurant touts itself as the rap industry's clubhouse, Star derides the place as a magnet for "every fuckin' joke, has-been, loser, and wannabe in the hip-hop game." As if on cue, an emcee announces that "if you want to ask Sister Souljah any questions about her book, her tour, or her career—"

"Absolutely not!" Star blares. "I don't give a fuck what Sister Souljah's talking about. Do you?" Laughing scornfully, Star's 20-year-old half-brother, Timothy "Buc Wild" Joseph, shakes his head and takes another swig of his Red Stripe. This may seem like the envious sniping of music-biz outsiders, but Star and Buc Wild's willfully impolitic criticism has just landed the pair a slot hosting the daily MTV show *Beat Suite*—the latest in a series of increasingly high-profile gigs.

Star and Buc made their names in the early nineties with *Around the Way Connections,* a Crown Heights–based magazine in which they gleefully attacked rap icons and young comers alike, and which reached a peak readership of 20,000 before succumbing to the economic strain of DIY publishing. The brothers next wrote the hilariously nasty column "Reality Check" in *The Source* before going on to broadcast their vitriol on a public-access show, *Star & Buc Wild: Universal Player Haters,* and, until MTV came calling, writing jokes five days a week for Hot 97's morning show.

Breaking hip-hop taboo, Star and Buc taunted rappers, including A Tribe Called Quest, Busta Rhymes, and Nas, by name, and won a rabid cult following. *Beat Suite*'s format—an hour of rap videos punctuated by skits and commentary—lends itself to subtler jabs: Star's top-of-the-hour dedications skewer "part-time Muslims who turn their noses up at a good piece of pork while sucking down beer and cigarettes by the truckload" and "studio gangsters who still live at home with Mama."

MTV talent director Rod Aissa, who signed Star and Buc to the network, is as impressed by their survival skills as he is by their comic abilities: "I read a bunch of those 'Reality Checks,' and I was like, 'No way! How are these guys still walking around?' "

Apparently through raw nerve. "Back in '97," Star recalls, "we interviewed Russell Simmons. I said, 'Hey, Russell, can we borrow twenty bucks to catch a cab back to Brooklyn?' He pulls out his wallet and says, 'Aw, man, if I had it, you guys would have it.' We looked at each other like, 'Yeah, right.' Maybe *that's* why he won't take our calls now," he muses. "Plus, Buc fell asleep during the interview." ETHAN SMITH

THE SMOKING GUN

Advance Notice

Trump's shareholders float him a loan.

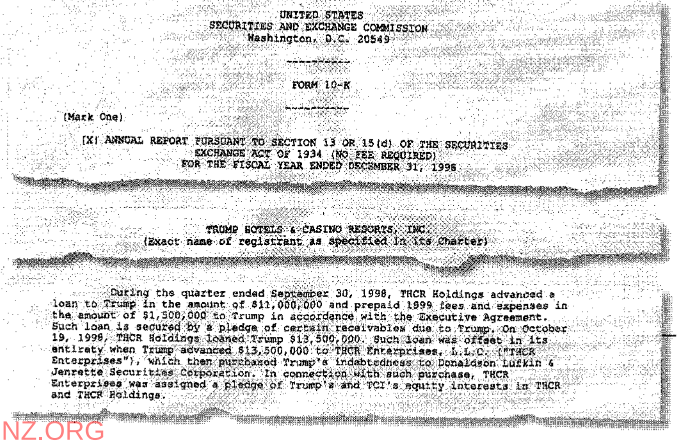
DONALD TRUMP SAYS HE'S A BILLIONAIRE. IN FACT, THE DEveloper professes to be so liquid you almost expect to hear him squish as he steps out with another sultry sponge. So, you might wonder, why has Trump needed to personally borrow $24.5 million from the financially strapped public company that owns his four eponymous casinos? And why did Trump, chairman of the gambling venture, also need an advance on his entire 1999 salary and expense account (another $1.5 million payout)?

According to a March 31 Securities and Exchange Commission filing by Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts, the Donald received the $26 million in the latter half of 1998, securing the loans by pledging "certain receivables due" to him as well as stock in the casino operation (with 15.9 million shares, or 42 percent, Trump is THCR's largest stockholder). Last week, Trump described the hefty borrowing and salary-expense advance as just "another form of compensation," though his employment contract, also on file with the SEC, does not address lulus like loans or advances.

Trump said the one-year loans carried an interest rate equivalent to Chase Manhattan's prime rate. SEC records show that Trump used part of the THCR money to repay a $13.5 million personal debt to the investment firm Donaldson Lufkin & Jenrette.

Trump's borrowing comes at a time when the casino company is saddled with more than $2 billion of long-term debt. THCR's stock, now trading at about $6, has plummeted 83 percent since its 1996 high of $35. In this year's first quarter, THCR ate $25.3 million, pushing the firm's total losses to more than $170 million since 1996. In a recent *Fortune* magazine review of America's most admired companies, THCR finished dead last among 469 firms surveyed. The casino operation was chided for, among other things, its quality of management, employee talent, and use of corporate assets.

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at **thesmokinggun.com.**



UNITED STATES
SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION
Washington, D.C. 20549

FORM 10-K

(Mark One)

[X] ANNUAL REPORT PURSUANT TO SECTION 13 OR 15(d) OF THE SECURITIES
EXCHANGE ACT OF 1934 (NO FEE REQUIRED)
FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1998

TRUMP HOTELS & CASINO RESORTS, INC.
(Exact name of registrant as specified in its Charter)

During the quarter ended September 30, 1998, THCR Holdings advanced a loan to Trump in the amount of $11,000,000 and prepaid 1999 fees and expenses in the amount of $1,500,000 to Trump in accordance with the Executive Agreement. Such loan is secured by a pledge of certain receivables due to Trump. On October 19, 1998, THCR Holdings loaned Trump $13,500,000. Such loan was offset in its entirety when Trump advanced $13,500,000 to THCR Enterprises, L.L.C. ("THCR Enterprises"), which then purchased Trump's indebtedness to Donaldson Lufkin & Jenrette Securities Corporation. In connection with such purchase, THCR Enterprises was assigned a pledge of Trump's and TCI's equity interests in THCR and THCR Holdings.

THE SCENE

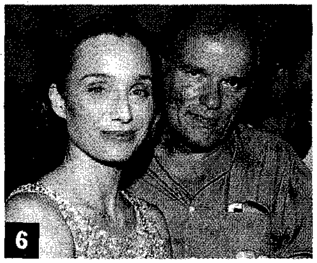
Rapper's Delight

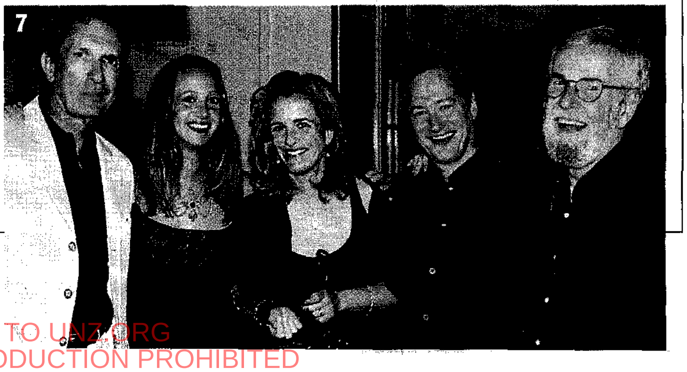
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

IT WAS, BY HAMPTONS STANDARDS, AN INCREDIBLY ECLECTIC CROWD massed on the grounds of the Wainscott cottage July 4: Underfed Southampton socialites rubbed shoulders with gold-laden homeboys from the South Bronx while dozens of lesser luminaries vainly begged to be let in. The occasion was an impromptu barbecue thrown by the 27-year-old rapper Jay-Z and his business partner Damon Dash. The musician's Hamptons debut was initially planned as an intimate gathering of a hundred close friends, but by the end of the weekend, the guest list had swelled to 600. Even as the party was to begin, a staff of nearly 50 was still frantically hammering tent spokes into Jay-Z's back lawn—the rapper had given strict orders for all guests to remain outside the $20 million mansion—while white-suited waiters presided over an all-American feast of hamburgers and corn on the cob. A rather dazed Ivana Trump ambled about in pink Oscar de la Renta, tightly holding on to the arm of her boyfriend, Roffredo Gaetani. Sandra Bullock, a neighboring renter, popped over for some libations and a chat with Adrien Brody—perhaps about summer-blockbuster revenues. Mark Ronson and Q-Tip D.J.'ed while a sunglassed, platinum-tressed Lil' Kim guzzled champagne with Busta Rhymes and Puffy at a table surrounded by adoring acolytes. And Andre Harrell, Russell Simmons, and Steve Rifkind held court in a corner, toasting the hip-hop stars' explosive fame. The festivities came crashing to a halt shortly after eleven when police shut down the music, but even threats of car-towing couldn't stop these partyers. They just took their show on the road—to the nearby nightclub Conscience Point.

MAER ROSHAN

1. Adrien Brody, Lil' Kim, and Sean "Puffy" Combs at Jay-Z and Damon Dash's Fourth of July barbecue in Wainscott. 2. Nan Kempner, Alber Elbaz, and Princess Yasmin Aga Khan at Saks Fifth Avenue's party for Elbaz's first collection for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche at BondSt. 3. Deborah and Allan Grubman at their Fourth of July luncheon at their East Hampton home. 4. Gwyneth Paltrow, Linda Wells, Kevyn Aucoin, and Gretchen Mol at a party for Aucoin at Bottino. 5. Pino Luongo and Fred Schneider at le Madri's tenth-anniversary party. 6. Kristin Scott Thomas and Peter Lindbergh at Lindbergh's photo exhibit for a new line of TAG Heuer watches at D'Amelio Terras Gallery. 7. Arne Glimcher, Angela Janklow Harrington, Wendy Finerman, Steven Schiff, and Robert Benton at Harrington's birthday party at the Boathouse. 8. Dr. Leonard Jeffries and the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson at Michael Bloomberg's reception for Jackson's Citizenship Education Fund. 9. Patricia Arquette at the YSL boutique luncheon for the preview of the Elbaz collection.



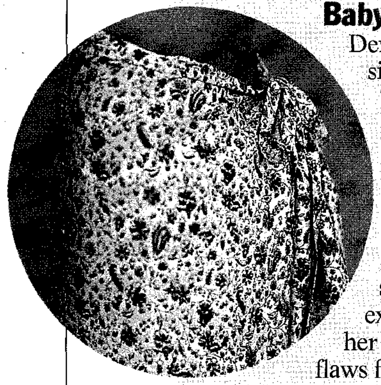


GOTHAMSTYLE

Indian Summer

Despite sweltering temperatures, the city's fashionable crowd is stepping out in ankle-high suede Navajo boots. Handmade by an Arizona craftsman, they were originally designed for nearby tribes. When David Rees, one of the owners of the Chelsea jewelry store Ten Thousand Things, spotted the shoes during a visit to the Southwest, he commissioned the craftsman to make them for his East Coast customers. The boots ($115 for suede; $130 for leather) have a rounded deer-hide sole that is satisfyingly Prada-esque, and come in designer colors like bright orange and purple. European customers can't get enough of them, Rees's co-owner Ron Anderson explains, because "they think they are truly American." **Maura Egan**

Baby Got Back



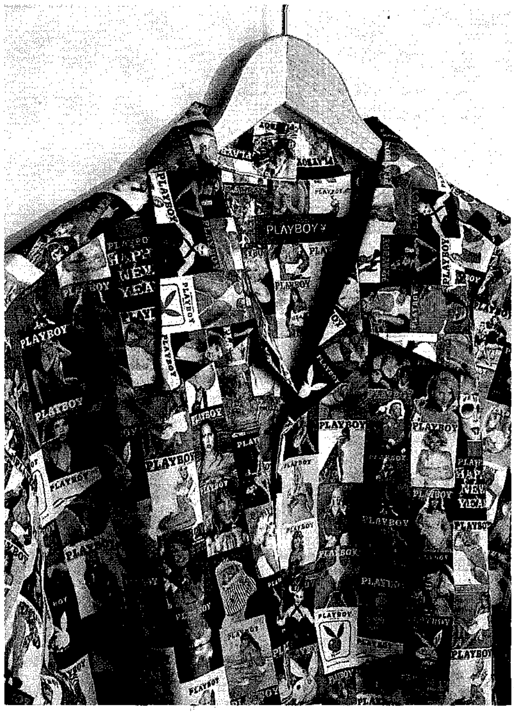
Derrieres haven't received this much attention since the media first got behind Jennifer Lopez. This time, the rear-view focus is on latter-day Victorian bustles: Stylish seats are being spotted in floor-length drawstring skirts that tie in the rear, where the extra material forms the familiar silhouette. Jade and Calypso have a romantic linen-petticoat version ($140); Scoop is doing a brisk business with Shoshanna Lonstein's silk dupioni numbers ($198). Lonstein explains that she has made bustles a staple since her debut collection because "they disguise any flaws from the waist down." Alexandra Hamilton

Panic Attack

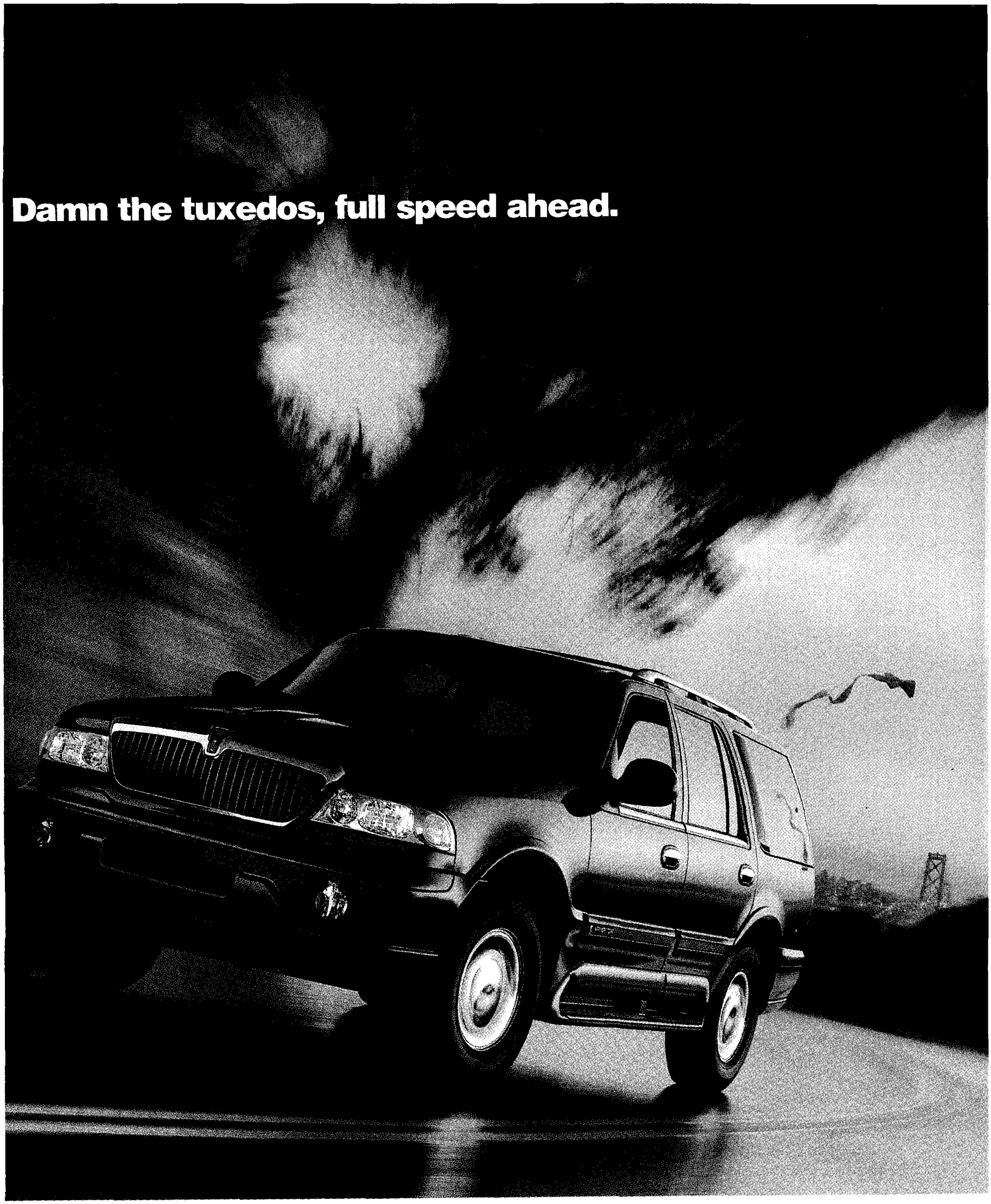
Now that every new high-rise promises a concierge who can get you a corner table at Jean Georges, it's only fitting that hotels follow suit. Guests at the W can reach for the "Whatever Whenever" button on their room phone to page a staff of ten who treat these calls like an extreme sport, tracking down a computer forgotten in the trunk of a taxi or procuring a 25-pound roasted turkey on Thanksgiving Day after receiving the call that morning. But not all requests are so utilitarian. As supervisor Lynne Fund notes, one randy patron wanted her tub half-filled with melted chocolate; another rang requesting dry ice. Dry ice? "Her business trip ran long and she wanted to ship breast milk home to her baby," explains Fund. "We want them to feel at home," she says (though the service comes with an often-hefty price tag). "But sometimes I wonder if they're just testing us." **Sarah Bernard**

Skin Rag

If a blinding Hawaiian print or a skimpy ribbed wife-beater isn't your summer look, a slightly less offensive alternative might be the Playboy camp shirt. The 100 percent polyester print is patterned with 98 miniature magazine covers from the past 45 years and fastens with buttons that depict a tiny Bunny hugging her thighs. The chemise (women's $49, men's $53) is part of Playboy's first foray into clothing—except for the legendary Bunny suit, of course. Ever since Hef himself sported the shirt on a recent TV appearance, stores have had a hard time keeping it on the shelves. "Everyone gravitates to the Playboy logo," says Paisley Dalton, a buyer for Patricia Fields, which has already sold out of its first batch. "It's not just a well-regarded symbol of sexuality; it's the fabric of America." S.B.



Photographs: clockwise from top right, Steven Freema
Michael Kraus; Amy Freeth. Illustration by Jim O'Brie



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THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Hill Country

Hillary Clinton may not be a seasoned pol, but she kicked off her Senate campaign like one, coming on not like gangbusters but like someone with all the time in the world.

THE TRUTH IS THAT IT WAS EXactly what it wasn't supposed to be. Yes, there were 200 reporters, 250 even, and occasional hints of the bedlam that everyone's hankering for. But this was no circus, no hothouse of buzz and spin and intrigue. If the way Hillary Clinton launched her campaign to become the next senator from New York gives us any indication of how it will proceed, then we may be in for something altogether different from the nuclear war we've been told this race will be.

You'll read otherwise, and probably already have, because the press needs conflict and tension and those missteps that can be conflated into allegedly campaign-crippling "gaffes" like Rudy Giuliani's *shocking* confusion last week of upstate Monroe County with little old downstate Monroe town. But trust me on this: The remarkable thing about the way this started was its leisurely pace and the utter absence of anything close to tension. Consider its unveiling: 250 people stand in a gently rolling field surrounded by lush mountain ranges. About 300 feet up the road is a one-room building, white; an old schoolhouse, no adornments (no plumbing, even), where Senator Pat Moynihan, after traipsing the quarter-mile from his farmhouse down the hill, sits and writes his books. The morning, breezy and not humid and washed by sunshine, is unspeakably gorgeous. At precisely 11 A.M., Moynihan and Clinton open the door and begin walking toward the microphone.

You think, given the serious nature of the business at hand, what you know about her, and the fact that we've all been waiting nearly two hours in an open field with absolutely nothing to do, that the walk will be brisk and purposeful and we'll get right down to business. But they stroll! Moynihan, light-blue shirt and white pants, to Clinton's right, just the two of them; he points off into the woods, telling her who-knows-what about farm life or Delaware County or some Seven Years' War battle that happened on the next hill in 1762. Far from suggesting the supposed rough-and-tumble of New York politicking, they look like figures out of an Andrew Wyeth painting. Whoever planned this entrance needs a raise, yesterday. It's the most disarming stroll in recent American politics, 60 lingering seconds or more, and, more important than its obvious passing-the-torch symbolism, its sedative effect on the press mob was thoroughgoing.

Out for a stroll: Moynihan and Clinton on their way to meet the press.

When they finally hit the microphone, Moynihan, as is his way, delivered a brief history of the school (opened 1854, functioning until 1946, library of Plutarch and Bunyan and 73 other volumes he was happy to inherit when he took the deed in 1963). It threw everyone off a step, established a pace for the day that wasn't at all what the assembled press, network superstars and local wretches alike, wanted.

About the worst that could be said of her is that she was short of flawless. David Lewis of New York 1 asked her a question about whether, post-Lewinsky, she considered herself a victim and was on the prowl for the sympathy vote—a fair question, and one she should have seen coming. But she clearly hadn't, and it threw her, and she just collapsed into the "I'm here to listen" routine. Other than that, her answers ranged from adequate to surprisingly effective: She was "very humbled"; she was "going to be listening very hard and learning a lot"; she "has some real work to do" in relation to the carpetbagger factor; "New Yorkers will make their own judgments" about her character and her past and her fitness for office; and, by golly, she was just thrilled and "more than a little surprised to be standing here."

She didn't say anything of substance, of course, but with nine satellite trucks and four buses and an eight-car motorcade parked across a hayfield in a town that has one peripatetic intellectual and a volunteer fire department and not much else, it's not substance you're likely to get. A session like last Wednesday morning's is entirely about the candidate's poise, élan, what the sportscasters call the intangibles. And she had them working.

Two events a day. There were more for the pool reporters, who on the first day especially were kept jumping, but no one was run too ragged here. In fact, most of the hours and the days were boredom-inducing: riding on a bus, standing around, no place to go because you didn't have wheels, nothing to do where you were. Reporters prefer to convey that the boys and girls on the bus are in a constant state of stimulation, tossing out bons mots and gossip with *Front Page*–style fury. But it really isn't so. This is true of all campaigns, but this is the first campaign I've ever seen in which the boredom of

Photograph by David Duprey/AP/Wide World.

the press corps brings with it an immense strategic upside for the candidate: That is, the less that happens, at least in these early days, the better it is for her; and once the motions and habits of following Hillary come to feel to reporters like just another campaign trail, she can settle into being just another candidate, or as close as she can get to that. Whoever figured that out deserves a raise, too.

Take Wednesday afternoon's forum on education at SUNY-Oneonta. To the press, this session was completely without merit. It was too long, it was drowsy, it had absolutely no news value. But the 50 or so guests (invited by the university president, not by the campaign) seemed to like it well enough, and, two or three times, Clinton actually perked up and said something real, as when a woman who teaches first-graders having trouble with reading won the First Lady's commiseration on the need for more federal funds for such remedial programs, which she happened to know had originated some years ago in New Zealand. This exchange didn't make the papers the next day, but it suggested that maybe this megacelebrity who can't even—do pardon me—go to the john without reporters asking the lady in the next stall a few questions (this actually happened Wednesday morning, as she traveled to Moynihan's farm) is, underneath it all, just a policy wonk who really does want to get to the Senate so she can write legislation on universal pre-K and home-visitation programs, whatever they are.

But she's not just a wonk, of course. She's an ambitious proto-politician. Otherwise, she wouldn't even be here. And anyway, this campaign won't always be about wonkery. These events, while not completely staged, are limited to serious human beings with serious questions. One of these days, Hillary's going to have to mix it up with those other-than-serious human beings for which our beautiful state is justly renowned and open her speaking engagements to people without invitations.

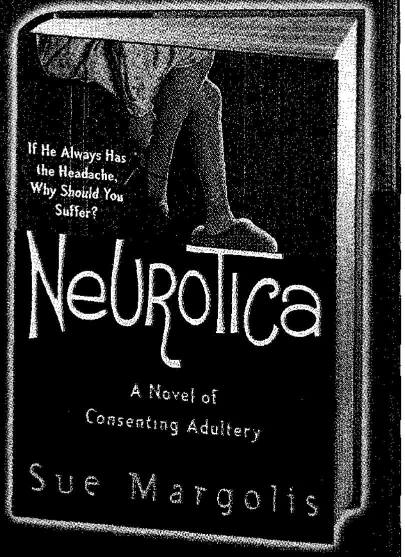
AFTER THE DAY'S EVENTS WERE DONE, I watched some cable and network news shows to see how everyone had decided to convey it. Four talking heads caterwauling at one another on MSNBC! Andrea Mitchell on regular old NBC decrying the lack of substance and issues! Aside from the fact that Mitchell must have missed that reading-programs business, it's worth noting that Clinton had campaigned for all of one day, and 485 or so days remained during which she could be substantive. Everybody used, and reused, the shots of people holding HILLARY GO HOME! placards, which was predictable enough, even though everyone knows that placard bearers, both pro and con, are probably not regular citizens marching in democracy's great parade but people who've been sent out to strategic locations by the local Democratic and Republican organizations, respectively, and should on that basis be ignored. And Thursday's *Post* was just bonkers, with no fewer than seven (if you count the "Page Six" item about a Republican in North Salem who doesn't want Hillary moving there) stories and columns slagging her in one way or another.

> *"Two or three times,* **Mrs. Clinton actually said something real,** *as when a woman who teaches first-graders having trouble with reading won her commiseration on the need for more federal funds for such programs."*

It served to remind that these days, campaigns happen in several different universes, the one inhabited by the candidate herself being perhaps the least important. They happen in the papers. They happen on the evening news programs. They happen on the morning news programs. They happen on the cable blabfests. They happen on the Internet. And even when you're here, in the bubble, they happen elsewhere. Thursday afternoon, for example, we learned that her husband's administration was separating itself from her statement on an undivided Jerusalem, which we learned about not on the stump but via a fax machine.

Anyway. A candidate can control only her immediate circumstances, and what was most surprising about America's most controversial woman was just how thoroughly uncontroversial she was. It could be that Hillary, too, has Clinton fatigue. ∎

Go a little wild this summer.



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Wolf(f) Like Me

It's tough being Michael Wolff, but finding out there is another Michael Wolf, who is peddling cheery opinions about the media to CEOs, brings out the curmudgeon in this one.

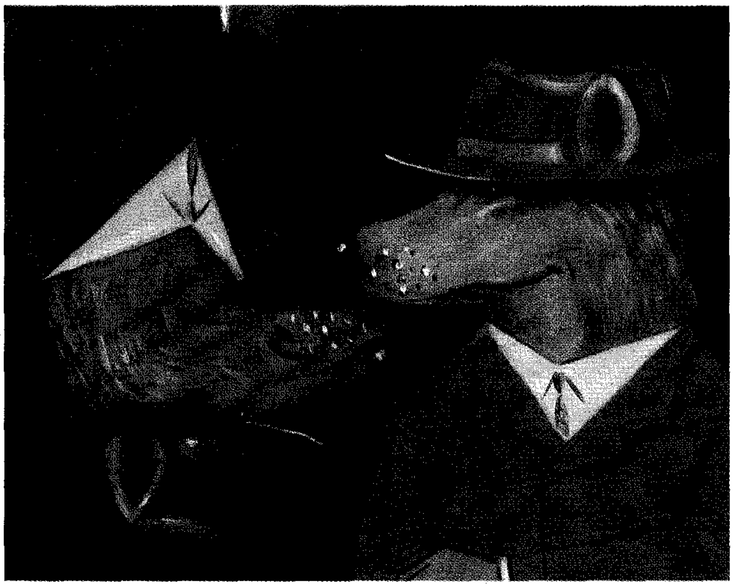
IT'S HARD TO FIND A SELF-RESPECTING captain of industry who has not plunged headlong into the media business. Michael Armstrong has taken AT&T into the thick of entertainment with the acquisition of TCI; Michael Jordan's Westinghouse bought and became CBS; Edgar Bronfman drove a highly profitable liquor-and-chemical business into the doldrums of the movie business; Bill Gates is facing the breakup of his company in part because he wanted to be a media mogul as well as a software king.

Last week, I went to a press luncheon for a technology company—a pipes-and-wiring-and-conduit-technology company—where the CEO said, "Make no mistake, this company is the media company of the future." This morning, I was reading in the *Times* about a friend of George W. Bush's, Dennis "Wemus" Grubb, an oilman turned "entertainment promoter." Indeed, W himself, with his ownership of the Texas Rangers, is in the entertainment business.

This rush to be part of a glamour industry—to be hip, powerful, now—is also very fertile ground for the consulting industry. Firms like the Boston Consulting Group, Mckinsey, and Booz-Allen & Hamilton thrive in the crossover world of businesses entering into other businesses that they know little or nothing about. (Although what consultants know about entertainment is not exactly clear.) Indeed, for me, the most confounding part of the convergence of all businesses into the media business is that the person advising many of these moguls on the new science of "entertainmentizing" is a consultant with my name.

I get his mail and telephone calls and get asked to make his television appearances. People want me to tell them how they can turn their businesses into media/Internet/entertainment plays. Even my friends tell me we really think alike. Could that be? Are we the two Darren Stevenses of the media business? (When I unravel the confusion on one television show, that it is not me they want but the other Michael Wolf, the producer says I will do anyway.)

The consultant with my name—he is Michael J. Wolf—works for Booz-Allen and has recently published a book with Random House titled *The Entertainment Economy: How Mega-Media Forces Are Transforming Our Lives.* In it he decrees that the economy is driven by fun, by the pleasure principle—the "E-factor," he calls it. People won't buy your services or products unless you entertain them, he maintains.



As it happens, his book is ghastly—unfortunately for me, or perhaps fortunately (would I feel better or worse if it were good?). "Hilfiger realized it's not about clothes; it's about being cool" is one analysis he offers. "Case had seen the future, and the future was online," he says in an effort to explain the foresight of the AOL chief. And he has never met a mogul he didn't like. "Like the conquistadors of the Age of Exploration, the heads of the major media companies are planting their flags everywhere," he tells us.

While a world based on entertainment doesn't sound like such a bad thing, his version of entertainment is the singing chicken at Stew Leonard's superstore supermarket. (He is confusing kitsch with entertainment—a common but fatal mistake.)

"I had a blast trying out a mountain bike on the 470-foot biking and hiking trail," he says about a store he visits in Seattle (I have been to this store and you have to wait on line, and the salespeople would obviously rather you not try the mountain bike). Describing Ralph Lauren's flagship store on Madison Avenue, he says: "When I visit that store I feel as if I'm making a visit to an exclusive British club, that somewhere between the underwear counter and the neckties I might bump into the cast from *Upstairs, Downstairs* or *Remains of the Day.*" It is obviously not true that he feels this way. It's just P.R. talk. He is marketing the marketing. Indeed, he doesn't seem to distinguish between marketing and entertainment.

He points to the Citibank ad campaign "Who Says a Bank Can't Rock and Roll?" as a sign of the bank's hipness and inherent belief in the power and value of entertainment. The next insanely great thing, he says, quoting Steve Jobs, will be the *"entertainmentizing of the economy."* (His italics.)

While this is certainly not a book that anyone will ever truly read, it will nevertheless surely be an important and influential book by virtue of the author's client list, which also includes Bertelsmann CEO Thomas Middelhoff (Bertelsmann owns

(continued on page 94)

Illustration by Michelle Chang.

BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
IMPORTED
ALMONDS
LEMON PEEL
LIQUORICE
JUNIPER BERRIES
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You've heard of the bad Len Riggio, bludgeoning publishers, strangling independent bookstores. The good Len Riggio funds schools, museums, and libraries and says his evil side is a figment of his enemies' imaginations.

BY DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

Barnes & Noble's Jekyll and Hyde

Leonard Riggio, the 58-year-old chairman and chief executive of Barnes & Noble, is on the phone trying to close a deal with the writer Toni Morrison. Most authors are eager to please Riggio, the head of the country's biggest bookstore chain. But Morrison's rare success—she has won both the Nobel Prize and the Oprah Winfrey seal of approval—gives her license to be stubborn. "Toni," Riggio finally asks, "are you so rich now that you don't care anymore?" • Riggio himself is one of the richest people in the U.S. and well acquainted with the moral burdens of wealth and power. The success of his capacious, librarylike superstores has ironically made him the villain of the literary world—accused of break-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN VELENCHENKO

ing antitrust laws, closing down thousands of independent bookstores, bullying publishers, and flattening the literary landscape. A decade of criticism has battered his public image into a caricature: college dropout from Bensonhurst and swarthy, hotheaded philistine.

That portrayal wounds Riggio deeply. He sees himself as something else entirely: a man of high purpose, committed to art, literature, the best that has been thought and said. In fact, Riggio was trying to enlist Morrison not to hawk books but to read at the dedication of a new library for the Children's Defense Fund's campus in Clinton, Tennessee. Riggio had put up $1 million to build and stock it, and picked the artist Maya Lin, whose Vietnam Veterans Memorial he'd long admired, to design it. And he'd derailed the group's plans to name the library after himself, suggesting instead that it be dedicated to Langston Hughes.

Riggio's cajoling (and the promise of transportation onboard a Riggio-chartered jet) helped persuade Morrison to sign on, and she joined Hillary Clinton, Rita Dove, and Joyce Carol Oates on the event's program. At the dedication, Riggio hobnobbed cheerfully with the assembled liberal activists, scholars, and writers, happy to be respected not only for his money and power but for his ideas. He opined to Maya Lin about the achievements of the artist Donald Judd and bantered with former New York City deputy mayor Bill Lynch about Al Sharpton's "leadership qualities." "This whole thing is wonderful," Riggio said, leaving one panel discussion. "But what aggravates me is that there is no call to arms. I mean, what are we going to do about all this?"

Still, much as Riggio may like to devote his energies to "the movement," as he calls it, he has a business to run. And as Barnes & Noble tries to catch up with Amazon.com in online bookselling, his public image as a greedy monopolist is beginning to catch up with him. Amazon.com's preppy 35-year-old founder, Jeff Bezos, has beguiled the press and won the allegiance of trend-setting consumers by portraying his company as hip and innovative while casting Barnes & Noble as a predatory behemoth. "Goliath is always in range of a good slingshot," Bezos (whose personal net worth is probably ten times that of Riggio) announced when Barnes & Noble agreed to acquire the distribution giant Ingram Book Group. In an irony not lost on Riggio, Bezos even teamed up with the small bookstores' trade group to lobby antitrust regulators into opposing the acquisition. And so Riggio finds himself once again in the spotlight. While the book world is watching to see if Barnes & Noble can stage a comeback in the Internet bookselling business—he spun out his own Website, barnesandnoble.com, or bn.com, in an IPO last month—Riggio himself is waging a more personal struggle, to overcome his lingering image as a menace to literature.

"HI, I'M LENNY," RIGGIO says, introducing himself in a voice that still carries a hint of the nasal "dese" and "doze" of his native borough. He is a short, dapper man, with a round face, a trim mustache, and a Mediterranean nose. It is the afternoon after the initial public offering of bn.com, and he is sizing up a giant cake in the shape of a *B* that's been delivered to his office. "It's kind of a letdown," he says of the IPO experience. "It's sort of like the day after Christmas. Some people get all excited, but, you know, I've done this a number of times now, and I am a little more even-keeled than that."

Maintaining his composure wasn't easy that week. In an apparent attempt to upstage Riggio's IPO, Jeff Bezos had just announced that Amazon.com would begin discounting best-sellers 50 percent—forcing Riggio to match him. And the Federal Trade Commission's staff said it would oppose his Ingram acquisition as anti-competitive. The news sent bn.com's stock plunging below its offering price. But perhaps most galling to Riggio was an article in that month's *Wired* magazine about bn.com.

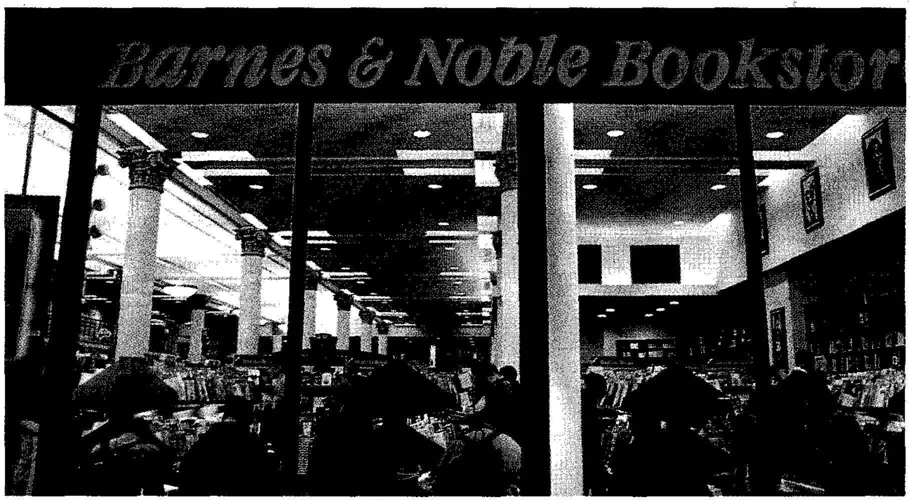
"Whatever I say, they can always find a way to turn it into 'the combative Len Riggio,' " he says. "What the press writes about me has nothing to do with who I am—it's not even close!"

Amid the hectic preparations for the spin-off, Riggio found time to fire off a four-page point-by-point rebuttal to the *Wired* piece. The story "unnecessarily humiliated" him and his company, Riggio wrote, especially when it called his superstores "dastardly" and his mustache "an anachronism." Nor was it fair to say that he terrorized the book business like a schoolyard bully; he is the one who feels beat up. "Bullies come disguised in many costumes," he wrote to the magazine's editor-in-chief. "Some even wear the garb of objective journalists."

"You have to be pretty mean to say that kind of thing about another human being," Riggio says plaintively. "But it seems like civility has been replaced with a clenched fist. From the things they write about me, you would think I wake up in the morning thinking about who I am going to kill. I wake up looking to do some good! We are selling books. We aren't selling weapons of mass destruction. You go into a bookstore, you see Len Riggio's life's work, and you say, 'Not a bad lifetime of work'; then you read this stuff, and you think that I am at war all the time! Twenty years ago, we opened a new bookstore at Columbia University, and the *Times* wrote DEATH OF A BOOKSTORE. And it's never stopped!"

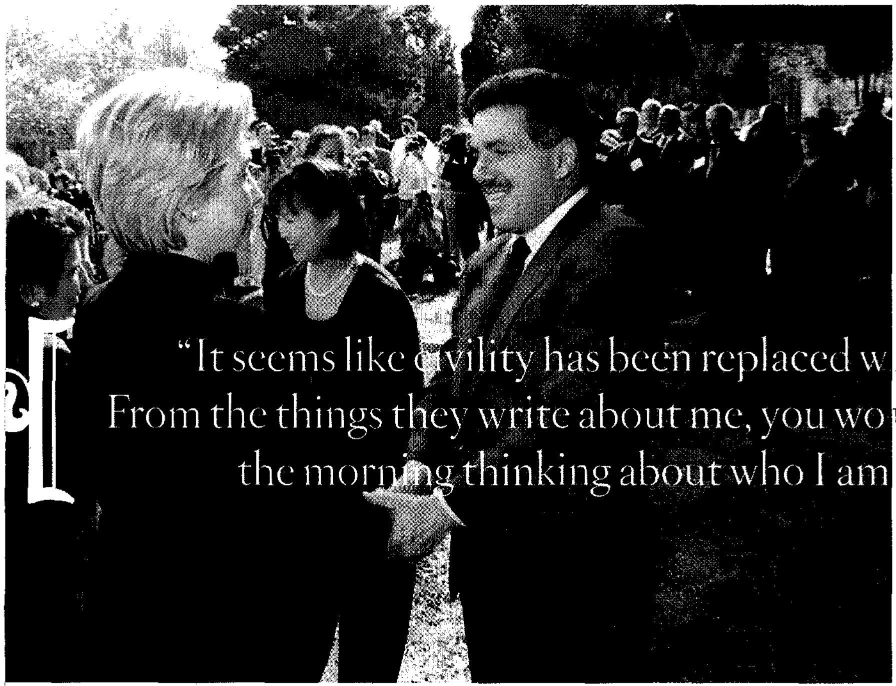
Riggio once called New York *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. to complain personally about a conspicuous error, and then followed up the *Times'* correction with a further clarification of his own in the form of a full-page ad. "How can you do a full-page story and then a one-sentence correction?" Riggio says.

Some of Riggio's Italian-American friends feel he is the victim of ethnic bias



Power of the word: Above, a Barnes & Noble superstore in New York; right, Riggio with Hillary Clinton at the dedication of the Langston Hughes Library in Tennessee.

Photograph by F. Charles/Liaison Agency.



“It seems like civility has been replaced with a clenched fist. From the things they write about me, you would think I wake up in the morning thinking about who I am going to kill.”

in the publishing industry. “I went into those little shops, and I was badly treated,” says the author Gay Talese. “They were stuffy and intimidating. But Len Riggio is the name now, this devouring demon eating up all these wonderful neighborhood bookshops.”

Nora Ephron used the conflict between the superstores and the independents as the basis for her 1998 movie *You've Got Mail.* As she prepared for production, Kurt Andersen (the novelist and former editor of this magazine) and Riggio's friend Tibor Kalman helped broker a meeting between Riggio and Ephron at a small dinner at the downtown restaurant Verbena. Ephron hoped Riggio would let the film crew shoot at a Barnes & Noble store, but he worried the movie was a thinly veiled and critical portrait of himself. “Believe me,” she told him at the end of the meal, “if I had wanted to model it after you, I would have cast John Travolta instead of Tom Hanks.”

Riggio laughed but declined to cooperate. “He isn't stupid,” Ephron says. “He is very sensitive, and very defensive about the impact of his stores. You don't even have to say anything and he's already defending himself.”

RIGGIO'S SUPERSTORES, FOR BETter or worse, have changed the book business as profoundly as anything since the advent of the paperback. The company's more than 520 superstores and 465 smaller B. Dalton stores now sell nearly one in every eight trade books sold in the U.S. Barnes & Noble has nearly a quarter of the bookstore market, where almost all literary fiction and serious nonfiction is sold.

For independent bookstores, the facts are grim. Despite Barnes & Noble's argument that its superstores have expanded the market for books, the number of copies of adult trade books sold in the U.S. has grown in the past ten years at a rate of less than one percent annually. During that time, the number of Barnes & Noble superstores has grown from a handful to more than 500, tripling the amount of shelf space devoted to selling books in some markets. Unlike mall chains, Barnes & Noble and its rival Borders invaded the urban centers and college towns—the independents' turf—and small stores folded in droves. Membership in the independent stores' American Booksellers Association fell from 5,500 in 1994 to 3,400 in 1999.

Barnes & Noble's phenomenal growth has put publishers in a tight spot and hastened their consolidation. Like suppliers in many other industries, publishers were accustomed to being much bigger than the stores that sold their books, giving publishers the upper hand when they negotiated contracts with booksellers over variables like wholesale book prices and who pays shipping costs. Now, however, the power belongs to the giant retailers. “The advent of the superstores makes publishing much riskier, because the buyers at one of the giant chains have a big say in the initial success of a book,” says David Rosenthal, publisher of Simon & Schuster's trade-books division. And book publishers' race to merge, partly to match the booksellers' clout, gives just a few people ever more say over what books get pushed.

“If you are trying to take a big position on a book and you can't get the chains to support you, you really have a problem,” says Morgan Entrekin, publisher of Grove/Atlantic. “But I tell you, it is going to be very hard to get publishers to speak frankly about this. Whatever we say about the chains or the independents, somebody we have to do business with is not going to like it.”

Privately, many publishers complain in more colorful terms about Barnes & Noble's growing clout, and their resentment has focused with particular venom on an arrangement known as cooperative advertising. (“Blackmail” says one editor; “whorehouse work,” says another.) Since the seventies, mall-based chain bookstores and a handful of big independents have charged publishers complicated fees to include their titles in catalogues, to place their books in prominent store locations, or to feature the titles in advertisements. In the nineties, when Barnes & Noble and Borders began to roll out superstores across the country, cooperative advertising became big news.

Publishers began leaking to reporters Barnes & Noble's marketing-program price lists, and prices were eye-catching. Today prices run as high as $18,000 to place a title in Barnes & Noble newspaper ads across the country. Placement in a New York *Times* ad and on a prominent store table for two weeks can cost as much as $10,000. But most serious or literary books are usually backed by less than $15,000 for author tours, advertisements, and all other publicity.

Riggio dismisses the gripes out of hand. “The creeps should never give that stuff out,” he says. “It is just the publishers blaming us as a scapegoat when they feel the pinch of their own inept business practices. Nobody is bribing us.”

He insists that publishers don't pay for placement, because Barnes & Noble picks the books to promote, albeit in consultation with the publishers. The charges come out of a pool based on an extra 3 or 4 percent discount off the wholesale book price from each publisher, and the retailer accounts for the money later.

The struggling independents have taken their case to the courts. In 1994, the independent store owners' American Booksellers Association sued several of the biggest publishers for providing unfair subsidies to the chains, and the publishers settled by agreeing to make "co-op money" equally available to single stores and chains. The ABA is now suing Barnes & Noble and the other superstore chains, alleging that they find ways to skirt the law, squeezing publishers for financial perks like better payment terms and lower delivery costs.

Riggio vehemently denies the ABA's charges, noting that the same co-op deals and discounts are available to every store and that the basic terms haven't changed in years. "We have to have a lawyer in the room whenever we talk to a publisher!" he says. The superstores' advantage, according to Riggio, is in spreading their overhead over more sales, not in gouging publishers. Every bookstore has to employ book buyers, but Barnes & Noble can hire one central staff to fill its 520 superstores. Economies in advertising costs are an even bigger advantage. Small stores can't afford to pay as much as $40,000 for a full-page ad in a big-city paper, but superstores can, especially if several are clustered together in the same media market.

But to others, those economies of scale are exactly what is dangerous about the superstores: Decisions about how many copies to stock, which titles to advertise, and where to place books in stores are inevitably more centralized than ever before. "The books that are on the shortlist are on the shortlist everywhere," says Cornell University economist Robert Frank, author of *The Winner-Take-All Society*. "That puts a lot of pressure toward concentrating sales on a smaller number of titles, and the vastness of the stores makes the issue of where the book is displayed even more important." The superstores have applied to the book business a dynamic now common in markets for movies and music too, he says. The few titles that "break out" soar higher than ever, but the rest fall behind.

"The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer," confirms Roger Straus, of Farrar, Straus & Giroux. "There is no question that the superstores have made it possible for the best-sellers to be bigger than ever. That is why we sold 750,000 copies of Tom Wolfe's *Bonfire of the Vanities*, and 1.1 million of *A Man in Full*. The downside is that with small books, it doesn't do any good, and maybe it does some harm. They don't get attention, and they are returned in a hurry."

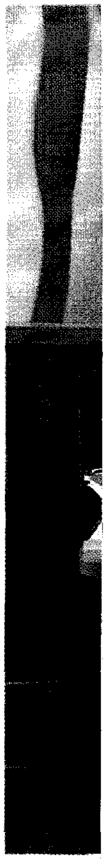
Copies of the top 30 best-selling books in fiction and nonfiction rose from 7 percent of U.S. hardcover-book sales in 1986 to 13 percent a decade later. Riggio often points out that less than 4 percent of superstore book revenue comes from *Times* best-sellers. But the best-sellers' rising share of the hardcover market still suggests a concentration of sales. According to Barnes & Noble merchandising executives, just 100 of the more than 45,000 new titles in its superstores make up 20 percent of new-title sales revenue; just 500 titles make up the same portion of revenue from more than 500,000 backlist books. The book industry, says the retail consultant Paco Underhill, increasingly tends to sell books the way Baskin-Robbins sells ice cream—stocking 31 flavors to sell just 4. (His own "feelings were hurt," he says, when he found his own book, *Why We Buy*, buried in the back of the Barnes & Noble superstore near his Chelsea office.)

"Our stores are so big, we feature more books than anyone. There are whole sections in our stores that are bigger than the whole independent stores themselves."

"I disagree 180 degrees," Riggio says. "Our stores are so big, we feature more books than anyone. There are whole sections in our stores where the stores' managers make decisions over areas that are bigger than the whole independent stores themselves. They make it sound like we're suppressing ideas! That is the dumbest thing in the world. We are in the business of selling ideas."

BORN ON MOTT STREET IN LITTLE Italy, Riggio grew up at 84th Street and Sixteenth Avenue in Bensonhurst, where his mother still lives in the family's old house when she isn't visiting her son. "It was a neighborhood where you didn't go looking for trouble, but if trouble came to you, you weren't going to run away," says Angelo "Gingie" Volpe, a sandlot-baseball teammate of Riggio's who is now the president of Tennessee Technological University: "Lenny had a temper when he needed to." Did anyone see the tycoon that Riggio would someday become? "As we would have said back then in Brooklyn, 'Fuggedaboudit,' " Volpe says.

Riggio's parents are a sensitive subject. His father was a high-school dropout who became a prizefighter and twice defeated Rocky Graziano—a biographical detail that floats to the top of nearly any story about his bookseller son. "It's disgusting! That was 50 years ago," Riggio says. His father and his boxer friends were in reality gentle, humble men, he says. "They always knew there was someone tougher." His father drove a cab for most of Leonard's childhood and instilled in him an iron will to succeed, Riggio says. Even as a cabdriver, his father kept training his body, believing that physical fitness was vital to mental acuity. At traffic lights, he would jump out of his cab to do push-ups and deep knee bends. "Other cabbies thought he was crazy, but they never told him to his face," Riggio recalls.



But his father taught him other values as well, particularly skepticism toward figures of authority and a "passion for justice," Riggio says. "My father had a strong feeling for the working person. He was a union man. And he was very much against war, even the Second World War, the so-called good war. He always thought wars were waged by people who wanted to protect their wealth and kept their kids out of it and let the common people lose their sons."

Riggio skipped two grades before he was admitted to Brooklyn's selective magnet school, Brooklyn Technical High School, in Fort Greene, where he studied draftsmanship, architecture, and design. "The other kids were two years older, more mature, bigger, smarter—well, I didn't think smarter," he says. "My friends used to copy me, if you know what I mean." He also earned what he once called "the blackest disciplinary record" in the school.

After he'd graduated, an older friend from the neighborhood who worked as a floor manager at the New York University bookstore got Riggio a job as a clerk in its school-supplies section, and Riggio

Photograph by F. Charles/Liaison Agency.

enrolled in the university's night school to study metallurgical engineering.

For a few years, he says, he became caught up in the "tumult" of the sixties. "I began meeting hippies and people from all walks of life, this whole world that I had no knowledge of. The youth movement, the civil-rights movement, the sexual revolution—it all occurred while I was at my best." On weekends, he would hang out at Italian social clubs back in Brooklyn, at salsa or jazz clubs in Harlem, or in discos downtown. "It was my John Travolta trip," he says.

In his early reading, Riggio had focused primarily on Classic Comics, he says. But at the bookstore, he happened to work next to a thirtysomething Hungarian-born master's student named George Csernovics, the paperback buyer at the time, who went on to a career in publishing at Viking Penguin. "George said, 'Read this,' " Riggio recalls, "and he gave me all these serious books, by the carload"—books by authors like Hermann Hesse, Albert Camus, Thomas Mann, and Lawrence Durrell.

Riggio enjoyed hanging around Gerde's Folk City in the Village, talking about Jean-Paul Sartre. But he never took to sitting in class. "I was determined to be a college-bookstore director and make twenty grand a year," Riggio says, "but then I found out that I would have to wait until I was 35 or 40 before I could be hired to be the director of the NYU bookstore! I said, 'I'm not waiting twenty years. I am already there!' "

In 1965, when he was 24 years old, Riggio dropped out of NYU for good and opened up his own, rival bookstore—SBX, for *student book exchange*—on Waverly Place.

At his new store, Riggio let student radicals print antiwar materials on the Gestetner duplicating machine in the basement. "In those days, that was a weapon in the movement," he says. "My own political persuasion at the time was very much to the left, although I didn't particularly care for some of the contradictions in the movement, like the emphasis on personality."

His own life began to move faster. "During the four years that I really ran the store, I had about 50 years' experience," he says. He married, had two daughters, and was divorced within six years. The store was drawing students from as far away as Columbia, in Morningside Heights, and St. John's, in Queens. By 1971, he had managed to parlay its success into contracts to manage about a half-dozen other campus bookstores. That year, he borrowed $1.2 million to buy Barnes & Noble, then just a single, poorly run Fifth Avenue store with an illustrious history.

Riggio immediately adopted the Barnes & Noble name for his company, and ran it like a family. His father and two brothers all worked in the store. "His dad never acted like, 'My son Len Riggio owns the store.' You would never know he was Len's dad," said Bill Maloney, who worked there at the time. "I think Len wanted someone he knew he could trust to run the office and handle the money." Riggio's brother Steven, then in high school, helped part-time as a clerk, and his brother Jimi worked at the store, too. (Today Steven is vice-chairman and Jimi helps run a trucking company that ships Barnes & Noble's books.)

Riggio soon demonstrated a knack for throwing his weight around the industry. Publishers had previously sold textbooks to college stores at a 20 percent discount off the cover price. When Riggio controlled enough college stores to give him leverage, he led a store-owners campaign to push the discounts to 25 percent. Within five years, Riggio had increased the Fifth Avenue store's annual sales from $1 million to $10 million, he says. He bought a home on Long Island, with room for his parents and brothers. "I was on top of the world," says Riggio. "I was my own boss. I was supporting my family. Everything else was just gravy," Riggio says. "I didn't open new stores to make money. It felt like a responsibility, rather than a sense of what you want to become."

Back then, the press loved him, and the feeling was mutual. In 1974, Riggio gave one of his first interviews, to the trade publication *College Store Executive*. He invited its editor, Louise Altavilla, to a coffee shop across the street from the Fifth Avenue store. "Without a doubt, the concentration of management experience and bookselling know-how attests to the growth of Barnes & Noble," her article concluded. They met again at a San Francisco book fair, and in 1981, he married her.

Riggio appeared in this magazine for the first time in 1977. He had made news by installing benches, telephones, and bathrooms in Barnes & Noble's enormous Sale Annex on Fifth Avenue to encourage shoppers to loiter. "I grew up with one ambition: not to work for the Man," he told *New York*. "And the thing is, my one accomplishment in life has been to become the Man."

RIGGIO GRADUATED TO THE BIG LEAGUES IN 1984, when he met Dr. Anton Dreesmann, chief executive of the Dutch retail giant Vendex International. The third-generation heir to a department-store fortune, Dreesmann was a bookish sort of businessman who considered himself an intellectual; he held two doctoral degrees and had written a few volumes himself. Riggio was seeking an investor to help finance his small company's growth. He had some new ideas about running large-scale trade-book stores, like offering deep discounts on best-sellers to get shoppers in the door. The two men quickly hit it off. Riggio feverishly sketched out designs for the mammoth new stores he hoped to build, and Dreesmann loved the idea. Vendex paid $18 million for a 30 percent stake, and Riggio kept his book-loving minority partner happy by sending him free first editions, helping him develop one of the biggest libraries in Holland.

Dreesmann's support paid off in 1986. Dayton Hudson Corp. was selling its B. Dalton chain of mall bookstores for about $275 million—about four times Barnes & Noble's value at the time. "It was the go-go eighties," Riggio recalls. "There were a lot of sharks swimming in shallow water." With financing from Michael Milken's investment bank Drexel Burnham Lambert, Riggio managed to assemble the winning bid. Right before the deal closed, however, Drexel's bankers had a change of heart: They would cover the $100 million initial payment only if Riggio cut them a 20 percent stake in the deal. Riggio walked out, calling the move "a bait and switch."

The next morning, Riggio called Dreesmann, who volunteered to lend him $100 million on the strength of an oral promise, and wired the money within

David vs. Goliath: Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos.

days. Drexel's bankers quickly reversed themselves again and agreed to sell junk bonds to provide long-term financing for the deal. (Vendex continued to support Barnes & Noble with little profit until Barnes & Noble's initial public offering, in 1993.)

Despite the dispute with Drexel, Riggio and Milken became friends. "I went into Barnes & Noble one day, and a big, beautiful multicolored dictionary was on sale for about $19.95—about 30 percent of what ones like it were being sold for in other bookstores," Milken recalls. "Riggio told me that it only cost him about $3 to print it under his own Barnes & Noble imprint, and I concluded he knew more about marketing books than anyone I ever met."

IN SOME WAYS, RIGGIO STILL RUNS HIS company like a giant mom-and-pop store. Curtis Gray, a former executive who is now a vice-president at Starbucks, recalls watching Riggio open his wallet and take out several hundred dollars to buy an aging office worker a set of false teeth. After the last San Francisco earthquake, Riggio reimbursed out of his own pocket any employee, from regional manager to store clerk, who lost property, Gray says.

But Riggio's demeanor can quickly turn stormy. "Goddamnit, I prophesied that this would happen!" he frequently begins upbraiding the M.B.A.'s around him. "If I am going to become a prophet, then I expect to profit from it!" Former members of the company's operating committee recall staring down at their notebooks in silence during weekly meetings to avoid getting in the line of fire.

"There are times when I fly off the handle—anybody does—but I don't have a crazy temper," Riggio says. "I get testy when people think they are smarter and that they can outsmart someone else. I am always exhorting our people to learn from their mistakes, as opposed to dwell on their success. I tend to be negative. I and the company are really rooted in negative self-criticism. Retailers have to be."

Some of his displays of temper, he says, are "theatrics." When Crown Books' chairman, Robert Haft, ran commercials mimicking Barnes & Noble's slogans and claiming to outdo its discounts, Riggio raged to staff, "This guy would drink our blood if we let him!" Once, after Waldenbooks' chairman, Harry Hoffman, publicly criticized the wisdom of a B. Dalton advertising campaign, Riggio circulated a memo to his book buyers, regional managers, and store directors accusing Hoffman of "buffoonery," "bad taste," and "boorish behavior." The memo explained that Riggio would not respond publicly, however, because "rolling in the gutter with a boor would only cause the casual observer to remark, 'Look at the two boors wrestling in the gutter'—when in reality there would be a bookseller AND a boor."

Riggio's zeal for self-criticism extends all the way down to his retail stores. "A store manager's biggest fear is that you have an ugly store and he is going to visit it," says Janine von Juergensonn, a Barnes & Noble executive and former store manager. "He sees it as reflecting his family and takes it as a personal affront," she says.

Riggio admits he sets high standards. "Our stores are much better than other retailers', but I hate 90 percent of them," Riggio says. "There is only so much you can do with commercial architecture, and I am kind of a fusspot."

During the week, Riggio lives with his wife, Louise, and their 15-year-old daughter in a Park Avenue apartment, and his chauffeur drives him to work in a Lincoln Town Car (he won't drive up Park Avenue, he sometimes jokes, because it irks him to see the Borders on the corner of 57th Street). The family spends weekends in a palatial Bridgehampton home, originally built for a coal baron and known as "the Minden Estate," where his mother is often on hand as well. (His father died in 1983.)

Riggio's friends include business associates, Democratic politicos, and a handful of writers like Gay Talese. But Riggio's companions are just as often old pals from his high school or his old neighborhood in Brooklyn. One of his best friends is a truck driver, Joe Barra, who today runs a company that ships books for Barnes & Noble.

His friend Angelo Volpe lost touch for a time and called to say that he had left a job as a professor. "Oh, do you need a job?" Riggio replied. As it happened, Volpe had stopped teaching to become a college president. "I can't begin to count the number of people who grew up in the old neighborhood who work for Barnes & Noble," Volpe says. "That's Lenny."

Riggio's friendship can be especially helpful if you are an author. Donald Stahl, an old friend from Brooklyn Tech with whom Riggio likes to fish on Shinnecock Bay—in a small boat Stahl rents for $65—called Riggio when his brother, Norman Stahl, wrote his first book, *The Buried Man*. "Lenny," Donald Stahl said, "I never asked you for anything, and if this takes more than two minutes, forget it, but it would be nice if you could have a copy of my brother's book put in a window of your Fifth Avenue store." His brother received a phone call moments later. He soon happened upon his book in not just one but every window of the store. "I didn't even want that," Stahl says. "The word, by the way, is *loyal.*"

Len Riggio's personal net worth is estimated to top $700 million, but his political beliefs haven't evolved along with his bank account; when *Fortune* magazine surveyed 204 chief executives' favorite reforms, he was the only one to call for policies to raise wages. "Money can become a burden, like something you carry on your shoulders," he says. "My nature is to be a ball-buster, but my role is to help people." He's taken a hands-on role in a wide range of liberal and Democratic causes. In 1992, he threw his muscle behind Bill Clinton, but has since grown alienated over his stance on capital punishment. This year, he's backing Bill Bradley.

Riggio is also a staunch Giuliani opponent. He stepped in for a time as David Dinkins's finance chairman during his second mayoral campaign. After he lost, Riggio was brutally frank about his assessment, says Bill Lynch, Dinkins's deputy mayor. "Len said it was a blow to the city for the first African-American mayor to lose re-election. He

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

told us he thought we didn't go to our base enough, that there were expectations there that we didn't fulfill."

And last year, Riggio pledged $1 million to kick off a funding campaign for his alma mater Brooklyn Tech—an effort he sees as a kind of political statement about the viability of the public schools in the face of an assault from the right. "First, it was getting tough on crime. Then we have got to kill them, so we have capital punishment. So then, okay, no parole," he explains heatedly. "Now they go after the public schools and say they don't work! School vouchers? I mean, come on! That's like saying the government doesn't work, so let's have no government. Race becomes a handle for it, but it's deeper than that—it is race and class."

Riggio's other passions—art and betting on horses—are more typical of the plutocracy, though he pursues them with surprising intensity and sophistication. He became interested in modern sculpture in 1990, when an architect Riggio hired to design a new pool house in Bridgehampton took him to the Socrates Sculpture Park, in Long Island City. Today, his Bridgehampton estate boasts one of the most valuable private collections of modern sculpture in the country, including work by Willem de Kooning, Barry Flanagan, Mark di Suvero, George Rickey, John Chamberlain, Isamu Noguchi, Claes Oldenburg, Barbara Hepworth, and Henry Moore.

Last year, he made a $1 million gift of Richard Serra's mammoth *Torqued Ellipses* to the Dia Center of the Arts, its first major addition since 1983, and this January, he became the center's chairman. Within months, he had helped forge a deal to turn an abandoned cardboard factory in Beacon, New York, into a capacious new Dia gallery space bigger than the Museum of Modern Art.

He's also toyed with the idea of getting into the gallery business. "I wanted to open art stores, to sell art in a way that isn't intimidating, like I did for books. Art galleries make people feel like you don't know anything and only they do. Even I feel intimidated. I hate museum architecture too. Frank Gehry is a great architect—I mean, brilliant—but, to me, the Guggenheim Bilbao just doesn't work. It overwhelms the work within it."

Don't expect art superstores any time soon, however. "I have too much to do around here already," he says, "especially with the whole 'dot-com' thing. Besides, I'm tired of commercial stuff; I've done enough of that already."

JUST AS RIGGIO MOVES TO EXPAND Barnes & Noble's online store, Internet bookselling is beginning to draw some of the same criticisms that his superstores did. Independent stores complain that shoppers are turning up at authors' appearances to get signatures for books that they have already bought on the Web. The New York *Times* played as front-page news the revelation that Amazon.com was selling promotional space on its Website. Editors warily note that marketing money may prove decisive to a book's success online even more than in superstores. Without promotions, titles can get lost easier on a Website than in a superstore. And searching by subject always leads to the most popular book in any category—reinforcing the rich-get-richer, winner-take-all trend in book sales.

Wall Street, of course, doesn't care about such concerns. And some analysts believe Barnes & Noble has already turned a corner. "Jeff Bezos does get a lot of free publicity, but hip and innovative only works for so long," says Henry Blodget, of Merrill Lynch. "Riggio said, 'Oops, I was wrong; we are behind, and I am going to attack.' I think he saved the franchise."

On the wall outside Riggio's office hangs a sculpture by the multimedia artist Nam June Paik—an old Victrola's horn painted with flowers, a small video screen at its center—that Riggio says evokes for him the theory behind both his superstores and Internet bookstores. "I had been spending a lot of time, way before the Internet, thinking about media and Marshall McLuhan's whole concept of the global village, of building networks," Riggio says. "When I look at Nam June Paik's work, I think about how books, and media and television and visual art, are all about information, about programming the mind. I see connections between books and bookstores and networks.

"If a network is cool, like x-y-z discount store, there isn't an endearing relationship between the client and the network," Riggio says, slipping into McLuhan-speak. "But when the network gets hot, the customers bond with the store strongly, almost endearingly. That is why the great retailers' bags become fashion accessories. At its best, a chain becomes a network, so that people who participate in Barnes & Noble activities, which include shopping, feel something in common with people in faraway places who share the same activities."

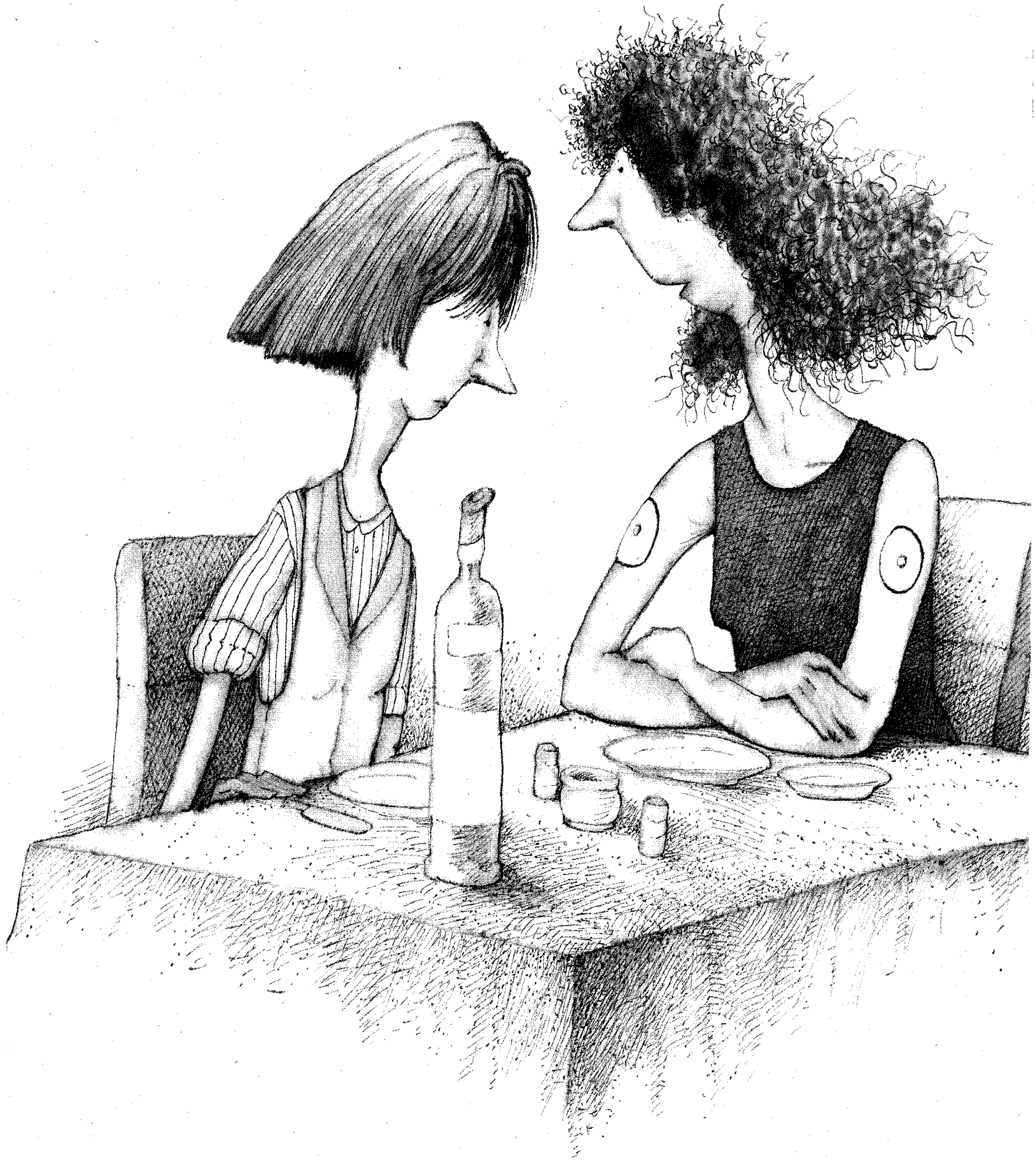
Riggio's superstores succeeded because they created a more comfortable—even a more communal—way to buy books, which is precisely the challenge he faces online. "The Internet affords you the opportunity to do the kind of hand selling that you logistically can't do in a bookstore," he says. "If a customer asks for a book and wants to see some reviews, online you can give them to him." To that end, he has already distinguished bn.com with a host of new offerings, such as connections to *The New York Times Book Review,* an online catalogue of recommendations from the eggheaded *New York Review of Books,* the *Quarterly Black Review,* and a literary magazine called *Tin House.* And bn.com will increasingly coordinate events and promotions with Barnes & Noble stores, where you can already return books ordered online.

Not surprisingly, controversy has followed Riggio online. Last week, the ABA won a ruling from the Council of Better Business Bureaus that bn.com could no longer use its slogan, "If we don't have your book nobody does." Sometimes, it turns out, an independent does, so Barnes & Noble will have to modify its claim. "This is a practical and a moral victory," proclaimed Avin Mark Domnitz, chief executive of the ABA.

"The ABA?" says Riggio. "Them again? You know, there are two ways to run a race. One way is, you try to run faster. The other way is, you try to hold on to someone else's shorts. If you look at where I am and where I came from, that is a story about self-improvement, not vindication. How do I stack up against Amazon.com, or some other store? Egad! I don't see that at all. How do I stack up against William O. Douglas, or Mahatma Gandhi, or Martin Luther King Jr.—these are the standards I aspire to.

"What I am trying to say is, not only am I running fast, I am running on a different track. Nobody is grabbing my shorts, and I sure as hell am not grabbing theirs." ■

How do I stack up against some other store? I don't see that t all. How do I stack up against Mahatma Gandhi or Martin Luther King? These are the standards I aspire to."



"The patch on the right is for cigarettes. The one on the left is for e-mail."

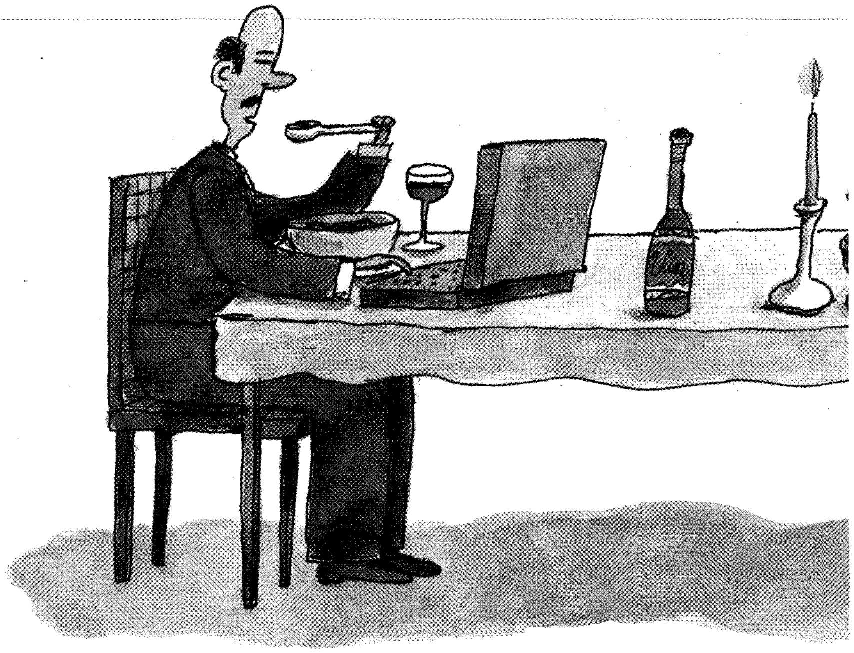
going postal

As e-mail makes the rounds these days, we're all getting a lot more done. Or are we? The merry chatterers are torn about e-mail, the quick pick-me-up that's scarily addictive.

By Tony Schwartz

I am sitting at my desk, looking for ways to avoid writing this piece. • That's nothing new, and I know I am in good company. Writers have long looked for excuses not to write. It used to be that I spent the early part of each day lingering over the newspaper, or walking down two flights of stairs in my house to get a cup of tea or toast up a bagel. But eventually—after 20 or 30 minutes, sometimes an hour—I would settle down and put in two, three, or sometimes even four hours of solid work before lunch and then repeat the ritual in the afternoon. • E-mail has changed all that. Suddenly, it seems to have invaded my life, an intermittent but relentless demand on my attention from early in the morning until shortly before sleep. What began as the mildest of diversions—a couple of notes a day from friends in distant cities with whom I was happy to be more connected—has grown into as many as two or three dozen exchanges, most of them focused on work. I now find myself logging on as many as ten times each day to see what new e-mail has arrived. In the evenings, after dinner, I walk up to my office yet again, knowing that my wife won't object because

Illustration by William Bramhall



she, too, regularly checks her e-mail.

E-mail's intoxicating qualities are now well known: It's convenient, efficient, simple, and informal, a way to stay connected to more people, a democratizing force in the workplace and less intrusive than the telephone. But as e-mail proliferates, its more pernicious effects are increasingly evident. Much as it facilitates the conduct of business, e-mail is threatening to overrun people's lives. It's no longer uncommon for executives—even those at middle levels—to receive 100 to 150 e-mails a day—a veritable torrent that floods "24-7," to use the macho shorthand of e-business. At a subtler level, e-mail celebrates transaction more than engagement, bite-size information rather than considered reflection, connection without commitment. In the name of better and speedier communication, e-mail can be rude, clipped, superficial, and depressingly desiccated. A boon when it comes to making lunch dates and answering yes-or-no questions, it is also an insistent source of distraction from more demanding work. E-mail has proved fiercely addictive—cocaine for compulsive achievers.

Robert Iger, the chairman of ABC, is nothing if not disciplined. He awakens in the dark each day at 4:30 A.M. in order to read four newspapers. After that, he works out at the gym near his office on the Upper West Side, eats a small breakfast, and arrives at his desk by seven. For years, nothing interfered with this regimen. Then along came e-mail.

"It's just completely changed the rhythms of my workday," Iger admitted recently, sounding sheepish. "I try to avoid turning on the computer when I wake up now, because I know if I do, I won't read my newspapers. By the time I do log on, around 6 A.M., 25 messages have accumulated from Europe and California since I last checked before going to sleep. When I get to work and sit down at my desk, there's often some document in my in-box that I need to read. But meanwhile, the e-mails keep arriving. It really affects your attention span. All of a sudden, you find yourself turning around in your chair just to see what's there. Without thinking about it, you start answering them, and before long, 40 minutes has gone by. I now find myself purposely avoiding meetings just to handle the increasing volume of e-mail. I haven't been able to discipline myself yet to put off looking at them—and I'm not sure if I ever will."

At least two factors feed e-mail's seductive power. One is the middle ground that it offers between the desire to be productive (or at least to *feel* productive) and the utterly human inclination to avoid challenging work. "We typically choose to do the thing that demands the least of us first," says Sherry Turkle, a sociologist affiliated with MIT's Science, Technology and Society program and author of *Life on the Screen.* "E-mail has been constructed so that you can do the business at hand easily and efficiently. You have the sense, sitting at your keyboard, of orchestrating a life. It feels satisfying and productive without much effort."

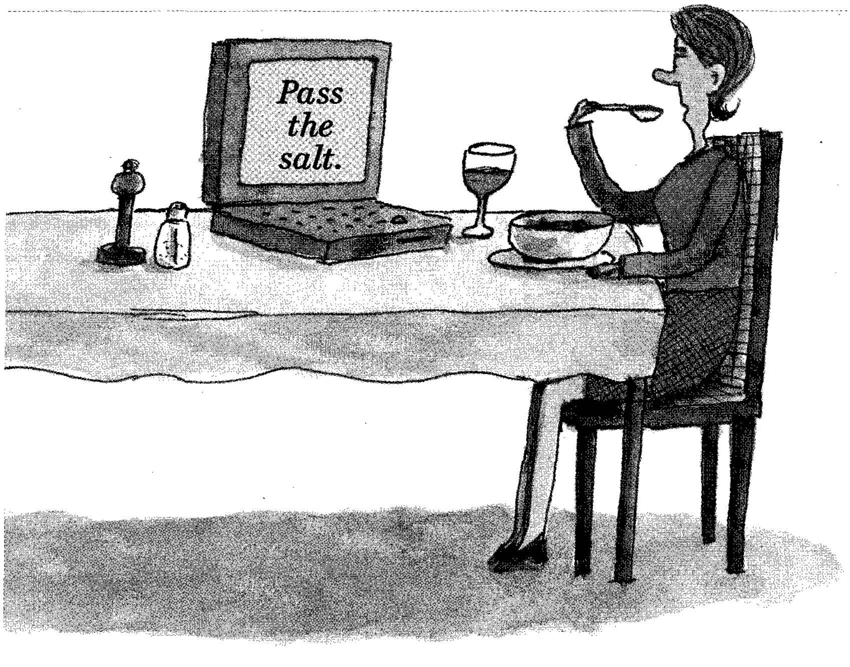
The other irresistible lure of e-mail is more primal. "It's the power of intermittent reinforcement," argues Lee Sproull, a professor of business at New York University who has spent the past fifteen years studying e-mail. "The computer is now the ultimate Skinner box. You keep coming back for the reward."

There is considerable gratification that comes from forever being needed, wanted—popular, even. "It's sort of the way you used to feel about mail arriving from the postman," explains Sarah Crichton, the publisher of Little, Brown. "Possibly, just possibly, there would be something wonderful in one of those envelopes that would delight you, make your heart race a little faster. The difference with e-mail is that it keeps arriving all day long."

All this compulsive checking and replying necessarily carves up days into smaller and smaller bits. What gets sacrificed is the depth and richness that grows out of sustained, absorbed attention to a single task. Instead, multitasking—the capacity to do more than one thing at a time—has become a desirable skill for overburdened executives. "I can do my e-mail while I'm talking on the phone," says Lauren Zalaznick, head of original programming for VH1. "I know it's rude, but I can also take a meeting and do e-mail at the same time. Basically, e-mail goes with almost everything."

Zalaznick is sitting across the desk from me as we talk. She never strikes me as harried, but there are several odd moments when I sense that she isn't com-

> "I try to avoid turning on the computer when I wake up now," says ABC's Bob Iger, "because I know if I do, I won't read my newspapers. I find myself avoiding meetings just to handle the increasing volume of e-mail."


Pass the salt.

pletely there. Only later does she acknowledge that during our time together, she received fourteen e-mails and managed to quietly respond to most of them, tapping away at a silent keyboard hidden below desk height. As far as she's concerned, there's no choice. If Zalaznick doesn't multitask, there's no way to get all of her work done—much less leave the office in time to hang out with her two young children and put them to bed.

"There's no question that e-mail increases efficiency," explains Esther Dyson, who heads the high-tech consulting company EDventure Holdings. "The problem is that it increases the efficiency of the next guy, too, so no one really feels more efficient."

The next time I experience what I have come to call The Pause is during a telephone conversation with Sarah Crichton. This time, I can't resist a small dig. "You don't happen to be answering your e-mail, do you?" I ask.

"How did you know?" Crichton replies, slightly abashed. Then she makes a confession: "During meetings in my office, when I have to dig in deep and really think about something that makes me antsy, I'll often swivel in my chair and start answering e-mails. I don't even notice I'm doing it, but the people I work with have learned to call me on it."

Andrew Heyward, the president of CBS News, has recognized another way that e-mail costs him. "It's a refuge when you don't want to grapple with something else, but it also works the other way," he says. "Whenever I have a free moment now, I turn to e-mail. It's probably taken away the last few minutes in my life that were available for pure reflection."

For many, leaving the office scarcely means logging off. "The umbilical cord is longer than it's ever been," explains ABC's Iger. On the weekends, like many of his fellow executives, he still manages to check his e-mail at least three times a day—and does so just as frequently when he's in Tokyo or Shanghai on business. America Online recently commissioned a study of Internet use and found that 47 percent of users now take their laptops on vacation, and 26 percent check their e-mail. "I've played the game of not taking my laptop on vacation," explains Barry Schuler, president of AOL Interactive Services. "What happens is that you sit there on the beach, gazing out into the ocean, but you can't relax because you're thinking about how many e-mails are accumulating in your in-box. I finally decided that I'm willing to take a couple of hours each day on vacation discreetly off in a corner doing my e-mail. It's worth feeling like a jerk in order to know that I'm on top of everything and I'm not going to return to 1,000 unanswered e-mails."

Not long ago, Schuler and his boss, Robert Pittman, got to talking about feeling enslaved by e-mail. They decided that one antidote might be to institute companywide e-mail-free weekends: If you don't have a piece of pressing business, you are encouraged not to log on at all. Of course, Schuler sees most of his business as pressing, so he rarely abstains. When VH1's Zalaznick had her second child two years ago, she found that nights afforded an unexpected opportunity. "I'd get up at 3 or 4 A.M. each night to nurse my baby," she explains. "In the peacefulness and bondingness of it all, I'd find myself holding her in one arm while reading and typing e-mails with the other."

IN THE EMERGING E-MAIL ETIQUETTE, A great deal is sacrificed in the name of efficiency. "E-mail may be the rudest form of communication yet invented," says Nathan Myhrvold, until recently the chief technology officer at Microsoft.

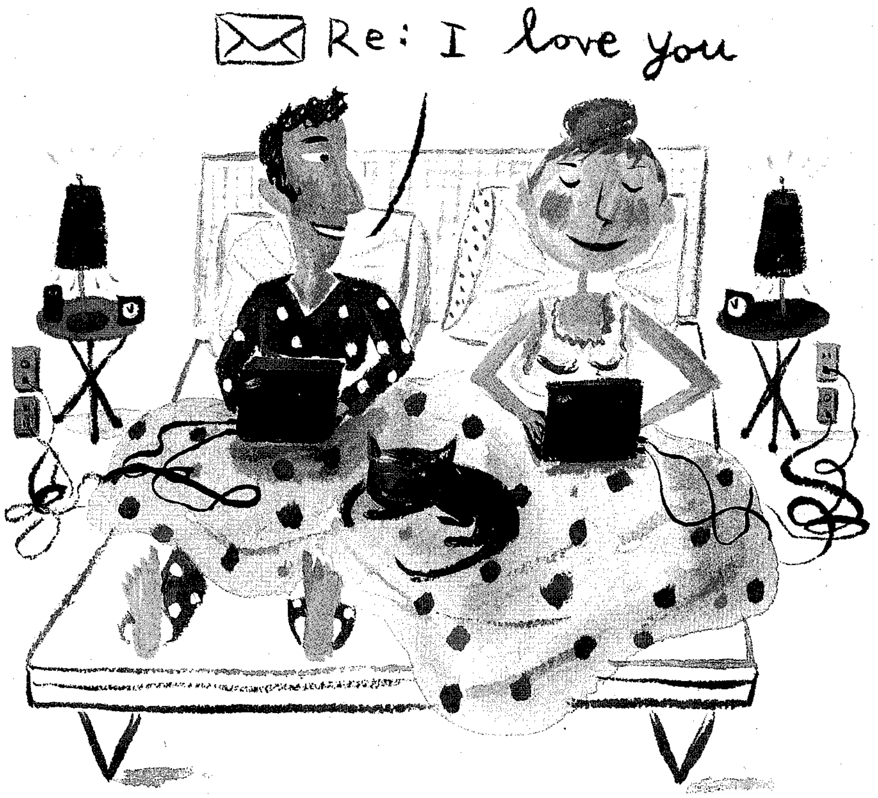
E-mail eliminates tone of voice, body language, and the sort of social cues and contexts that make it possible to distinguish between different messages intended by the same words. In technological terms, e-mail has a limited emotional bandwidth. Because messages are typically written quickly and in compressed form, it's scarily easy for misunderstandings to occur. An abbreviated response that would fly smoothly in conversation can be read as brusque or dismissive in e-mail, partly because no greeting or sign-off is expected. And even highly literate people feel free to send e-mails filled with typos, spelling errors, incomplete sentences, bad grammar, and no capital letters or punctuation at all.

Of course, it plays both ways. The same breezy informality that frees people to be curt, sloppy, and rude in e-mail also promotes a certain openness and intimacy not encouraged by other forms of communication. NYU's Sproull refers to it as a "disinhibiting" effect. "It's not unlike what happens when people put on masks and Halloween costumes," she explains.

"I am much more intimate and personal in e-mail than I am anywhere else," says Barry Diller, chairman and CEO of USA Networks. "That may be just because everyone, including me, is all closed off and constipated, but whatever the reasons, there's a real value to it. In talking, my cognitive process is instinctive and reactive. With e-mail, the process is primarily written. I have to focus on what I'm going to say, compose sentences, make myself understood, reflect before I react. I might be just as tough in writing as I would be verbally—but then I read what I've written and edit myself."

Nathan Myhrvold has had just the opposite experience. With this loosening of inhibitions, he says, comes a certain rashness—a tendency to act out. "Just because you have a little more time to reflect with e-mail doesn't mean you do," Myhrvold argues. "E-mail emboldens people. It makes them more extreme. There's something cathartic about pushing the SEND button, even when you're sending something you may later regret."

Illustration by Gary Clement.



The instant intimacy fostered by e-mail is not unlike the exchange you might have with someone in a bar late at night after a couple of drinks, when even the most revelatory exchanges somehow don't fully count. "E-mail relationships are a way to bond very quickly," says Zalaznick. "You don't have to spend much time on them. They're safe. And you can bail out at any point without significant consequences." That's also precisely their limitation: Real engagement is messy, time-consuming, and exacting in a way that e-mail is not. "E-mail is sort of deadening—a little bit like turning Technicolor into black and white," says Arlie Hochschild, a professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley and author of *Time Bind: When Work Becomes Home and Home Becomes Work.*

One of the ironies of e-mail is that it can be so isolating. "When you log on, you feel like you're in touch with everything that's going on in the world," says Judith Regan, publisher of Regan Books. "But what you really are is out of touch—literally. There is no touching anymore. We started this century with small communities and large families and neighbors visiting each other. We're ending it alone in a room with a joystick." As it happens, Regan herself is so busy that I've only been able to catch up with her by calling on a Sunday morning. "This is a perfect example," she says. "Here I am, sitting at home in front of my computer answering e-mail at ten in the morning when I should be in bed with a handsome guy making love."

Instead, the handsome guy has been replaced by hundreds of semi-strangers forever wanting to do virtual business. "The convenience of e-mail is far outweighed by the fact that more people have my attention," says Hochschild. "What happens is that because people can reach me more easily by e-mail, I end up in communication with more people who are peripheral to my life while not making enough time for the people who are primary."

One solution for overburdened e-mail users is to use multiple addresses, including one that is made available only to a small number of key people. Of course, that means checking for e-mail at more than one address, itself time-consuming. Some people are turning to filters, now built into most e-mail programs, to sort and prioritize their incoming mail.

Brian Reid is a research manager at Lucent who has been using e-mail since the late sixties; he helped develop the technology as a Carnegie Mellon grad student. Reid, who receives as many as 2,000 messages a day, has perhaps the most sophisticated sorting system yet devised. One filter displays any block of messages from the same address or on the same subject as a cluster so that he can decide in a quick glance whether any of them merit his attention. Another tells him when he has received multiple messages from the same sender in a certain period of time—on the grounds that it might suggest an emergency. (It's never happened, but you can't be too careful.) Incoming mail from close family members beeps in different tones that Reid can recognize.

But in the end, even the most elaborate systems can do only so much. Like many others, Reid now spends much of his day checking, reading, and sending e-mail, including at least a couple of hours at home each night. In virtuality, the attempt to log off is the equivalent of trying to eat just one potato chip. "My wife will often say to me, "Dear, will you turn that thing off and come to bed?" Reid acknowledges. "But for me, being plugged in is just part of who I am."

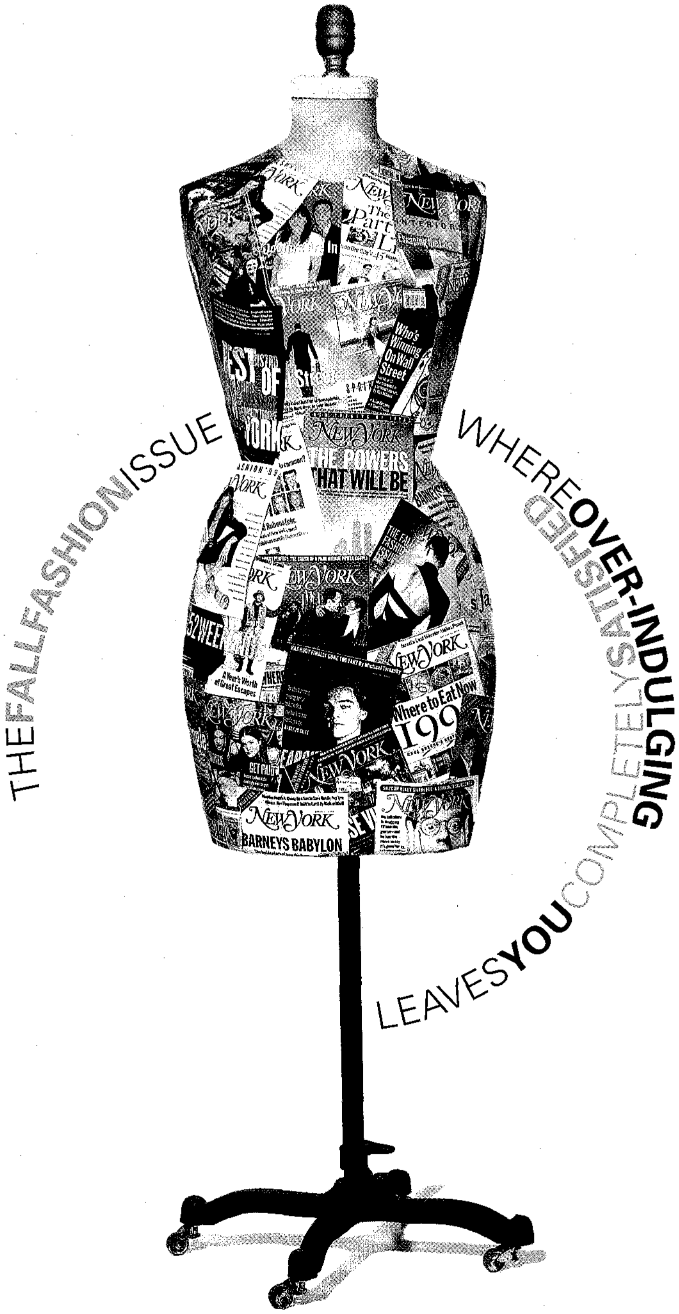
Sarah Crichton manages to take a few hours off from work between the time she gets home and when her 9-year-old daughter goes to bed. Then she's back in front of her laptop around 10:30 or 11 answering e-mail. The difference is that she does so while sitting in bed, alongside her husband, who has his own laptop. "This wasn't the sort of romantic image we had of ourselves when we fell in love twenty years ago," Crichton acknowledges. "But the truth is, we're both pretty content doing it."

As for the telephone conversation we've been having, Crichton insists she's resisted answering a single e-mail during our 45-minute chat. But that doesn't mean she hasn't stolen an occasional glance at the incoming flow. "I've got twelve new messages," she suddenly volunteers. "This is very exciting. It's been good talking with you, but I have to hang up now." ■

People answer their e-mail while talking on the phone. "E-mail may be the rudest form of communication yet invented," says Nathan Myhrvold.

Illustration by Jessie Hartland.

CALLING ALL FASHION PLATES


THE FALL FASHION ISSUE
WHERE OVER-INDULGING
LEAVES YOU COMPLETELY SATISFIED
NEW YORK
Who's Winning On Wall Street
THE POWERS THAT WILL BE
Where to Eat Now
BARNEYS BABYLON

ISSUE DATE: 8/30 ON SALE: 8/23 AD CLOSE: 8/9

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Harvey's Next Wave

In 1967, BAM was being rented out for karate classes and marked for razing. Harvey Lichtenstein turned it into one of the world's most influential performing-arts centers. What will he do for an encore? By Ethan Smith

EARLIER THIS SPRING, HARVEY LICHTENSTEIN'S IMpending departure from the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which he had presided over for 32 years, prompted a festive series of affairs in his honor, including the rechristening of BAM's Majestic Theater as the Harvey Lichtenstein Theater and a farewell concert by BAM stalwarts like Philip Glass, Mark Morris, and Lou Reed (who nearly blew the roof off the venerable BAM opera house). June 30 was the feverishly energetic 70-year-old Brooklyn native's final day on the job ("My last day on earth . . ."), and just before saying good-bye to his executive staff with a lunch at the River Café, Lichtenstein mused with *New York*'s Ethan Smith about his three decades as an avant-garde impresario—with some asides on the state of the challenging work he has devoted his career to presenting—and looked ahead to his new, even more ambitious assignment: remaking an entire neighborhood in BAM's image.

Ethan Smith: *When you first took over BAM, being in Brooklyn must have seemed quite a hurdle.*

H.L.: Brooklyn is outside the central core of the performing arts in New York City. So in order to develop our audience and our reputation, it was necessary to go outside the mainstream, do new work, take unconventional approaches. Just getting our audience to [the theater] was more difficult than if we had been either in midtown or downtown. But at the same time, we could take chances that maybe others in Manhattan, because of their boards or their constituencies, might have been afraid to take.

But now BAM has become an establishment itself.

H.L.: We're never going to get the absolute newest artists because they usually start off in the studios and small spaces, then they maybe perform at Dance Theater Workshop, or the Kitchen, or P.S. 122. And the next step for them, and really the biggest, is BAM. That's what we've always done.

How much of your audience actually lives in Brooklyn?

H.L.: I'd say about 35 to 40 percent.

As places like Lincoln Center became more adventurous, did you find yourself pushing against the uptown Establishment?

H.L.: I was at a dinner once where a very good friend, who was involved with Lincoln Center, was sitting on the other side of Bill Christie after he had just done a concert here with Les Arts Florissants and was trying to convince Bill to do work at Lincoln Center. Bill turned to me and said, "What do you think about that?" I said, "Come on! Stop trying to poach our artists!" Bill now does smaller work at Lincoln Center. But when he does his concert operas, he does them here.

Have you ever had trouble staying out in front?

H.L.: One of the things about new work is that sometimes it takes you a while to catch up. You don't get it. The first time I saw Pina Bausch, in 1981 in Cologne, I didn't know *what* the hell I was seeing. But life is like that: It doesn't necessarily hit you all at once. And sometimes you *never* get it.

Is the arts scene as vital as it was in 1967?

H.L.: I think in a way there's less of an avant-garde. I'm not sure if that kind of radicalism is there. When we did Bob Wilson's epic *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin,* in 1973, we had 400 people in the audience, and by the time the twelve hours were up, there were maybe 50 to 100 left. One had to adapt oneself totally to another whole way of sitting in an auditorium.

Why do you suppose that radicalism no longer exists?

H.L.: Maybe there was more conflict then: the Vietnam War, Nixon . . . We've become so much more of a conformist society. Young people are less radical, less left-wing.

Is that our boom economy? Are people more interested in spending money on possessions than on supporting the arts?

H.L.: Not even spending it, but making it. I get the feeling that money has more significance to kids in college now. People are seeing how much can be made in a stock market that does nothing but go up, and maybe that has taken over the mentality of young people today. Money becomes the big thing, rather than ideas or passion or involvement or ideology or whatever.

Any advice for people trying to produce avant-garde art?

H.L.: You have to understand what's going on. Not just in one particular slot but generally. When I was coming into the art market, I was very interested in poetry. But I also got involved in dance, and I got to know Merce Cunningham. Also in New York in the fifties you had de Kooning and Pollock and Gottlieb and Franz Kline. Rauschenberg was beginning, and so was Jasper Johns, and I was into that. It's important for people who are in this business to get a sense of where the momentum is.

Do you have any regrets?

H.L.: Well, I made lots of mistakes. It would take all day to go through them all. The one thing that I really stubbed my toe on was the attempt to make a repertory theater company. We tried twice. Again, it was an attempt to establish something New York didn't have. That was a terrible disappointment for me and also resulted in a terrific financial crisis for BAM. We recouped very quickly, but it was really scary for us.

What's next?

H.L.: I'm staying in Brooklyn—not in this building, but I'll be heading up a local development corporation, the BAM LDC. We're looking to create a cultural district; we're talking to urban planners, architects, designers, graphic people, artists—we should have a plan before the end of this year. We want the activity in the district to have a point of view similar to BAM in the sense that it has a unique character—to configure the area around us in a way that supports and supplements what we do. We need restaurants here. We need life in the evening; a jazz club would be great, something like the Knitting Factory. And even how the streets are lit—not just the amount of light but the *way* they're lit.

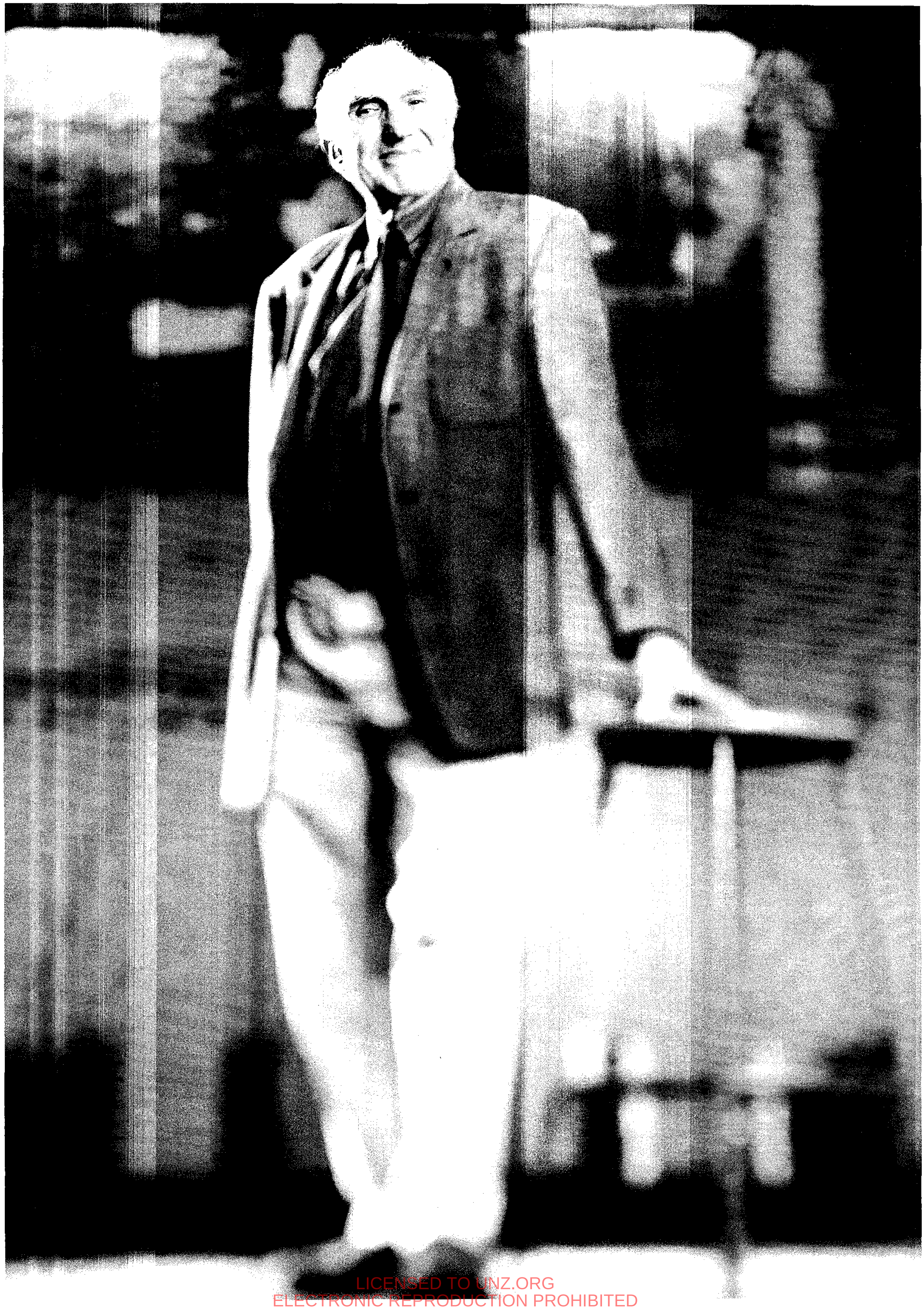
The neighborhood has already been changing.

H.L.: The largest concentration of young artists is in Brooklyn today. Housing prices have stabilized and gone up in Fort Greene, creating a very strong residential community. Mark Morris is establishing a base for his company a block away from here. I think it's a really good time for us to do this cultural district around BAM, and it's got a really good chance of success.

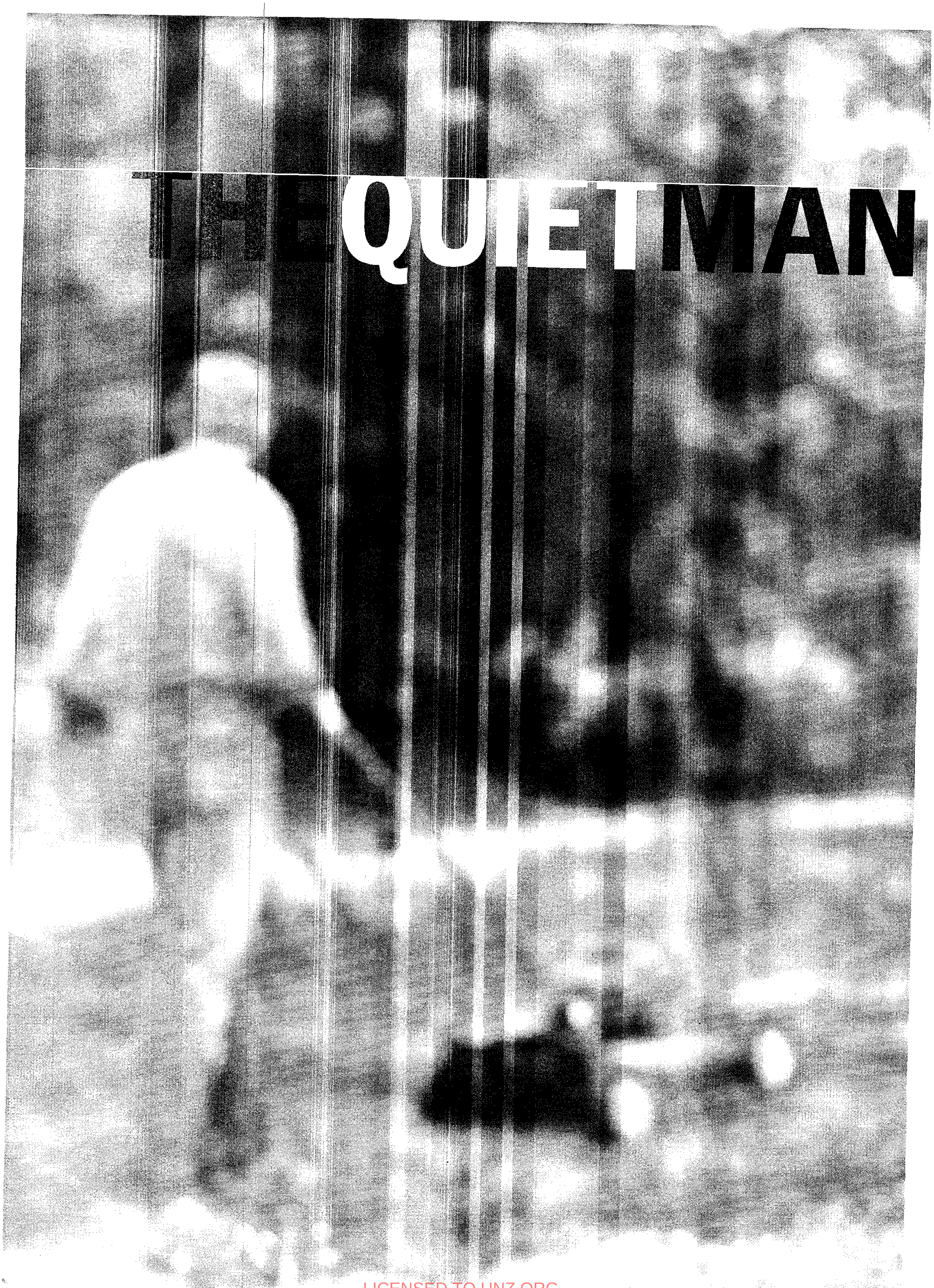
Your wife once said she shuddered to think what you'd do if you ever retired from BAM. Are you going to take a vacation?

H.L.: Usually, I travel in the summer. But this year, I'm going to spend some time at our place up along the Hudson and really try and reflect and find out who the hell I am. ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN LANTRY



THE QUIET MAN



WHEN A CONVICTED SEX OFFENDER MOVES IN NEXT DOOR, YOU WANT TO BE TOLD. THAT'S WHAT MEGAN'S LAW IS ALL ABOUT. BUT FOR SOME OFFENDERS, IT CAN TURN THE NEIGHBORHOOD INTO A POWDER KEG. AND FOR OTHERS, LIKE FRANK PENNA, THE PUNISHMENT MAY NOT FIT THE CRIME AT ALL.

BY CHRIS NUTTALL-SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID BARRY

AFTER A WORRIED GLANCE PAST THE EMPTY hopscotch courts and patchy playing field, Frank Penna figures it's safe to drive by P. S. 2. He edges his old hatchback away from the tidy house where he lives, cruises past the school and Seventh Ward Park, with its baby swings and solitary seesaw, then steers right, into safer territory on Stiles Street. When he's not examining curbside piles of trash, looking for loot he can sell at flea markets—that's how he earns his living these days—Penna, 56, keeps his eyes focused on the road and out of trouble. • Once he's safely clear of playing children, of parents who fear him, and of the neighborhood toughs who torment him, he starts talking: "I go out driving innocently, looking straight ahead, and a woman might imagine something because that's the way she's geared to think—so overprotective of her daughter, she thinks something crazy inside her head and says it to someone else, and someone else. And then I got problems, and I didn't even do nothing, I'm minding my own business. So that's why I don't go out. It's not that I'm scared or real worried . . ." He stops for a minute, realizing it's too late to pretend to anyone, including himself, that he's not afraid. "I just don't want to give them any more reason to give me more problems." • Away from South Wood Avenue and 18th Street—and P.S. 2 on the corner—few people recognize him. Nothing about Penna would stand out in a crowd. With his oval bifocals, thick, tanned hands, and graying hair that sweeps back from a widow's peak, he could, under better circumstances, fit in nicely around town. He doesn't *look* like a threat, especially when he's happily fishing a ceramic appetizer plate from somebody's garbage, or triumphantly discovering a salvageable hanging chime. Something about the way he always seems to be buying too much herbal tea, forgetting how much he already has at home, makes him seem almost harmless.

Yet his reputation extends far beyond the run-down Seventh Ward, where he lives; farther even than the 37,000 residents of Linden, New Jersey, a faded industrial town just south of Newark. Penna is one of more than 1,200 medium- and high-risk sex offenders living in New Jersey under Megan's Law, the nationally known community-notification program designed to alert neighborhoods to convicted sex offenders in their midst. When it passed nearly five years ago, New Jersey's notification law was among the country's first, but it took full effect in the state only last year, and Penna is part of the first major wave of released offenders to live under its notification protocol.

Frank Penna was convicted in January 1976 of kidnapping and raping two junior-high-school girls aged 13 and 15. Now, seven years after he was paroled and began quietly rebuilding his life on the same street where he grew up, everybody in the neighborhood suddenly knows what the Union County prosecutors and the press called him: kidnapper, rapist, high-risk sex offender, do-it-again-anytime child molester.

"I WOULD DO ANYTHING TO PROTECT MY FAMILY, AND IF I'D HAVE SEEN HIM EVEN THREE FEET NEAR MY SISTER, I'D HAVE ATTACKED HIM."

Martin Hanks, a 17-year-old high-school junior and the proud father of a baby girl, got the word on Penna early one afternoon a year ago, when a detective from the Union County prosecutor's office delivered a flyer to homes in the area. SEX OFFENDER RELEASE NOTICE, it read. TIER 3. The notice described Penna as 55, five eight and 150 pounds, with salt-and-pepper hair and hazel eyes. It said he had been released June 25, 1992, after serving time for rape, kidnapping, and impairing the morals of a child.

Penna's crimes are pretty typical for a high-risk registrant, if any of them can be called typical. Tier 3 offenders can include teenage serial molesters, two-time statutory rapists, and octogenarian can't-help-themselves kidnappers.

As all Tier 3 flyers do, Penna's also noted his address. His yard was just steps from Hanks's family home, where Hanks lives with his five brothers, his two preteen sisters, and, when he brings her home from his girlfriend's place, his infant daughter, Savannah. Only a tottering chain-link fence separates the two houses. "I would do anything to protect my family, and if I would have seen him even three feet near my sister, I would have attacked him," Hanks says, sitting in the living room of his girlfriend's apartment safely up South Wood Avenue, gently bouncing Savannah on his knees. "He'd grab kids, go into the bushes, do his due. He was just a very sick individual from what I understand. I mean, the paper that they sent us didn't go into detail of what he did."

Hanks says he's softened his position on Penna since first seeing the notice—he even considers, for a moment at least, that Penna might be reformed, trying to get on with his life. His father, Martin Hanks Sr., however, takes a harder line. Heavy-set, baseball-capped, mustached, and wearing a blue work jacket with a patch from Montclair Public Works, Hanks Sr., who has come by to see the baby, says convicts like Penna should never leave prison. "You dig a hole," he says, raising his open palms at his sides. "The National Guard don't have nothin' to do? Have 'em guard that hole, I don't care how big you make it, as deep as the city. Put 'em in there. You want to feed 'em?" he asks, his baritone voice ringing with contempt. "Drop the food in there. That's the way I feel."

Hanks Sr., who can watch Penna come and go from his backyard, says he doesn't worry so much about him, though, even if they did let him out. "Frankly, the neighborhood gave him their feelings about his existence here," he says. "I don't think he's going to do anything stupid, not here, anyway."

Asked how the neighborhood showed its feelings, Hanks shrugs and answers without pausing. "They shot up his house, didn't they?"

Indeed, nine days after the prosecutor's office and police delivered the notices door-to-door around Penna's neighborhood last summer, a 23-year-old local man, just out of jail himself, fired five bullets into the room right above Penna's basement apartment. To Penna, the shots were reason enough to stay inside during lunch hours and after school, to sneak around the neighborhood where he learned to ride a bicycle as a child. On this particular afternoon, when he pulls into his driveway after a few hours out collecting, he drives directly to the back of the house to unload his loot, out of sight of the street.

To Hanks Sr., the bullets were more than a desperate stunt by a troubled youth. They were a collective response from an entire neighborhood, an anxious community's message to a subhuman pervert: Mess with *our* children, the five bullets said, and you die.

MEGAN KANKA, A 7-YEAR-OLD New Jersey girl, was raped and murdered in 1994 by a convicted pedophile living across the street. The child's family and thousands of supporters agreed that if her parents had known about their neighbor's past, Megan might still be alive. The case sparked a national furor and prompted the New Jersey legislature to pass Megan's Law in 1994. (This was not, as some think, the first legislation of its kind: A similar law was passed in Washington State in 1990.) Megan's death led Congress to require all states to enact sex-offender community-notification laws by September 1997 or face punitive reductions in federal crime-fighting funds. Every state complied, though with varying degrees of fervor. Some states agreed to release information to the media, run telephone information lines, or provide CD-ROM databases of registered offenders. At least fifteen maintain Websites listing offenders known to be living within their borders, and four more have approved plans to develop such sites.

The Florida Department of Law Enforcement site, for example, lists 13,599 people, from kiddie-porn collectors to violent sexual predators, by name, address, and description. Pictures of each offender are accompanied by two blue-and-red flashing police lights. In Louisiana, local police compel released sex offenders to fill out and mail notification cards to their neighbors and to pay for newspaper advertisements about their presence in a community. Judges can also require offenders to post signs in their yards or wear special identifying clothing.

In New York and New Jersey, several high-profile court challenges delayed full deployment of the new laws. In New York, a state law passed in 1995 requires authorities to register and classify sex offenders according to risk level. New York also makes its registration database available to the public through a pay-per-use telephone line. Currently, that service is strictly limited under the terms of a federal court's injunction, and its operators can give no information beyond whether an individual is registered and—if he committed his offense after January 1996—the offender's risk level.

In New Jersey, the 1994 law has also been toned down following several court challenges and injunctions, and the bulk of notifications began only nineteen months ago; as in New York, New Jersey police and prosecutors can distribute information only about registered sex offenders who have been classified, by means of a point scale, as medium- or high-risk. Officials can distribute notices only to people who might come in contact with the offender, and recipients are forbidden, in principle, from passing the information to the press or even to neighbors who fall outside of the approved distribution area. Before the notification even starts, offenders may appeal their classifications before a judge.

To be sure, any laws that require known offenders to register with local police unquestionably help law-enforcement officials keep track of them, and a good deal of anecdotal evidence suggests that registration alone helps prevent crimes. But community-notification laws (designed to inform the public-at-large, not just local police) haven't been in effect long enough for a thorough evaluation, and researchers have only just begun to document their ef-

TIME OFF Frank Penna in his yard in Linden, New Jersey. After serving seventeen years in prison for a 1975 rape, he is still categorized as a dangerous sex offender.

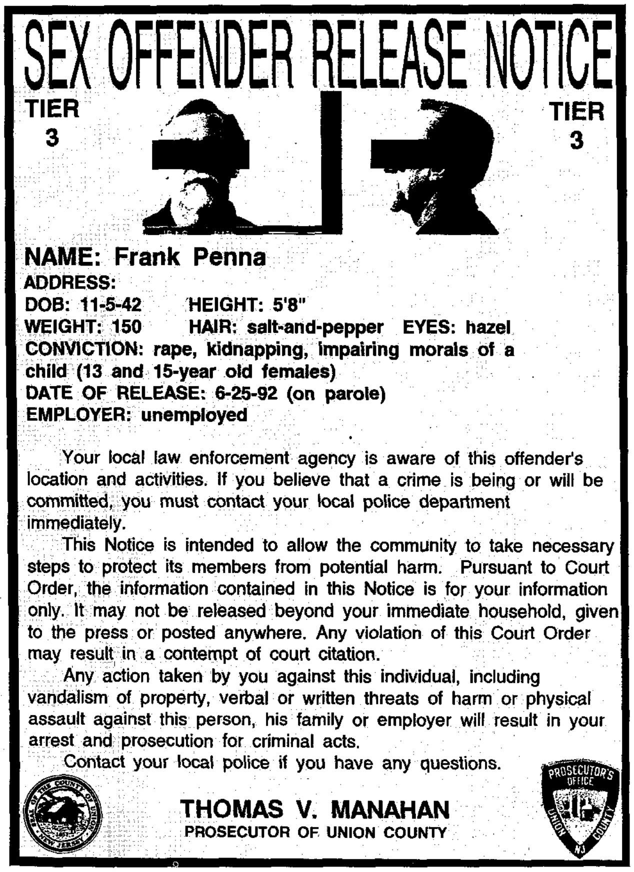
fects. In a not-yet-published study funded by the National Institute of Justice, the Department of Justice's research arm, criminologists in Wisconsin found that community notifications may cause more harm to offenders—and, by extension, make them potentially more, not less, dangerous to the people notification seeks to protect. The study is the first in the U.S. based on interviews with the offenders themselves, and many of its subjects spoke of being forced to move time and again as angry parents pushed them out of town. Some had to opt for low-security prisons and halfway houses, the only places that would take them. They told of losing jobs and vital social networks. One offender told how his young daughter was questioned by her friends at school after a notification included his history of incest.

"If these people know that you're a sex offender and they keep saying—keep pointing at you and everything else," one offender told the researchers, "everything breaks under pressure, everything. No matter what. No matter how strong he thinks he is. You taunt a dog long enough, no matter how calm and collected that dog might have been the whole time, it might have been the most loving dog with children and everything else—but you taunt that dog long enough, it's going to bite." Richard Zevitz and Mary Ann Farkas, the study's authors, write that the 30 offenders they interviewed face-to-face said stable housing and employment would help them get through the stigma of notifications. The alternative, one offender told them—the actual system of notifications currently in effect in most states—is going to put them over the edge. "That's exactly what this law does," he said. "It makes John Q. Public taunt the sex offenders. And sooner or later, something is going to snap."

THE THIRD CHILD IN A FAMILY OF two boys and two girls, Frank Penna grew up in the same house in Linden he lives in today. The Pennas were well liked in the neighborhood, but his parents had their problems. Frank's father, Joe Penna, worked in the oil industry. Joe beat his wife when he was drinking, which was often enough for the neighbors to notice, though Frank insists his father wasn't a drunk and his parents fought only occasionally. (Both parents are now dead.)

In school, Frank had a hard time fitting in. His teachers at P.S. 2 held him back two years, and by his early teens, he was putting more effort into extracurricular pursuits than into his studies. He was good at shop, and his skill at fixing bicycles earned him the admiration of the kids in the neighborhood. As he worked his way up to making gas-powered go-carts, even local mechanics chipped in with free welding and advice.

At first, Linden police noticed Penna because they had to shoo him and his contraptions off the streets. But eventually, he attracted more serious attention. Penna was first arrested when he was 13, for vandalism. A few years later, he dropped out of high school to work in a laundry, and when he was 20, he paid a $100 fine on a lewdness charge and spent time in jail for burglary. Later, he joined the Army with a friend but was discharged after just a few months, depressed and drinking heavily. He went through a series of jobs—roofer, mechanic, motorcycle detailer—but by the mid-seventies, he was an alcohol-and-drug-dependent mess. He used pot, hash, LSD, downers, mescaline, and heroin. He kept his dark hair scraggly and his beard full, and he rode a custom-built 1947 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead chopper. "Used to be, all the neighbors, man, they didn't like me," he says. "We used to have packs of motorcycles drag-racing up and down the street and everything. We used to terrorize the neighborhood."



SEX OFFENDER RELEASE NOTICE

TIER 3

TIER 3

NAME: Frank Penna

ADDRESS:

DOB: 11-5-42 HEIGHT: 5'8"

WEIGHT: 150 HAIR: salt-and-pepper EYES: hazel

CONVICTION: rape, kidnapping, impairing morals of a child (13 and 15-year old females)

DATE OF RELEASE: 6-25-92 (on parole)

EMPLOYER: unemployed

Your local law enforcement agency is aware of this offender's location and activities. If you believe that a crime is being or will be committed, you must contact your local police department immediately.

This Notice is intended to allow the community to take necessary steps to protect its members from potential harm. Pursuant to Court Order, the information contained in this Notice is for your information only. It may not be released beyond your immediate household, given to the press or posted anywhere. Any violation of this Court Order may result in a contempt of court citation.

Any action taken by you against this individual, including vandalism of property, verbal or written threats of harm or physical assault against this person, his family or employer will result in your arrest and prosecution for criminal acts.

Contact your local police if you have any questions.

THOMAS V. MANAHAN

PROSECUTOR OF UNION COUNTY

UNWANTED ATTENTION Copies of this notice went out to Penna's neighbors last summer. His address and appearance have been obscured here (and in the accompanying photos) as a condition of his telling his story.

There were women too. "Back then, girls used to support us and all that," he recalls. "We had the old ladies and . . . the girls. They used to come around and, like, idolize us, and they used to—we used to swap 'em and trade 'em for parts and drugs, back and forth to each other. You know, it was pretty wild then, no AIDS or nothing. It's not like that no more. Back in the seventies, it was . . ." The sentence seems to die beneath the gathering hiss of a kettle boiling water for herbal tea in his small kitchen. "Never again," he says.

Penna knew he was bound to crash. On July 31, 1975, he and a friend were driving through Linden in a two-door Cadillac when they stopped to pick up a couple of junior-high-school girls returning from the Wheeler Park pool. According to Penna, the men had met the girls earlier that day and had agreed to pick them up. He says they offered the girls pot laced with angel dust, and he says they accepted it. The girls later told police they were forced into the car. They said Penna's friend forced pills down their throats. Penna doesn't make many excuses about any of this. Even if he attributes his crime, as he sometimes does, to his drug problems, or to the free-loving era in which it happened, or to the stupidity of his youth, he readily owns up to his mistakes.

The girls told police that they were raped in the woods after the men stopped the Cadillac. Whatever the details, given the drugs and their young age, they were raped. A few weeks later, after motorcycling through Virginia, Penna was arrested. He faced a jury for four days in January 1976 and was found guilty of kidnapping and rape.

At first, he says, the 125-year sentence underwhelmed him. "I didn't care, because I figured that for so long I had the cops, you know, playing ragtag, and they were always trying to bust me and lock me up—it was all like a game," he recalls. "When I got to jail I thought, *They can't get me no more, I'm free from all that.* It kinda had a nice ring to it, you know. The reality didn't hit me until about three, five years later."

When reality finally set in, he tried to use his time wisely. He completed his high-school-equivalency exam, then continued with college courses. He studied horticulture, adobe house construction, fish smoking, leather working, and oil painting. He was a group leader in a behavior-modification training program and taught yoga to fellow inmates. He took self-awareness and decision-making courses, attended group therapy for rapists, and chaired Alcoholics Anonymous meetings for five years, never missing a week. "I seen I wasn't getting out after a while," he says, "so I just made the best of it."

Along the way, he successfully appealed his sentence, in effect getting the two rape counts treated as one. The appeal brought his sentence down from 125 to 65 years. And during a second bid for parole, he satisfied psychiatrists and the board that he could be trusted to reenter society. On June 25, 1992, after nearly seventeen years in prison, Penna was set free, his debt to society paid.

He lived quietly when he got out, staying with a girlfriend while working as an assistant in her accounting office. When they broke up, Penna's sister, Ann, who had begun looking after the family home for their ailing mother, let him move into a basement apartment rent-free. He worked for a while as a freelance mechanic and as a driver for a car auction. He began volunteering at Saint Joseph's Social Service Center in nearby Elizabeth, which was where he met Edith Cheney.

Edie, a former Sister of Christian Charity, lives at the center and works there as a registered therapist. She locks her steering wheel and activates the alarm whenever she leaves her car. She worries about street violence, and she's quick to point out that she strongly supports the principle of Megan's Law. She believes in protecting children.

"He would offer to volunteer," Cheney says as she leans back in her armchair in the study where she sees clients. "We asked him a couple of times to fix things. He's handy." In September 1994, Penna asked Cheney for counseling. "He was very up-front with me. He said, 'I want to tell you my story,' and as he told me his story, I mean, I had a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Here I am trying to protect women and empower women. So I let him know. I said, 'You know, it's very hard for me to hear this.' And he said, 'I knew it would be, and I felt I had to be honest about who I am and where I've come from.' And he said, 'I've really had a wild youth and I really want to have a life out here that is productive, that is good. I want to be a person.' "

She realizes it sounds strange. "You know," she adds, trying to explain what he meant, "a *good* person."

At the time, Penna wasn't worried about Megan's Law, even though the first few notifications in 1995 had made the news. One night, he watched as a CBS Evening News crew followed Plainfield, New Jersey, police who were distributing notifications door-to-door. He heard how in Phillipsburg, a father and son broke into a house listed in a notification and beat up its occupant. It turned out to be the wrong man. Penna never thought the law would apply to him: He didn't see himself as a sex offender. And the law was getting tied up in court challenges, anyway.

He started seeing Cheney once a week. They talked about his past and how badly he wanted to get over it. They dealt with his depression and anxiety at being out of prison. They even worked on his romantic life, Cheney says. After moving back to Linden, Penna had met someone new. "He had a very nice relationship with a woman who was a widow. He brought her over once because they were having some communication issues. So she actually joined us in a session, and we talked about it. That was good. Things were going better in their communication."

Penna's parole officer requested progress reports from Cheney, and she was happy to oblige. In April 1997, she wrote: "Since Frank appears to be doing very well and my own schedule is even more demanding, we have agreed to begin meeting monthly, with the understanding that the door is always open if he needs to call or schedule a special session."

He volunteered at the Veteran's Administration hospital, worked as a summer shore-bird warden at a local park and as a canvasser for the American Cancer Society. He supported himself with flea markets, and as he got smarter about junk collecting, he moved into more upscale items like collectibles, antique housewares and ornaments, and high-profit mechanical goods such as lawn mowers and VCRs. He visited his sick mother in the hospital, taking regular turns with his sisters. He paid to remove the tattoos he bore after years of hell-raising. With his girlfriend, he got into classic movies, and he spent his spare time on the New Jersey shoreline, fishing for bluefish, striped bass, and fluke, and searching for coins with a recycled metal detector.

Then, last summer, everything changed. Megan's Law survived another court challenge, and New Jersey's prosecutors began contacting sex offenders again. The parole officer stopped requesting written progress reports from Cheney. The letters couldn't help Frank Penna anymore.

A NEW STUDY FROM THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT SUGGESTS THAT MEGAN'S LAW AND COMMUNITY NOTIFICATION MAY DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD.

MEGAN'S LAW SPLITS REGISTERED sex offenders into three groups. The bulk of the registrants, the ones in Tier 1, don't have it so bad, especially when compared with offenders in other states. Considered the least likely to commit more crime, they register once a year with the local police and must keep authorities informed of their whereabouts. Their neighbors don't have to be informed.

Tier 2 offenders, at a moderate risk of offending again, don't live quite so anonymously. Neighborhood schools, licensed day-care centers, summer camps, and community groups that register with police are notified.

Tier 3, reserved for the most dangerous released offenders, means flyers to schools, day-care centers, camps, and community groups as well as door-to-door warnings in a court-approved distribution area. The object is to reach just about everyone the offender might bump into. Notifications resumed in January of last year. Penna watched the papers.

Some Tier 3 flyers, such as the ones describing a sex offender in nearby Rahway, wound up in the local newspapers. All along, in other states, some offenders' cars and homes had been picketed and even firebombed. A few offenders had killed themselves.

Maureen O'Brien, an assistant prosecutor in Union County and supervisor of the county's released-offender unit, says she and her staff do all they can to keep notification flyers away from the press and from people outside offenders' neighborhoods. She speaks to PTA and community meetings to warn parents against harassment and vigilantism and to defuse panic after notifications. She says the work usually pays off, but still, notices do wind up on telephone poles, on community bulletin boards, and in the papers. O'Brien admits the pressure that publicity puts on offenders can be dangerous. "Does notification make it more likely that they'll offend?" she asks. "Maybe." Two weeks after a notification was issued in one New Jersey county, the man allegedly tried to grab a little boy. Notification, O'Brien warns, didn't necessarily have anything to do with it. All the same, she volunteers, it might have.

> **"I MIGHT JUST MOVE AND DON'T EVEN TELL THEM. YOU KNOW THEY'RE NOT GONNA BE LOOKING FOR ME. SUCH AN OLD CRIME. I'M AN OLD MAN NOW."**

To determine which tier an offender belongs in, the state uses the Registrant Risk Assessment Scale, a list of thirteen factors devised to predict released offenders' future behavior. The scale runs to a possible 111 points, with Tier 1 falling between zero and 36 points, Tier 2 between 37 and 73 points, and Tier 3 topping 74 points. The answers are filled in by prosecutors, and the test doesn't require the usual rules of evidence. After seven items, Penna had already scored 71 points, and some of that was based on unproven charges from his rap sheet dating to his adolescence. His substance abuse, in remission, cost him an additional two points. And he got one point because his volunteering and scavenging—two activities from which he derives considerable pride—weren't considered stable enough. But his living situation did him in. He had moved back into his family home, in part because he could live there rent-free. Yet the home was across from an elementary school, which cost him three points. It didn't matter that his victims weren't elementary-school-age or that he had never had any run-ins with preteens.

Despite the six years he lived after parole without getting in any trouble, and despite the psychiatric tests and the parole reports of good progress, the Registrant Risk Assessment Scale rated Penna a 77. Four points into the high-risk category.

'I KNEW I WAS GONNA HAVE A LOT OF problems. Like I couldn't walk around with my head up like I paid for the crime, that's it, it's over with." Penna sits on the edge of his couch, trying to reconcile his situation with the press clippings, certificates of merit, letters of reference, and prison records he keeps bundled in cardboard folders. "I knew stuff was going to . . . I knew I'm going to get repercussions. I knew I was going to have problems, especially in the area where I live, where the notices was given out. And that's what happened."

At first, though, nothing really did happen. Kids bothered him with noisy taunts and nasty looks, but the neighbors who knew him barely reacted. One elderly neighbor, who has lived for decades next door to Penna's home, said she couldn't understand why the prosecutor's office sent out the flyers. "I just couldn't believe that they did that to him," she said. "As soon as I seen him when he came back from prison, I knew he was a different person." Many of Penna's neighbors on 18th Street said they knew what he had done, but that after so many years, he was no longer a real threat to the community. They said he should be allowed to get on with his life. The neighbors who didn't know him just kept well away.

But early on June 16, 1998, just a few days after the notifications went out, five gunshots jolted Penna awake. They barely missed a tenant living upstairs. Two hours later, just as satellite trucks pulled up and TV reporters began clambering across the front yard, he fled to a relative's house.

The story went out accompanied by Penna's name, address, and mug shots. It was a grander version of the original notification. His sister tried defending him to reporters but has subsequently declined to speak to the press. Many of Penna's neighbors stood up for him. One longtime resident, Stacy DaSilva, told a reporter that she didn't worry about Penna or about her 9-year-old daughter's safety. "I know what kind of man he is," she said, "and he wouldn't hurt her." Some people said they did fear him. One of the teenagers who used to taunt him told reporters he had seen Penna leering at small children.

The family of the shooter, Jimmy Johnson, said he was only trying to protect his young sister. "Who wants to live next to a rapist?" his mother said during a brief interview on her doorstep.

"I lost a lot of friends over this," Penna complains. "One guy that I was friends with in the VA hospital, he went out and made xerox copies of an article and he gave it to everybody—down at the beach where we go fishing, at his work. That guy, he wasn't supposed to do that. Now I got people looking at me funny in the hospital, too."

He can't find work—he hasn't even tried since the notification. He used to obsess about getting his record expunged, or being bumped down to Tier 2. In theory, if he can hold down a regular job in spite of his notoriety, he can shed a point. If he can find a new home and make it through another notification, he can shed another three points. But the point scale, explains O'Brien, the assistant prosecutor, is only a tool. Prosecutors can appeal to bump offenders either up or down a tier regardless of the results of the test, and they've used that option before.

Once he hits fifteen years out of prison, and if he meets a host of therapeutic and behavioral criteria, Penna can apply to forgo further registrations and notifications. In essence, he can appeal to be a free man again. It's a possibility, but it rarely happens. In New Jersey so far, there are only two confirmed cases in which an offender has been granted that status.

For now, he tries to live his life, always feeling like a target. "It would be different, maybe, if [Linden] was small and countrylike and everybody knew me and people weren't moving in and out," he says. "They could come to some kind of an understanding. But the way it is now, someone new just moves into the neighborhood, scatterbrained, you know. If they're in a bad mood, they might take it out on me."

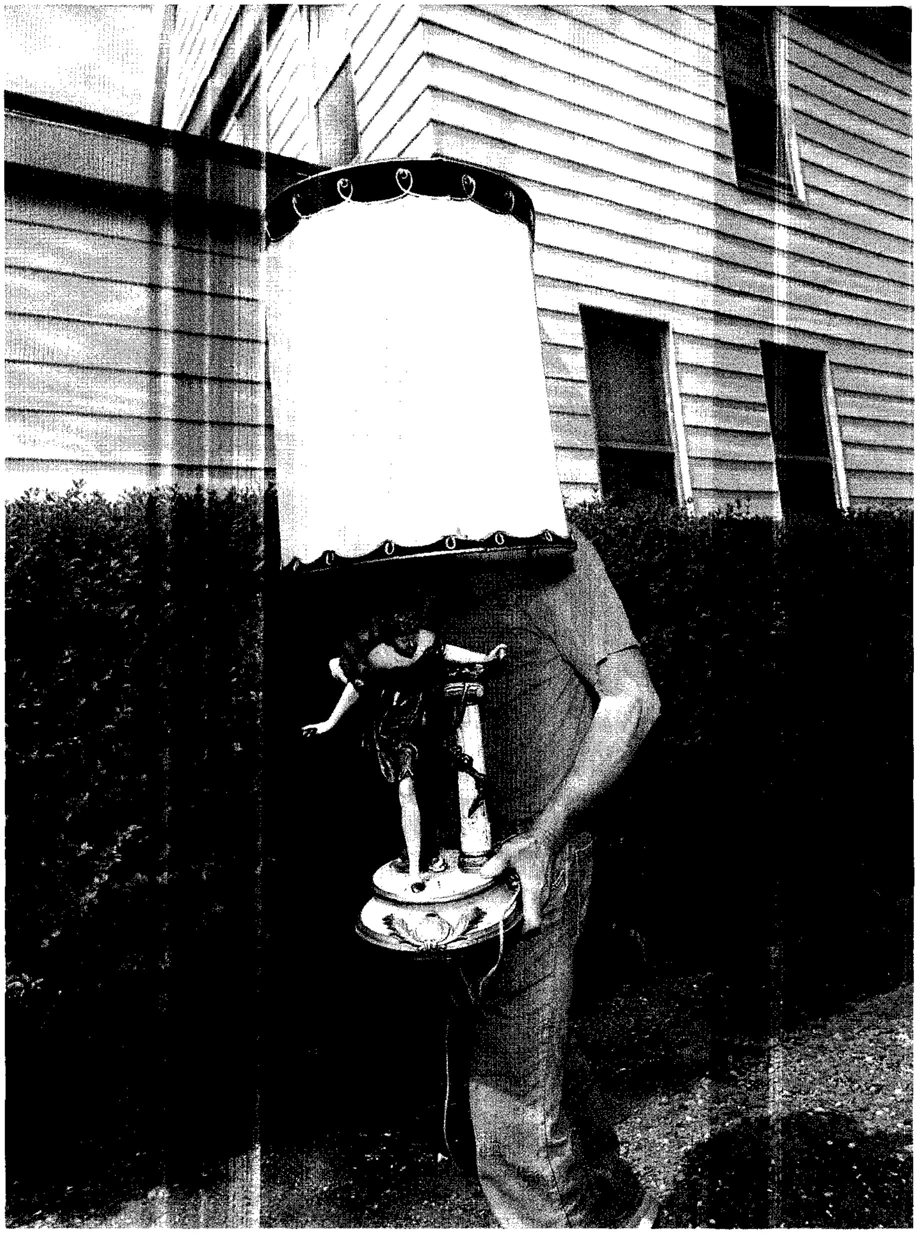
THESE DAYS, PENNA IS THINNING down the junk he's collected and trying to focus more on antiques. He keeps bicycles and bicycle wheels, dust-laden chandeliers, and ancient radios in his garage. Open toolboxes and extension cords practically carpet the stairs that descend into his apartment. In an unfinished room, he's storing pottery, housewares, party favors, and children's toys in boxes with hand-lettered labels such as DONALD DUCK, UNICORNS, and MECHANICAL WIND-UP DOLLS, just until he can sell them en masse to serious collectors.

Out back, he keeps a tidy mechanic's scrap yard, leaving a few salvaged machines under an overturned aluminum skiff, storing others in the shed. "Outboards, motorcycles, lawn mowers, everything—all kinds of shit—weed-whackers," Penna says. He laughs. "I find 'em. People throw 'em out and there's just little things wrong with 'em." A few times a week, he sets out before dawn to upstate flea markets, hauling his loot behind the car in a homemade trailer. He makes a decent living, too, returning most afternoons with his hands grimy from handling fives and twenties all day.

He still volunteers a few days a week and waits for his parole officer to visit every Monday. He goes to Narcotics Anonymous meetings and has practically adopted an old lady around the corner as a surrogate mother, keeping her hedges trimmed and her roof watertight in exchange for dishes of meatballs and homemade soups. "Well, I can't work," he explains. "I can't get a real job, so I do volunteer work. It keeps me busy, it makes me feel good, and it keeps my mind occupied so I feel good about myself." Of course, he can't ride his bike around the Seventh Ward anymore, so he walks a few days a week around a park in a neighboring city. He battles depression, watches his heart, and avoids all alcohol.

He stays sane through yoga and meditation, often listening to one of the New Age relaxation CDs he keeps handy. "See, I know better than to despair and disgust, feeling worthless and lowering myself to the mentality—like the prosecutor's office and all the negative-thinking people—about Megan's Law," he says. "I'm not gonna feed into that. I'm stronger. I'm not going to feed into the negative tide the way they want me to."

But even as the uproar over the notices and the shooting fades, Penna fears his troubles will soon start again. His mother's will left the house to Frank and his sisters. After she died last year, they put it on the market. As the neighborhood returns to normal, the house will find a buyer, and Penna will have to move. Another neighborhood will learn about the kidnapper, rapist, and dangerous, high-risk sex offender in its midst.



ONE AFTERNOON, PENNA IS HAMmering out and filling the body dents in his 1974 pickup truck. A natural mechanic and handyman, he seems to relish the chance to reclaim other people's castoffs. He figures he can get the truck in shape to register it as a historic vehicle and save money on insurance. Already, the toolboxes built into the side fold down into traveling display cases, and he's tinkering with a generator he found so he can prove to thrifty shoppers that his recycled televisions and VCRs really work. Besides, having a pickup truck would let him salvage larger antiques; then he could really get into business.

He picks himself up off the back steps, where he's been enjoying a last warm breath of late-afternoon sunshine, and checks on his work. He starts scraping away some filler as he considers a question about his future. He wants to build an adobe house, and he wants a garden. He wants to heat his house with solar power. He hopes to smoke fish and get along in life like everybody else. "I'd like to be retired," he says. "Well, I hope to be living in Delaware. Down the shore in Delaware somewhere. Just selling antiques. Collecting and selling antiques." Of course, Delaware's notification laws are every bit as broad as New Jersey's. Delaware supplements community notifications by posting medium- and high-risk notifications on the Internet.

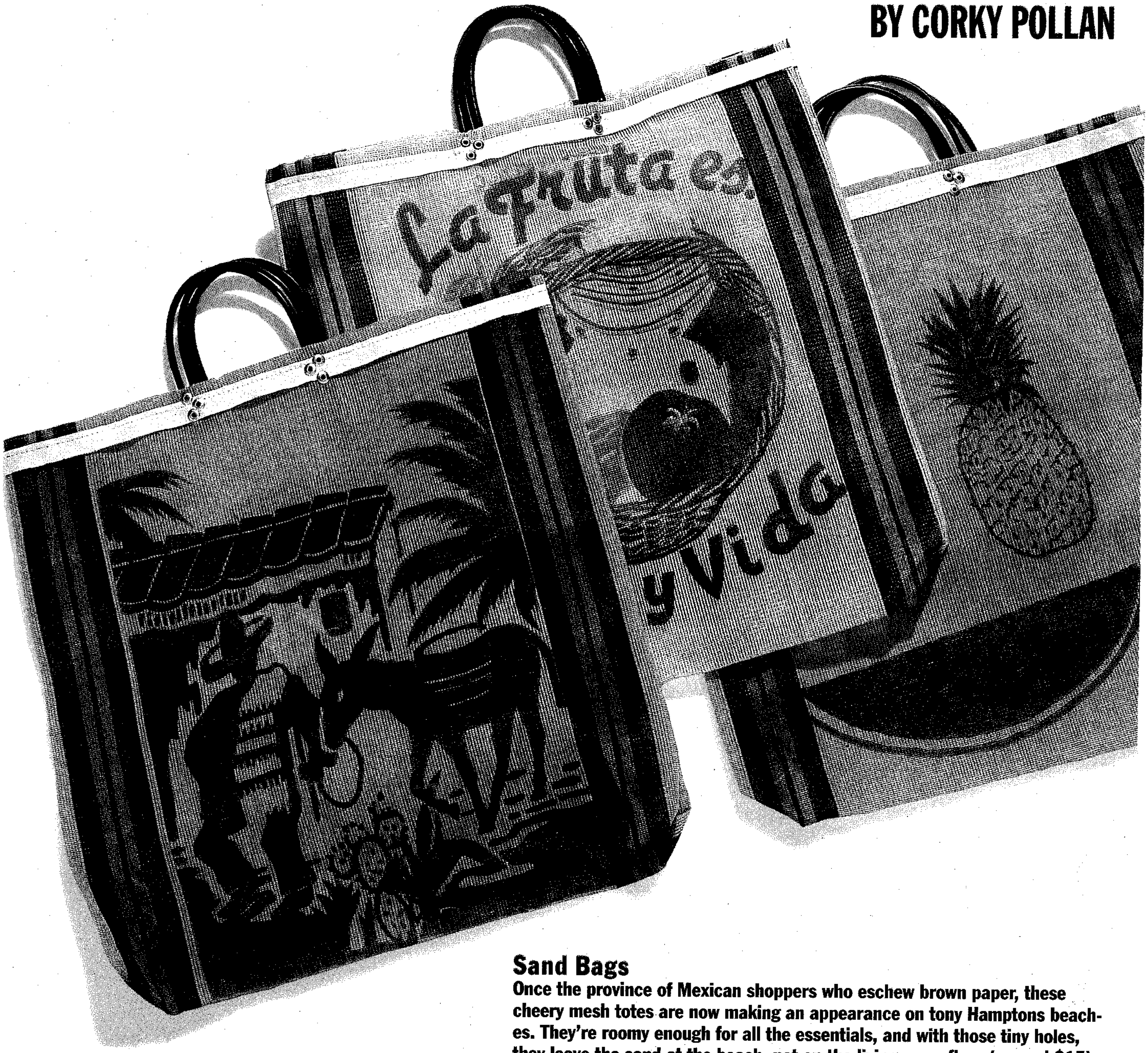
For a minute, Penna considers what would happen if he just disappeared. "I might just move and don't even tell them," he says, thinking out loud. "I'm not gonna get in trouble, you know. They're not gonna be looking for me. Such an old crime. I'm an old man now; the likelihood of me committing a crime like that again is not probable at all. If it was, I'd be right back in prison already."

Later, he seems to drop the idea. He sounds resigned to what's ahead. "I *felt* clean," he says, leaning to gently turn a reddening tomato hanging from one of the plants he's been growing. "My debt to society was paid. Now it's like it will never, never be paid. This will follow me for the rest of my life." ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

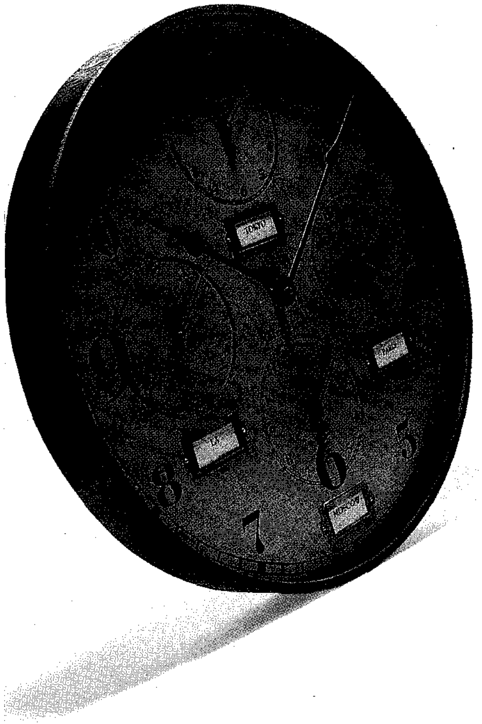


Sand Bags

Once the province of Mexican shoppers who eschew brown paper, these cheery mesh totes are now making an appearance on tony Hamptons beaches. They're roomy enough for all the essentials, and with those tiny holes, they leave the sand at the beach, not on the living-room floor (around $15).

FARFETCHED/*110 Fourth Avenue, near 11th Street/460-8873*

PAUL SMITH/*108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/627-9770*

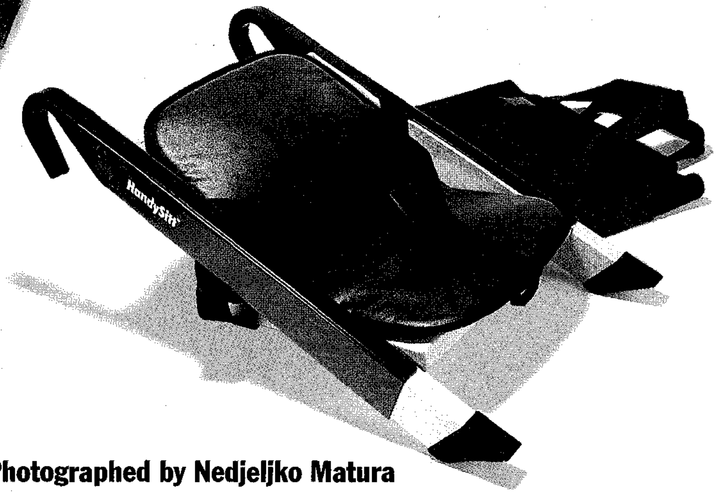


Zone Defense

Mom's in China, Sis is visiting an old flame in Moscow, John's enrolled at the Sorbonne, your wife's in L.A. on business, and you're stuck in New York. A common scenario, but with everyone in a different time zone, when is it best to call? Dawn Sweitzer and Robert Gorst's Notre Monde 5-City Wall Clock lets you keep track of time in five different cities, states, or countries. The husband-and-wife design team was inspired by a vintage railroad clock; this version is wood, with metal brackets for inserting any combination of 88 locations printed on precut sheets ($179; batteries included).
AT HOME GRAMERCY PARK/*234 Third Avenue, near 19th Street/673-4463*

Get a Grip

Now that Prada is seriously into sports, much of the other garb and gear around looks rather second-rate. Consider the golf glove. Prada's is made in Italy of napa leather so lush and soft that butter, by comparison, is likely to get a poor rating. And it's so supple, it eliminates break-in bother and enhances the contact between golfer and club ($68 for one; in men's and women's sizes).
PRADA/*116 Wooster Street/925-2221*



Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura

Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

In the Tot Seat

Plagued by packing snafus occasioned by the need to move a small child, a crib, a high chair, and assorted paraphernalia from here to wherever? Now—in the kiddie-seat department, at least—there's some relief. Larry Panish, restaurant owner and father of two young boys, knows a lot about seating, and he's importing the Danish HandySitt. It can be hooked onto almost any dining chair (a strong safety strap provides stability), and it's sturdy, easily adjustable, and ideal for children 7 months to 4½years old. But, best of all, it folds flat, so it takes up minimal space in the car, train, or plane ($80; carrying bag, $40).
THE TOMATO RESTAURANT/*676 Sixth Avenue/645-6525*

SMARTCITY

Past Perfect

New York's memorabilia shops have just the right thing to light the corners of your mind. By Brett Kelly and Hunter Kennedy

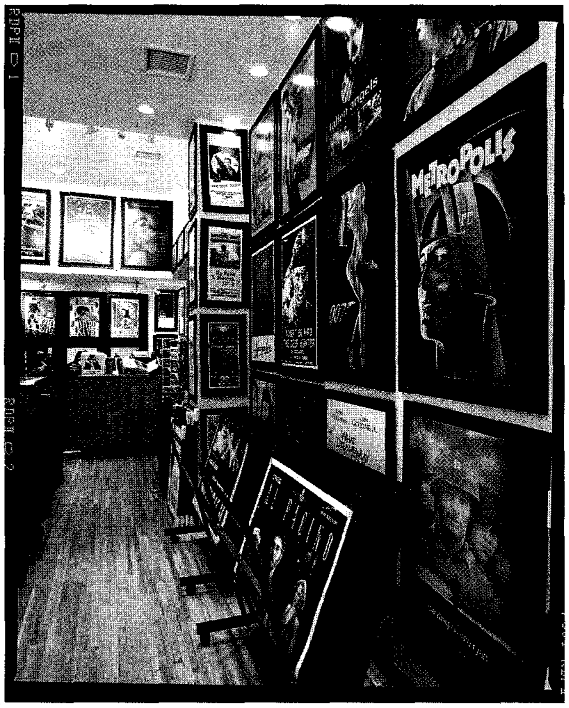
Memory lane: **Top, Gotta Have It! features Don Mattingly's Yankees jersey (which has the rare No. 46—the one he wore in his rookie year before switching to 23) along with a Mickey Mantle rookie-year bat and five baseballs signed by him; right, a Les Paul guitar autographed by the Rolling Stones.**

THE MILLENNIAL COUNTDOWN has begun, and you can already smell the nostalgia kicking in. For those who find the virtual auctions of eBay confusing and a bit dubious (some of us still have problems with sending checks to people we don't know in places we've never been for items we haven't seen), here's where to rediscover the tokens of our receding century, cruising around town instead of the Internet. Whether it's a signed copy of *Leaves of Grass,* a putter used by Arnold Palmer, or a still of Rita Hayworth doing that hair thing in *Gilda* you crave, any number of New Yorkers will be more than happy to put you in touch with that favorite artifact—for a price, of course.

That's Entertainment

Most movie-memorabilia shops resemble that warehouse in the final scene of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—impenetrable mazes of ephemera that are imposingly vast. Not so the user-friendly **Cinema Paradiso** (162 Bleecker Street; 677-8215), which is accessible to both hard-core cineast and stroll-in pop-culture vulture. What you'll find there are thousands of "original reprints" and folios of everybody's favorite screen king or queen, as well as a staggering collection of posters, priced from $80 to $6,000. Granted, many are in Italian, which can be cool for *Il Godfather* or *8½* but perplexingly laughable in the cases of *Fort Apache the Bronx (Bronx 41 Distretto Polizia),* or *The Empire Strikes Back* (*La continua la saga di "Guerre Stellari"*).

With more than 10,000 posters, **Chisholm Larsson Gallery** (145 Eighth Avenue, near 17th Street; 741-1703) proudly claims to be the mother lode of original cinema posters and prints. Robert Chisholm and partner Lars Larsson each explain the popularity of their high-end collection of nearly 4,000 Polish and Russian film posters—in which not only were the titles translated but the graphics of most Western releases were redesigned. "These offer an entirely unique visual perspective," assures Chisholm. Larsson nods, raising his eyebrows and lowering his chin in a manner startlingly reminiscent of Mike Myers's German avant-garder Dieter. They also have richly colored folios of Warner Bros.' Looney Tunes releases from the fifties starring *Il Gatto Silvestro.* Apparently, these are quite a find: Larsson leans across the counter, his manner both conspiratorial and ominous. "Very collectible," he intones.



All the right movies: Classic film posters, both foreign and domestic, line the walls at Bleecker Street's Cinema Paradiso.

At **Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material Store** (242 West 14th Street; 989-0869), domestic movie memorabilia abounds. "There's no way to count how many images I have, exactly," Ohlinger says, an immobile cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. "But probably about 1 million." Black-and-white stills are $4, those in color are $5.50, and posters range from $15 to several thousand dollars. Ohlinger says he appreciates the items of his colossal and eclectic archives equally: "They're like children," he explains: "You have to love them all."

Don't Know Much About History

"We never stop buying," says co-owner Naomi Hample, who has worked at **Argosy Books** (116 East 59th Street; 753-4455) for 42 of the 72 years it's been in business. In that period, she's helped fill two floors of the six-story bookshop with autographed nineteenth- and twentieth-century political cartoons, historical documents, letters, prints, photographs, and newspapers. "But we stay in the world of paper." A little while back, Argosy sold the document that drew up the boundaries of Washington, D.C., signed by Thomas Jefferson when he was secretary of State. "I'd rather not say how much we sold it for, but it was clearly above the $25-to-$100 range that we tend to keep in," she says, giggling.

Photographs by Erik Rank (3).

Writers on the Block

The oft-overlooked stepsister of the Strand Book family, the **Strand Rare Book Room** (828 Broadway, at 12th Street; 473-1452) can be found on the third floor of Strand Books. A source for both dealers and private collectors, the surprisingly uncrowded Rare Book Room has a broad selection of both nineteenth-century and modern American first editions at yesterday's prices—books begin at a reasonable $10. Even better, signed first editions by emerging contemporary writers often run less than list price. Currently for sale: a first edition of Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* ($5,000), David Foster Wallace's *Infinite Jest*, signed ($60), and the *ABC for Book Collectors* ($9.95). "It's almost like a treasure hunt," said third-generation Strand bookseller Nancy Bass.

THE ROLLING STONES

It makes sense that the **Gotham Book Mart & Gallery** (41 West 47th Street; 719-4448), a bookstore renowned for the authors it supported, would specialize in those same writers' archives. Gotham's rare-book room handles first editions as well as manuscripts and letters of everyone from southern-gothic Tennessee Williams to Franco-Celtic Samuel Beckett, with the occasional Updike thrown in for good measure. Prices range from $500 for a first American edition of *Ulysses* to $20,000 for a signed first edition of William Faulkner's *Go Down, Moses.*

The Sporting Life

There are basically two schools of thought among sports collectors: "Buy everything" and "Buy big." In the former category, **Alex's MVP Cards & Comics** (256 East 89th Street; 831-CARD) covers every major professional sport. Alex Gregg and his small staff have assembled a solid collection of trading cards and other sports collectibles at reasonable prices, allowing young fans to enjoy what's otherwise a grown-up's game. Prices for packs of cards run from $1.50 to $7. Alex's also sells harder-to-find cards, such as a Willis Reed '71 Knicks ($15), a Jack Kemp '62 Buffalo Bills ($150), and a Frank Gifford '58 New York Giants ($55). Hey, where else can you find pictures of public figures in funny clothes?

If you count yourself in the "Buy big" camp and have a couple of thou burning a hole in your pocket, the first place to look for marquee sports moments is **Gotta Have It!** (153 East 57th Street; 750-7900). Down the block from Chanel, the Four Seasons Hotel, and Oxxford Clothes, Peter Siegel keeps his immaculate collection of sports memorabilia (he also has entertainment artifacts in stock, should anyone want Jimi Hendrix's guitar, for instance). What sets Gotta Have It! apart from so many other memorabilia shops is the rigorous process he employs to determine an item's pedigree. "I've got a team of five researchers who work to make sure that everything I sell is authentic," Siegel boasts, "and to this day, I've never had anyone return something because it wasn't real." In addition to their authenticity, all uniforms and jerseys were actually worn in games or practice sessions by the athletes themselves (as opposed to signed items that are simply the result of an eight-hour session with a marker and a crateload of merchandise). Siegel's expert eye spots items that are just a little more special than the rest—a Mickey Mantle baseball bat is a rare thing, but one that Mantle used as a rookie (before his signature was branded onto the ash) is rarer still. Recently sold items include Joe Namath's shoes from Super Bowl III, which went for $25,000, and Michael Jordan's rookie jersey, which sold for $60,000 (another of his game-worn jerseys is only a mere $25,000). More-modest mementos are also available—a signed Derek Jeter baseball is just $200, and a seat saved from Ebbets Field is $2,750. But don't put off that decision too long. Sighs Siegel: "I've had guys cry in the store when I tell them, 'It's gone.' " ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: After watching Wimbledon, I've got a major jones to play some tennis. Other than pricey clubs and crowded Central Park courts, what are my options?

A: For starters, get yourself the NYC Tennis Subway Map, which lists 172 public and private facilities in the five boroughs (send a SASE with 55 cents' postage to USA Tennis '99 Promotion, 24-16 Queens Plaza South, Room 405, Long Island City, NY 11101). In Manhattan, there are several "tennis clubs" where membership is not required. The Midtown Tennis Club (341 Eighth Avenue; 989-8572), is one such facility. The club's eight indoor and outdoor Har-Tru courts are open to the public and can be booked for either open (one one-hour slot) or seasonal (same day, same time for an entire season) sessions. Open times run from $25 to $68 during the summer and $36 to $72 during the winter depending on the day and time you want to play. Crosstown Tennis (14 West 31st Street; 947-5780) is another year-round facility, with four indoor rubberized hardcourts. Summer courts cost between $35 and $55 per hour but are slightly discounted for seasonal reservations (14 sessions in the summer and 36 in the winter). French Open fans should check out the pristine clay courts in Riverside Park. Use of the ten courts (with ten additional hard courts opening in August) is free with a Parks tennis permit ($5 per single session or $50 for the season; 360-8134). The only catch is that you have to stand in line to sign up for your court the day you want to use it, a small price to pay to take that Boris Becker–in–his–heyday dive onto the soft red stuff. NICK MEYER

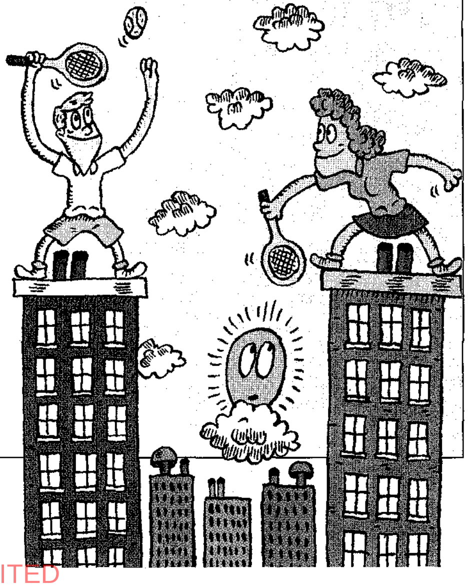
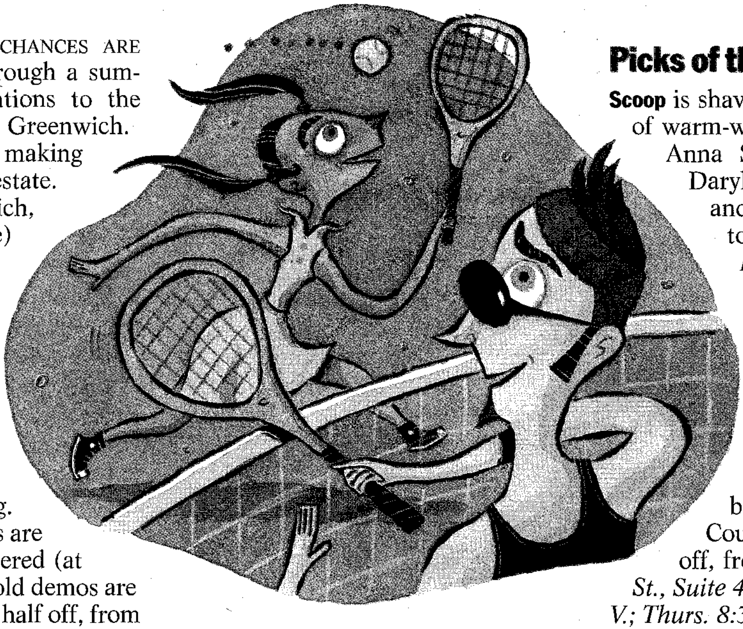


Illustration by Paul Corio.

SHYAMA PATEL

Net Gains

The ball's in your court: *Great prices abound on racquets, accessories, clothing, and even court fees.* **But you're on your own about that backhand.**



IT'S MID-SEASON, AND CHANCES ARE you've already run through a summer's worth of invitations to the boss's tennis court in Greenwich. But don't stoop to making friendships based on real estate. Instead, play it like the rich, with new (if off-price) equipment, free (if public) courts, and your very own fab white duds—all for less than the cost of a decent house gift.

Start at **Powers Court** for racquets, string (200 kinds, from $15 for synthetic gut), accessories, and basic women's clothing. Wilson and Prince racquets are stocked; others can be ordered (at about 30 percent off list); old demos are $40 to $75. Clothes are all half off, from $5 to $50. Tennis sneakers are $69 to $89, with some as low as $5.

Mason's Tennis Mart sells most fancy designer clothes at list price. But women will find surprising deals in the sale section. Right now, there's a ton of half-price Adidas, Ellesse, Prince, and Quantam (from $28 for tops to $125 for warm-up suits). During the U.S. Open, all clothing goes on sale.

No luck in the city? Outlet centers, on popular weekend travel routes, are a good bet, especially for men's things, which can be tough to find. Try Central Valley's **Woodbury Common Premium Outlets** or Riverhead's **Tanger Outlet Centers** for Adidas, Fila, Nike, and Reebok. Most prices are 40 to 60 percent off.

Now, don't blow those savings on court fees. Everyone knows about the free **Central Park Tennis Courts**, but few realize that investing $50 in a seasonal membership (valid April through November) lets you buy $5 court reservation tickets to eliminate waiting. Pick up these and your membership card at the Central Park Arsenal or at **Paragon Sports**; then ring for a court whenever you wish.

Powers Court, 132½ W. 24th St. (691-3888); Mason's Tennis Mart, 911 Seventh Ave., near 58th St. (757-5374); Woodbury Common Premium Outlets, New York State Thruway Exit 16, Harriman (914-928-4000); Tanger Outlet Centers, Long Island Expressway Exit 73, Riverhead (516-369-2732); Central Park Tennis, the Arsenal, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8133); Paragon Sporting Goods, 867 Broadway, at 18th St. (255-8036).

ALWAYS A DEAL

Bag the Beach

EVERYONE KNOWS THERE ARE FEW good deals in the Hamptons—and it's dumb to squander beach time shopping. But when you get that irresistible urge to buy cheap, stock up on **Sylvester & Co.**'s $18 raffia totes. The Madagascan beach bags come in bright solids and plaids, all with natural-leather trim. Since their introduction early this summer, the bags have sold out every weekend (thankfully, more keep coming). And if you can't make the trek, Sylvester will ship you one for an extra $4.90. *Main Street, Sag Harbor (516-725-5012).*

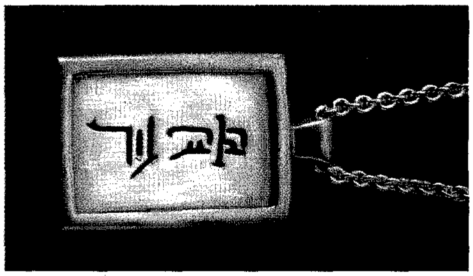
Picks of the Week

Scoop is shaving 35–75 percent off tons of warm-weather styles from Theory, Anna Sui, Chaiken & Capone, Daryl K, Katayone Adeli, Tocca, and others. Prices are $19 to $99. Sizes 2–10. *532 Broadway, near Spring St., tenth floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Sun. 10–7; 7/13–7/18.*

Olive and Bette's is putting tons of trendy clothes from designers like Bisou Bisou, Diane von Furstenberg, Three Dots, and Juicy Couture on sale for 30 percent off, from $30–$80. *155 W. 72nd St., Suite 406 (712-9761); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs. 8:30–7:30; 7/15.*

Petit Elephant, Halabaloo, and Her Royal Highness are clearing high-end casual knits (for boys and girls) and classic party frocks at 50–80 percent off, from $5–$50. Sizes 6 months–8 years. *William Calvert Showroom, 29 W. 57th St., fourth floor (888-8828); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–3; 7/15–7/16.*

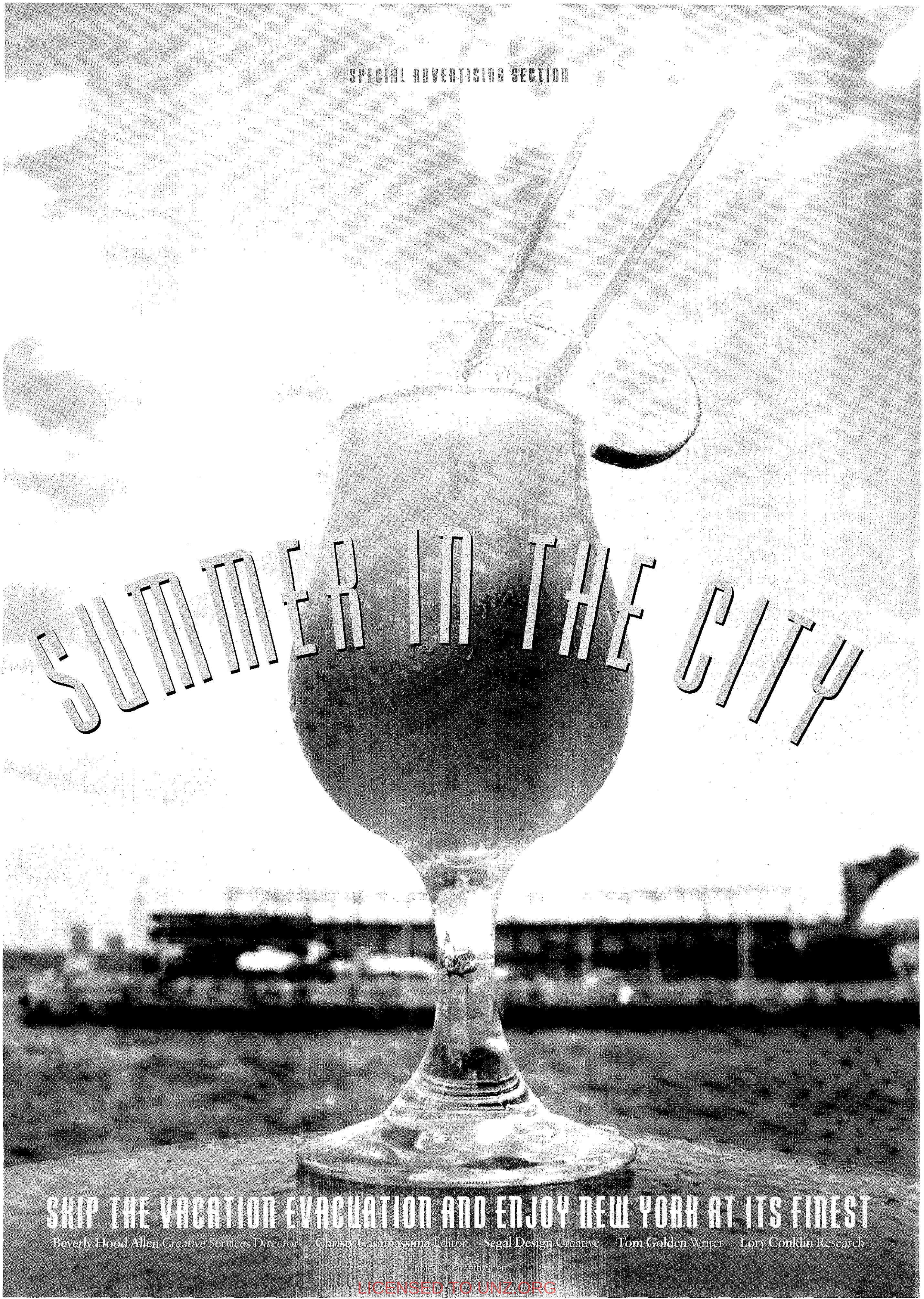
Me & Ro's sleek silver and ten-karat-gold jewelry (pictured), sold at Barneys and seen on stars like Julia Roberts, is up to 75 percent off at the sample sale: earrings are $40–$150, necklaces are $20–$500, and bracelets are $40–$300. *270 Lafayette St., Suite 905 (431-8744): M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. noon–7; 7/14–7/15.* ■



DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Illustration by Adam McCauley. Photograph courtesy of Me & Ro.

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION



SUMMER IN THE CITY

SKIP THE VACATION EVACUATION AND ENJOY NEW YORK AT ITS FINEST

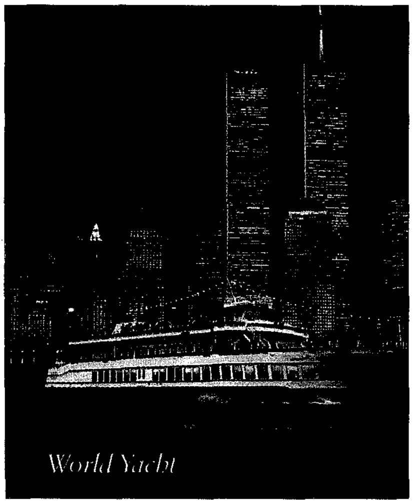
Beverly Hood Allen Creative Services Director **Christy Casamassima** Editor **Segal Design** Creative **Tom Golden** Writer **Lory Conklin** Research

Photo: © Kenneth Chen

Summer in the City. Exciting as ever. But without the crowds, traffic, and noise. Skip the vacation evacuation. Stay close to home. Kick back. And get in tune with the rhythm of the city that never misses a beat. From al fresco dining to spectacular museum exhibits to summer shopping, let the city serve as your playground this summer.

Photo:©Kenneth Chen

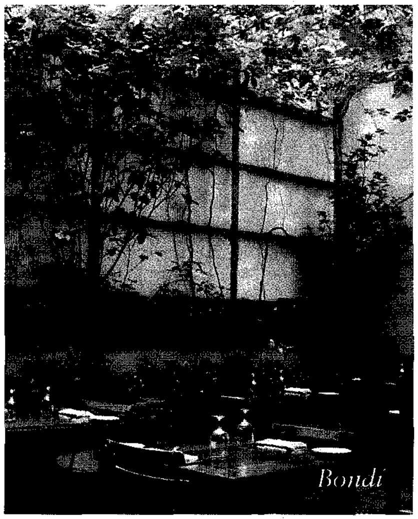
WHAT'S COOKIN'

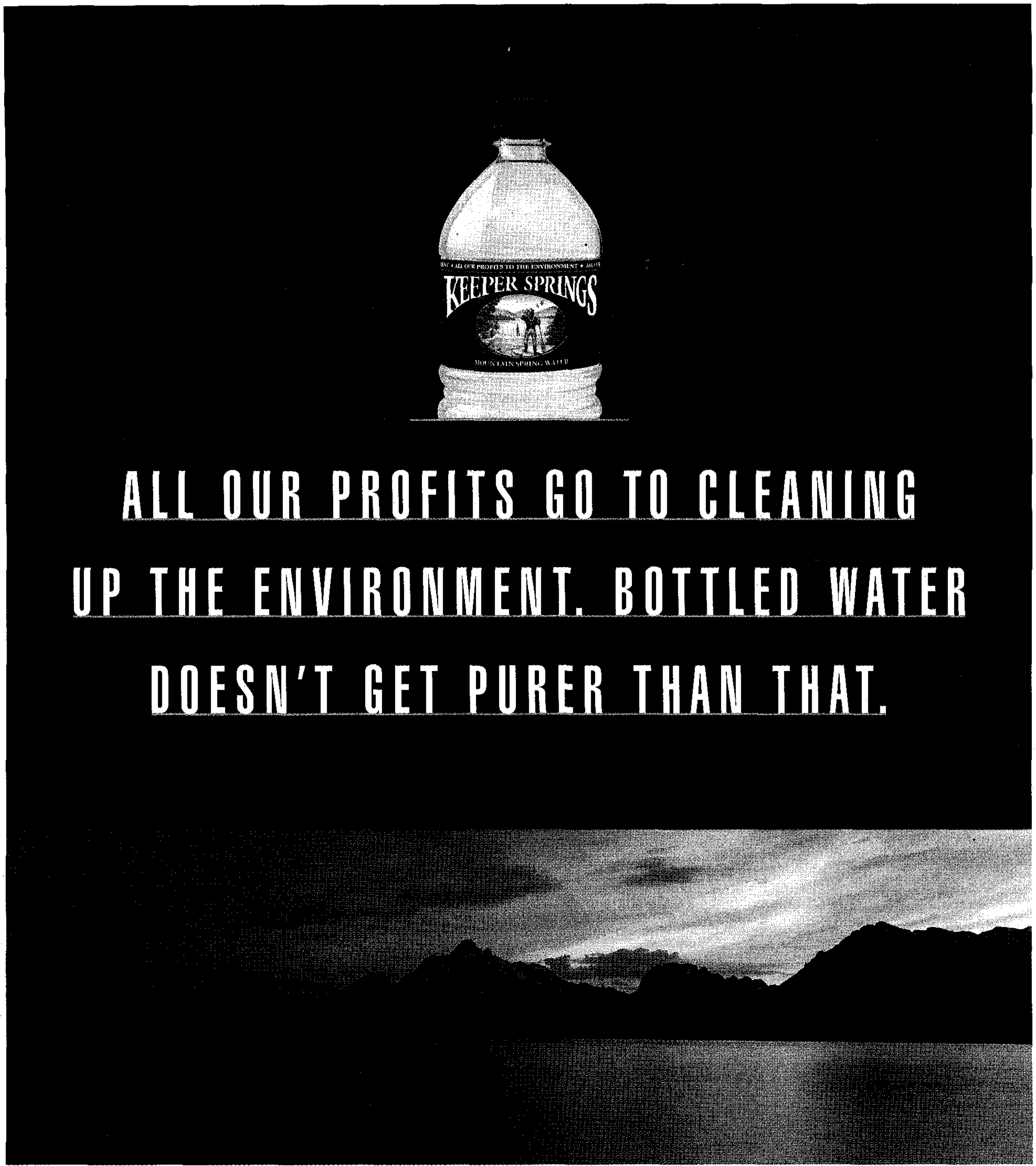

World Yacht

Summertime is when produce is farm fresh and seafood practically leaps out of the ocean and onto the plate. Warm weather means dining outdoors at gardens and sidewalk bistros. Lucky for you, those restaurants everybody's talking about are easier to get into, now that the crowds have thinned.

A little moonlight. A little dancing. The skyline of New York dazzling as diamonds. The three-hour dinner cruise aboard **World Yacht** (Pier 81 at W. 41st St. and the Hudson River; 630-8100) is pure romance. It's smooth sailing all the way around the tip of Manhattan and up the East River to the UN. The return route includes a leisurely meander in the harbor, taking full advantage of the Emerald City view of the financial district at sunset, and a close pass at the Statue of Liberty. Somehow the staff manages to keep track of when you're up on deck basking in evening breezes, serving a four-course menu at your convenience. If you prefer sunshine to moonlight, there's a buffet brunch Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays.

There's room for 40 in the vine-draped garden at **Bondí**, formerly known as Caffe Bondí (7 W. 20th St.; 691-8136), and also a stylish dining room peppered with work by Flatiron district photographers who are regulars. General Manager Jim Doyle has created a five-course summer tasting menu ($33 per person) featuring such traditional Sicilian dishes as oven-baked veal rolls with a prosciutto and artichoke stuffing, shrimp sautéed in a Malvasia wine bechamel sauce, and baby octopus braised with tomatoes, olives, and capers.


Bondi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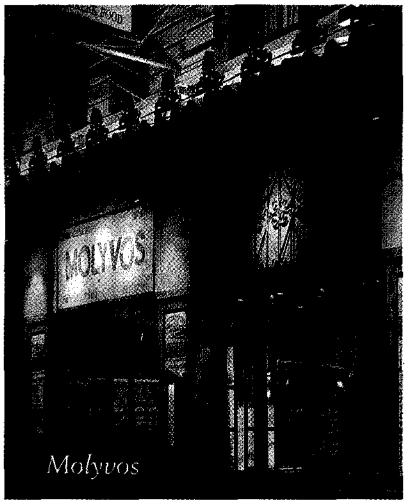


Molyvos

If you can't get to Greece this summer, you can travel the menu at **Molyvos** (871 Seventh Ave.; 582-7500). Chef Jim Botsacos spent three weeks in Greece with cookbook author Aglaia Kremezi—visiting her friends and cooking in their homes—to prepare Molyvos' excellent menu. You could make a meal of the mezedes, 'little bites' listed on a menu of their own, that range from classics like taramasalata and tzatziki, to grilled homemade sausage, and a spinach pie made with leeks and feta wrapped in homemade phyllo dough. There's a three-course lunch for $19.99 with entrée choices that include lemon and garlic roasted free-range chicken, grilled Atlantic salmon, and a pasta casserole with spiced ground lamb topped with a yogurt bechamel sauce.

The sidewalk terrace at **Martini's** (810 Seventh Ave. at 53rd St.; 767-1717) buzzes with cheerful commotion—a canopied 20-by-100-foot expanse set well back off the street behind a row of bushes. Inside is a bustling trattoria, a split-level dining room filled with booths and banquettes, where chef Richard Krause serves a menu that recalls his California days—grilled shrimp salad with mixed baby lettuce, designer-style thin-crust pizzas, and homemade pappardelle with roasted chicken, parmesan cream sauce, and sun-dried tomatoes. The namesake martini arrives in a custom-made five-ounce stemless cocktail glass that nests in its own bowl of crushed ice.

Martini's

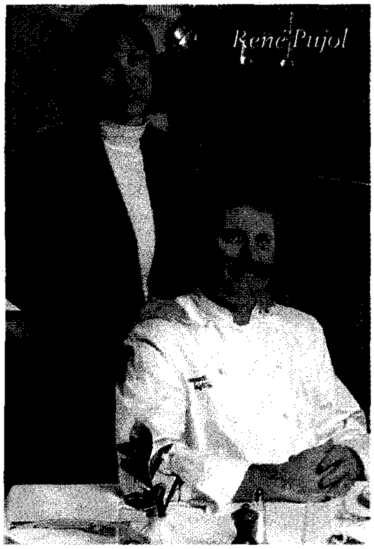
Divine Bar

The formula at both branches of **Divine Bar** (244 E. 51st St.; 319-WINE and 55 Liberty St.; 791-WINE) is funky-bordello décor, dozens of well chosen wines by the taste, glass, and bottle, and an eclectic menu of snacks and tapas to fuel the festivities. The house-label Divine Wine is a cabernet franc custom-blended for owner Shari Schneider by Bedell Cellars, a vineyard on the north fork of Long Island. Divine's downtown outpost is celebrating

Photo: ©Tony Stone Images

Vino Ver-Day on July 27, with a special six-course pairing of chilled summer wines and seafood selections that include salmon mousse crepes, oysters on the half shell, smoked trout puff pastry, and scallop ceviché—for $25. Reserve early!

It's all in the family at **René Pujol** (321 W. 51st St.; 246-3023). A bright young chef, Claude Franques, commands the kitchen. His charming wife Nicole directs the dining room. Her father, the eponymous Monsieur Pujol, who put his name on the door 29 years ago, makes regular appearances to meet and greet. The menu now has three new salads, including the mesclun with walnuts, warm fresh goat cheese on potato, tossed with red beet vinaigrette, plus three new main courses, such as the grilled semi-boneless quails with rosemary shiitake risotto and roasted shallot jus. All the summertime additions are available with the three-course prix-fixe lunch ($27) and dinner ($38). Chef Claude's wine cave stocks 15,000 bottles which includes affordable French and Californian wines, along with a connoisseur's selection of grand cru Bordeaux.



Rossini's (108 E. 38th St.; 683-0135) is one of those big-occasion places where everyone seems to know one other, from the very cordial cocktail lounge up front

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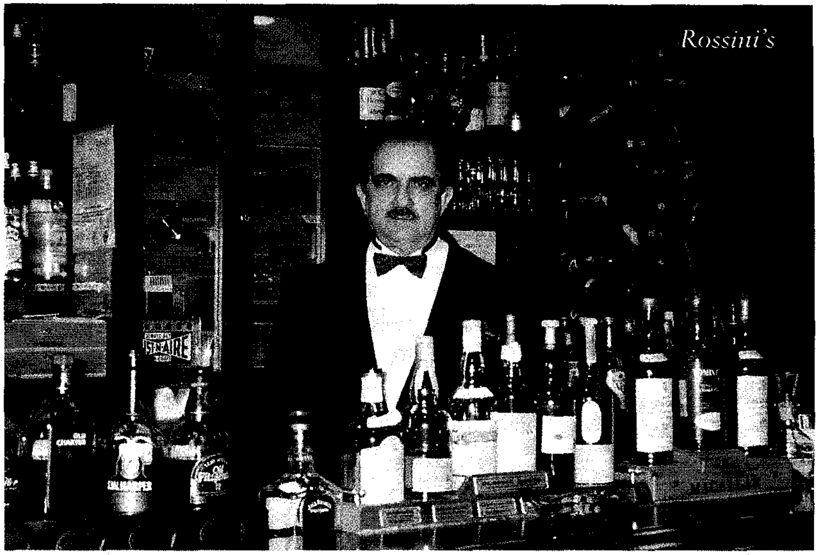
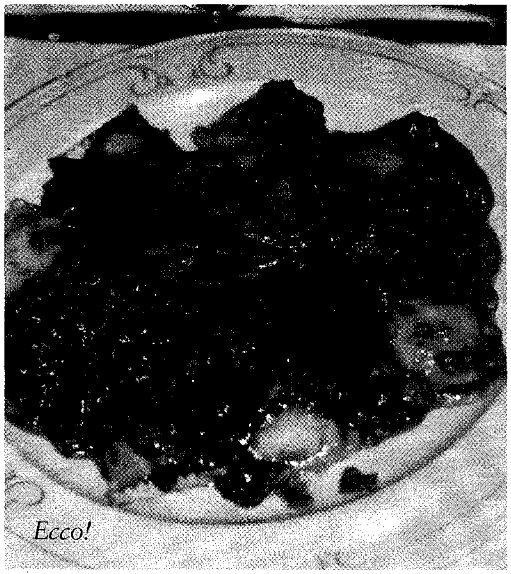

Rossini's

where Manny the bartender has been holding court for the past 11 years, to the split-level dining room down a long corridor. The ample northern Italian menu features plenty of fresh seafood, including the house specialty—a two-and-a-half-pound female (larger tail, smaller claws) Maine lobster. The place was recently redecorated, with the woodwork refinished in a rich burgundy that perfectly matches the Bargello-upholstered high-backed dining chairs. The occasional cigar nights at Rossini's have become the stuff of legend. The last one began with a Jeroboam of Champagne being uncorked with the swipe of a sword. The next seven-course gala is in September (date: depending on Cuban master roller Don Tito's availability). Call for information.

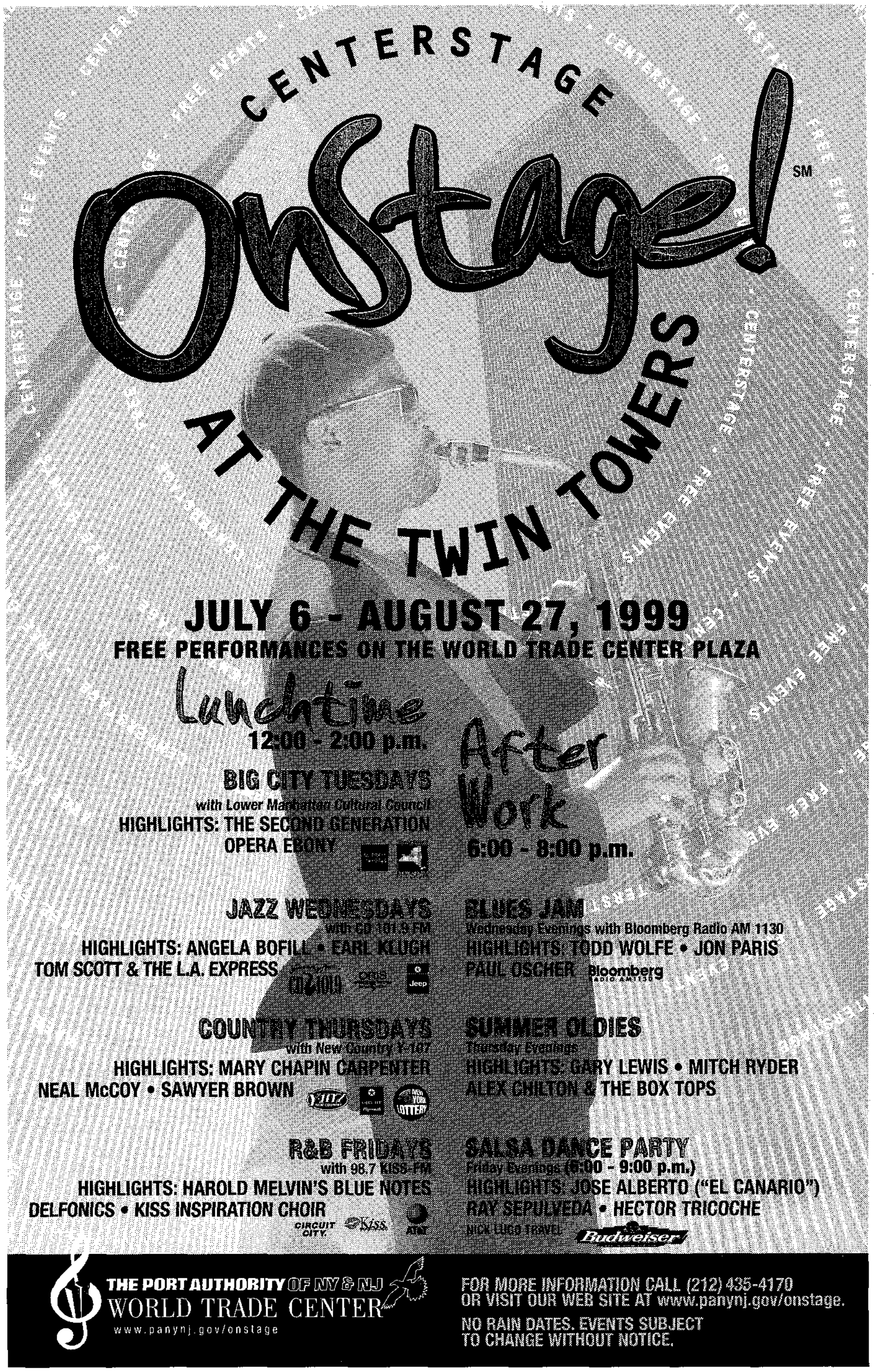
Salvatore and Frankie D. have been keeping things lively for years at **Campagnola** (1382 First Ave. at 74th St.; 861-1102), a popular Upper East Side place to see and be seen. There's always a throng at the bar waiting for tables. But it's a party, and nobody seems to mind. Beyond all the fun and games is serious eating, with a menu by chef Etienne Lizzi that includes, among other things, an outrageous antipasti selection, grilled scampi or lobster any way you like it, and 16 pasta specialties. Once the dinner crowd begins to thin, the piano player in the bar-room kicks off a late-night scene that keeps going for hours more.


Ecco!

An oasis on a TriBeCa street lined with shops selling videos, backpacks, skateboards, electronics, and knock-off cosmetics, **Ecco!** (124 Chambers St.; 227-7074) is a turn-of-the-century hangout with a vast carved wooden bar, tile floors and mirrored walls. First thing you'll notice is a table stacked high with antipasti. A meal in itself, but then you'd be missing the seafood, flown in weekly from Europe, including orata, branzino, baby octopus, and Spanish blue prawns. Not to overlook such local favorites as red snapper, striped bass, halibut, and swordfish. The white, milk-fed veal (chops or scalloppine) is also pure heaven.

The glamorous **Ambassador Grill & Lounge** (44th St. at First Ave.; 702-5014) scores with dramatic lighting, a faceted mirrored ceiling, flowers on every table, and honey-toned wooden armchairs trimmed in black. The glassed-in kitchen turns out Maine crab cakes, seared foie gras and, of course, grilled specialties like salmon served with citrus jicama salsa and a potato corn pancake, and double lamb chops with seasonal baby vegetables and rosemary jus. The $19.99 Express Lunch Buffet features such international dishes as khimchi, sushi, and couscous. A three-course prix fixe lunch is also offered Monday through Saturday. The Grill's celebrated six-course Summer Sunday Brunch ($48) includes a lobster and shrimp plate, a caviar sampler, Peking duck, soup, and a choice of such entrées as eggs Benedict, grilled filet mignon, and rack of lamb. Oh, and a special touch, unlimited Champagne.

Ambassador Grill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Grand Central Terminal (42nd Street and Park Avenue; www.grandcentralterminal.com) used to be a place people rushed to get out of. Now it's become a premiere destination, thanks to a restoration that's peeled away decades of grime and reconfigured a train station into a mecca for first-rate dining, shopping, and entertainment. It's even an art gallery now, with two attention-grabbing, free exhibitions filling Vanderbilt Hall (the former Main Waiting Room) from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. seven days a week.

Through July 26 (Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m to 8 p.m., Sun. noon to 6 p.m.), you'll find a truly extraordinary vision of suburbia in California artist Liza Lou's 'Back Yard,' 600 square-feet of gleaming lawn decked out with a picnic table spread with a checkered tablecloth, a barbecue, a clothesline, and a hose burbling water. All made of brightly colored shiny glass beads. Next on view, from August 6 through September 9 (Mon.-Sat. 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.), is the world premiere of 'Turn of the Century,' a fully restored, fully operational antique merry-go-round refitted with three rings of mechanized cultural icons in place of the usual horses—Neil Armstrong, Chuck Berry, James Dean, Einstein, Elvis, Gandhi, Hugh Hefner, Liberace, Marilyn Monroe, Superman, and Howard Stern among many others.

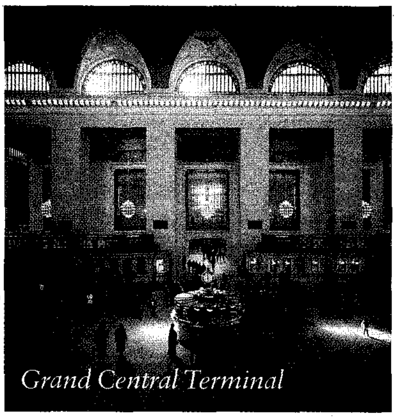
Grand Central Terminal

Photo: Frank English

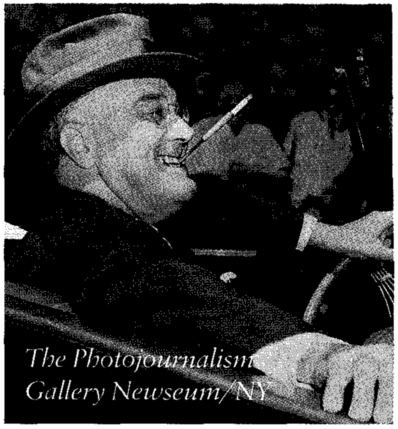
The Photojournalism Gallery Newseum/NY

Photo: AP/World Wide Photos

The Photojournalism Gallery Newseum/NY (580 Madison Ave. between 56th and 57th streets.; 317-7503,www.freedomforum.org) brings you up close and personal with newsworthy subjects of yesterday and today. "The Beatles: Now and Then" takes you along, with photojournalist Harry Benson, on the Fab Four's first U.S. visit 35 years ago, including candid snaps of the band's family members. "*Time* and the Presidency" exhibits classic photos of 11 American presidents—FDR out for a swim, Truman on his morning stroll, JFK talking with coal miners. "Gun Nation" is British photographer Zed Nelson's two-year coverage of "law-abiding members" of America's gun culture—his interpretation of a nation exercising its Constitutional rights in gun shops, NRA conventions, and school yards.

SUMMER SOUNDS

It's free, it's live. It's **CenterStage OnStage** at the World Trade Center, every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, noon to 2 p.m. and 6 to 8 p.m., all summer long, from July 7 through September 9.

BOOGIE DAYS–AND NIGHTS

Wednesdays it's jazz at lunchtime, including Tom Scott and the LAExpress (7/21), Angela Bofill (8/11), and Earl Klugh (8/18). There's a blues jam after work, with Paul Oscher (7/28), The Detonators (8/4), and Mark Newman (8/18).

Thursdays are all country at midday, including Sawyer Brown (7/12), Mary Chapin Carpenter (8/5), and The Wilkinsons (8/19). Reminisce with the oldies in the evening, with Gary Lewis and the Playboys (7/22), Mitch Ryder (7/29), and Tommy Roe (8/19).

Fridays rock with R & B at noon with BT Express (7/30), Ray Goodman and Brown (8/6), and Midnight Star (8/20). There's a Latin/Salsa dance party 'til nine in the evening, with Ray Sepulveda (7/23), Luisito Carrion (8/6), and Pete "El Cande" Rodriquez (8/20).

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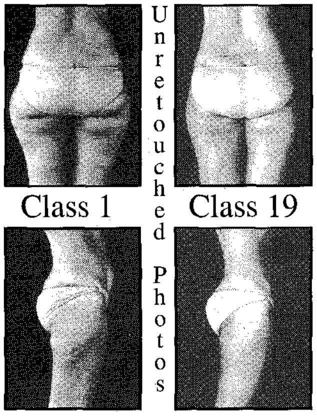
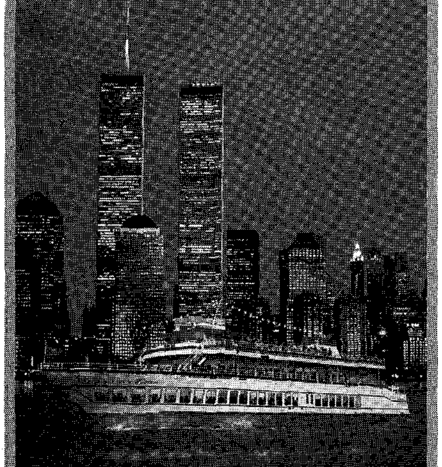


"...more spectacle than Windows on the World, the River Cafe and the Rainbow Room combined."
Passport to NY Restaurants 1998



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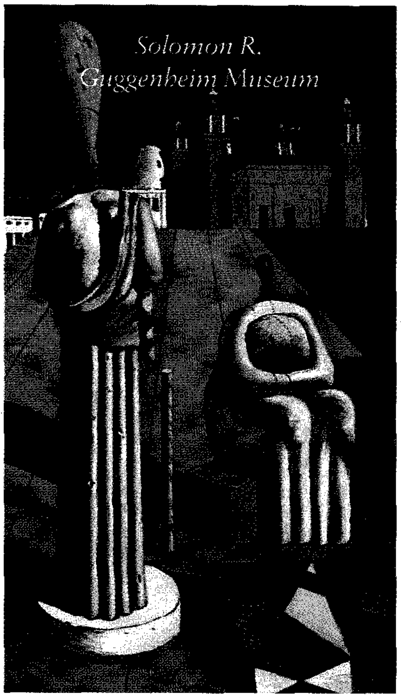


Summer's surreal at the **Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum** (1071 Fifth Ave.; 423-3500), with everything from artwork to films to jazz, all expressing bizarre, disorienting—yet affecting—imagery. "Surrealism: Two Private Eyes," the first major New York exhibition of surrealism in 30 years, fills the entire Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda with more than 700 paintings, photographs, sculptures, books, and unique manuscripts from the personal collections of longtime friends Neshui Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi, including the works of Dalí, de Chrico, Max Ernst, Magritte, Miró, and Man Ray. There's a guided 'family tour' on July 24—limited to 20 children ages seven to 12—that includes a hands-on workshop (registration required: 423-3587).

"The Mexperimental Cinema," through July 28, is the first comprehensive survey of Mexican experimental film and video, from the aftermath of the Mexican Revolution in the 1930s through the new noncommercial cinema. The WorldBeat Jazz Series, through September 11, turns the Rotunda into a music club—complete with café tables for enjoying wine, beer, and fruit juice—from 5 to 8 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays, reflecting the diverse international musical influences and the dreamlike quality of surrealism.

You can swim with the sharks, sort of, at **Liberty Science Center** (Liberty State Park, Jersey City; 201-200-1000, www.lsc.org). *Island of the Sharks*, a world premiere in the world's largest IMAX® dome theater, takes you into the depths surrounding Cocos Island, 300 miles due west of Costa Rica, which is home to more species of fish and birds than any other place on Earth.

While you're here, make sure you take advantage of LSC's many extraordinary experiences of the world around us. Hands-on exhibits on three themed floors include a 20-foot rock wall studded with "fossils" and other curiosities, a "touch tank" that holds horseshoe crabs, sea urchins, and a nine-spined spider crab you can handle (if you can handle it), a virtual sports stadium where you can play basketball, ping-pong,® or soccer against a computer, and a USAF flight simulator that flies high over the Statue of Liberty, the World Trade Center, Central Park, and the Brooklyn Bridge.

The big—really big—news in the movie theater business at the end of the summer is the opening of the **Loews 42nd Street E Walk Theatre** (42nd St. at Eighth Ave., www.enjoytheshow.com). Thirteen screens, Sony Dynamic Digital Sound™ system, and stadium seating that features unobstructed views, high-back rocking easy chairs, and let's-get-cozy love seats. It's a modern version of the movie palaces that no longer exist in New York, and the David Rockwell design evokes the history of the City and of the days when 42nd Street was the entertainment mecca it is becoming again. The main concession stand, for example, is a 3-D New York City skyline, and a full kitchen serves such surprises as popcorn shrimp, chicken tenders, and curly fries—all cooked to order (no kidding).

SPRING WATER, WITH A TWIST

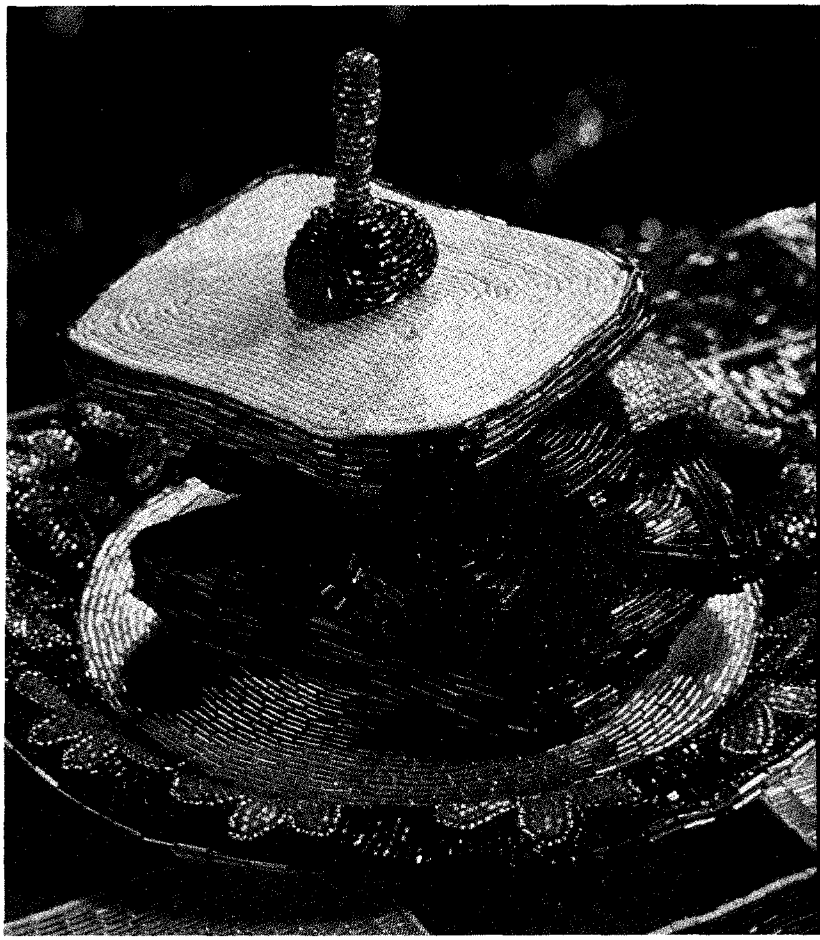
A spring water with lofty ambitions gets a big endorsement from a Kennedy.

You'd expect to find Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. in strategy sessions with lawmakers and political movers and shakers, but lately he's just as likely to be meeting with local supermarket executives, trying to persuade them to stock a new product—**Keeper Springs™ Mountain Spring Water**; 1-877-BE A KEEPER, www.keeper-springs.com).

Marketed as the first water that's "good for you and the environment," Kennedy, who led the fight for the $1.4 billion New York City watershed agreement that protects the city's water supply, has committed all profits from sales to support clean water organizations throughout the tri-state area. "This is not just about selling a bottled water," Kennedy says, "it's about getting out a message." That message, in the print and billboard campaign Keeper Springs™ has just launched, is decidedly in-your-face: "After just one sip, you've done more for the environment than most politicians." Kennedy modeled his Keeper Springs™ organization and marketing strategy on Paul Newman's Newman's Own™ success story, enlisting Newman himself as an early adviser and a member of his board.

Drawn from the Sweetwater Springs in Saratoga, New York, Keeper Springs™ is being introduced in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, in biodegradable and recyclable bottles. A Tiffany and Company designer created the distinctive red, white, and blue label with a colorful mountain lake scene, and the call to action, "If you want clean water, fight for it!"

Photo: ©Tony Stone Images



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Martini's Restaurant offers patio dining under a canopy of lights nestled in the very heart of the Theater District. Savor rustic Italian cuisine with a California twist created by celebrated chef Richard Krause.

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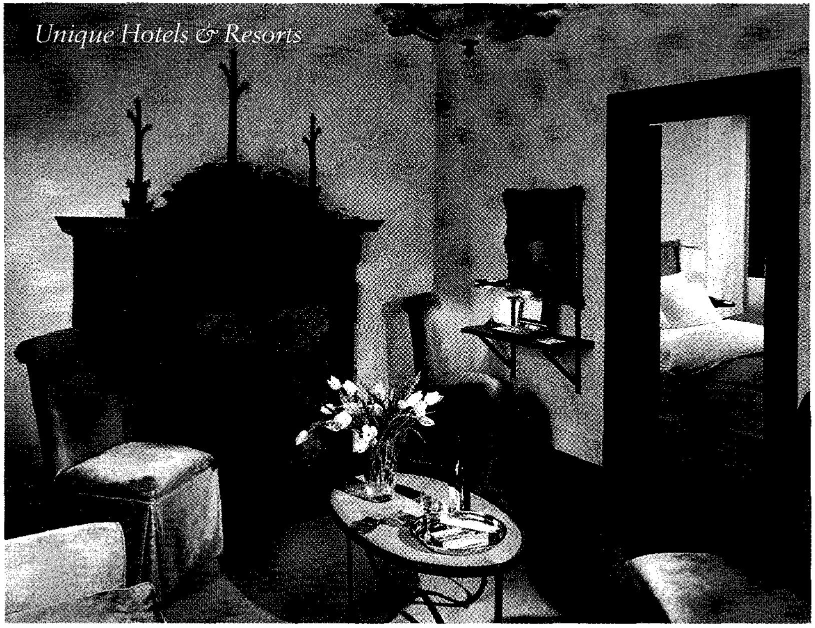
MINI-VACATION TIME

When the temperature's climbing like the Dow, wouldn't a little pampering take the edge off summer in the city? Some top hotels are offering great deals that lay on luxuries sure to cure your summertime blues.


Unique Hotels & Resorts

The five luxury boutique hotels operated by **Unique Hotels & Resorts** (1-877-847-4444, www.uniquehotels.com) give you an opportunity to move into the neighborhood of your choice–for the weekend, at least–thanks to their Summer Package Special, good through September 7.

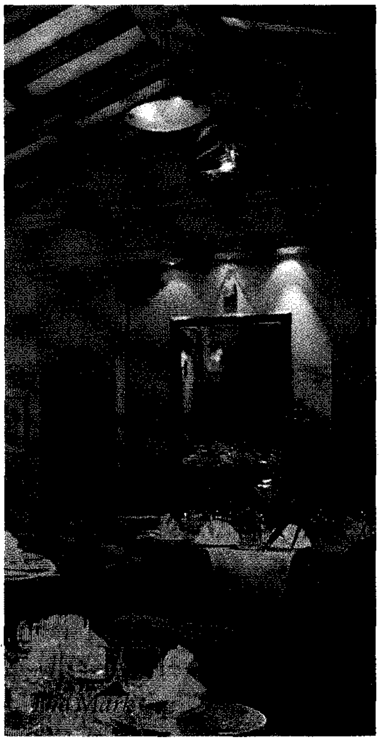
The two night/three day arrangement, priced from $194 per night, per room, to $240 per night, per room, depending on the hotel, includes complimentary European buffet breakfast, free museum admission, two Fun Day Metro Passes good for unlimited use of subways and buses, a complimentary bottle of wine upon arrival, and 24-hour complimentary espresso, cappuccino, and tea.

The Mansfield (12 W. 44th St.) has become a fashionable hangout, positioned as it is between Fifth Avenue and the Theater District ($198 per night). **The Shoreham** (33 W. 55th St.) puts you close to Fifth Avenue, and will unveil 92 additional rooms, new bar and restaurant, and state-of-the-art meeting room in August ($240).

The Roger Williams (131 Madison Ave. at 31st St.) makes its contemporary statement by way of minimalist décor, tapping into the surge of energy around Madison Square and the Flatiron District ($210 per night). **The Hotel Wales** (1295 Madison Ave. at 92nd St.) is a turn-of-the-century classic on the Upper East Side, mere steps from The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Guggenheim, and Central Park ($214 per night). **The Franklin** (164 E. 87th St.) has the panache and style of a Left Bank hotel in Paris, a short stroll from Central Park and its environs ($194 per night).

Despite its chic address, down the block from Central Park, **The Mark** (Madison Ave. at E. 77th St. 744-4300) welcomes its guests with the credo, "No jacket, no tie, no attitude." A recent $4.1 million renovation has made the rooms grander still—king-size beds with Frette sheets and down pillows, black-and-white-tiled bathrooms with separate shower stall, and a pantry (with fridge, stove, and sink) stocked with an extraordinary array of snacks and drinks, as well as such unexpected impulse items as EVIAN® face spray, a *ZAGAT SURVEY,®* playing cards, a camera, and film.

The hotel's clubby restaurant, Mark's, features cuisine that is artful but unfussy, and provides room service 24 hours a day. Until September 6, a room is yours for $299, or an executive suite for $399, including continental breakfast for two, use of the Wellness Suite's Cybex® and StairMaster® equipment, saunas and steam rooms, the *Times* each morning, and limo service to the Theater District Friday and Saturday nights.



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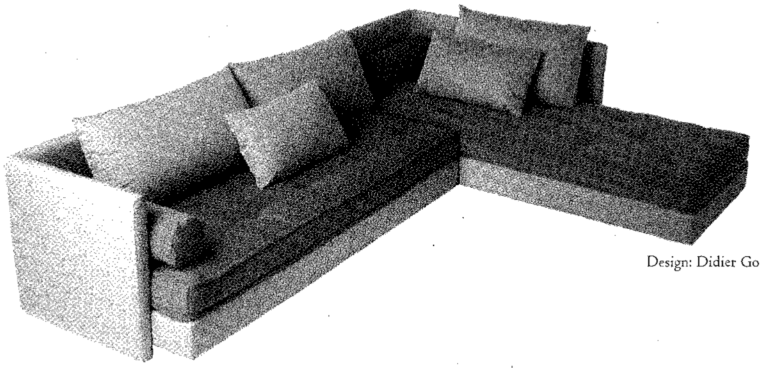

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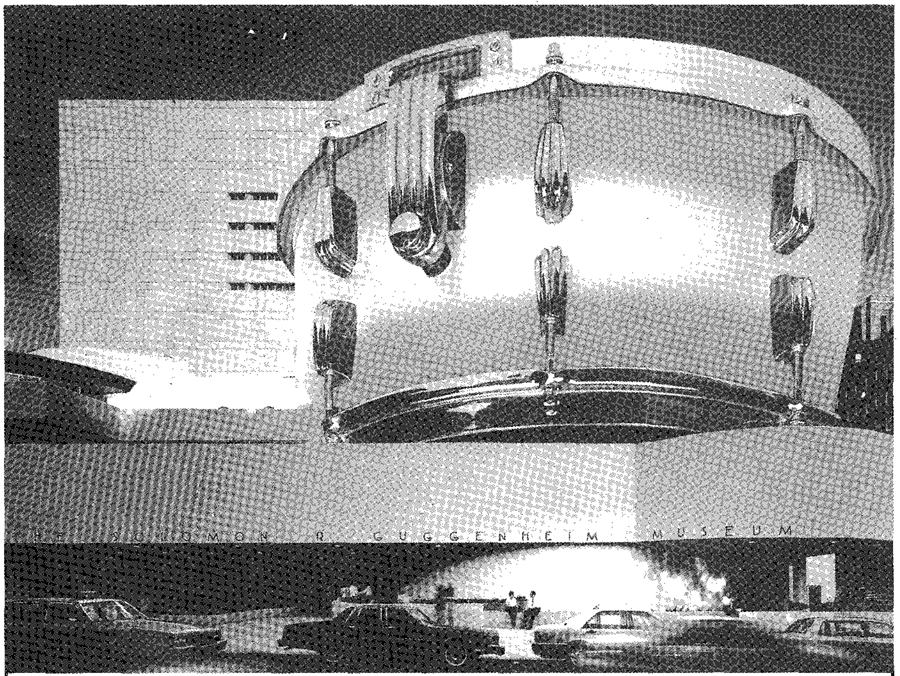

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Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500

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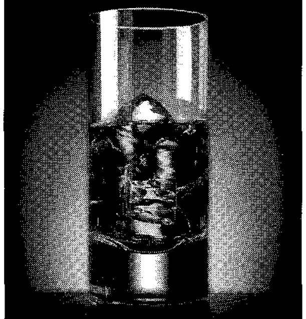

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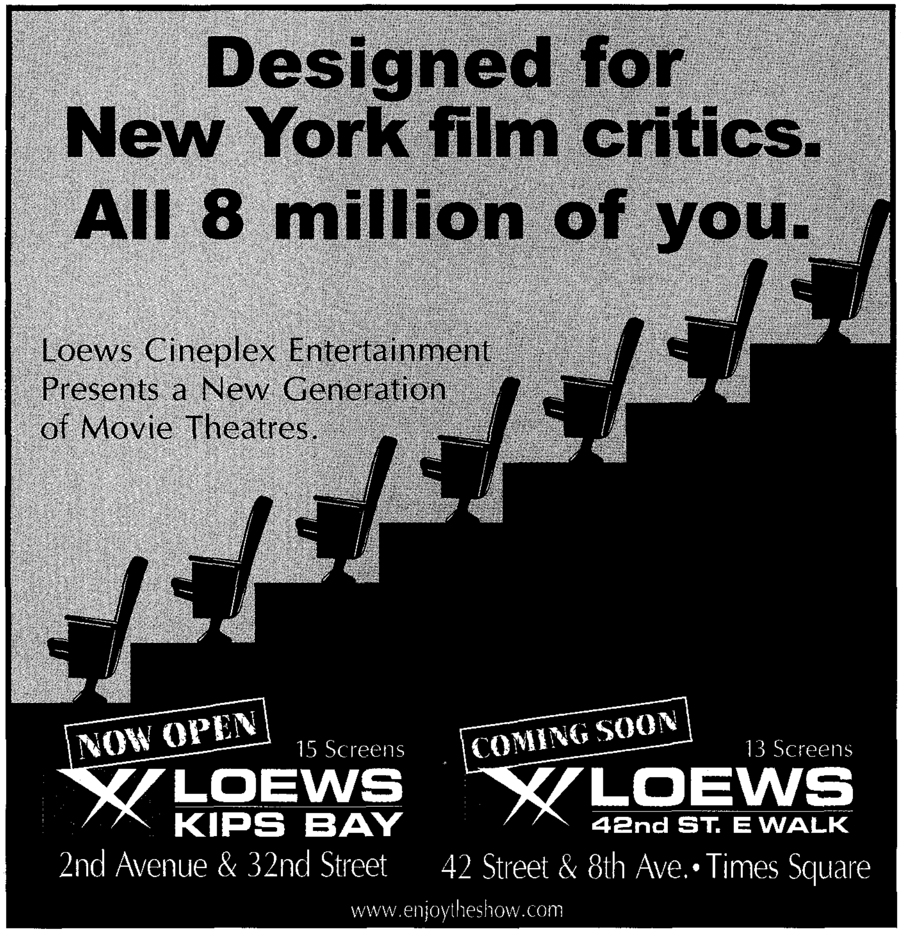

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The health club is free, and equipped with Cybex® machines, men's and women's sauna, and steam room. Massage is available. The Barclay Bar & Grill, overlooking the grand and newly restored lobby, features innovative American cooking, with ample "cuisine de vie" selections (reduced calories, cholesterol, fat, and sodium) that include pan-seared sea scallops, mustard crusted free-range chicken, and lobster ravioli.

Hotel Inter-Continental New York

A BETTER YOU

With the extra leisure time you've got in the summertime, why not use some of it to improve the way you look, the way you feel, the way you deal with the hustle-bustle all around you? Here are a few options:

Baring your body on the beach can be a painful reminder that all your dieting and working out hasn't been enough to shape you up. Cosmetic surgery can make the difference, and according to **Dr. George Lefkovits** (9 E. 62nd St.; 750-9494, www.parkplazaplsurg.com) men are as vain as women.

"Men have always wanted to look good," he says. "And now that there's so much economic pressure to compete with younger men in the job market, they are opting for surgical solutions as early as their twenties." During the last few years, Dr. Lefkovits has developed a "comprehensive male aesthetic program" that combines liposuction for recontouring a balanced body, with procedures that rejuvenate the face by eliminating wrinkles and sagging skin and restoring a youthful hairline with hair transplants.

"Men want to make the most of their physiques," says Dr. Lefkovits. "Men I call softies, who don't work out at all, and men who exercise regularly and just want to fine-tune their bodies." Most procedures are performed on an out-patient basis in Dr. Lefkovits' state-of-the-art office surgical suite, either all at once, or gradually, over time, "for a more inconspicuous result."

To work your body from the inside out, head for **Callanetics Studios of Manhattan** (in Carnegie Hall at 154 W. 57th St., Studio 832; 765-2900). The non-aerobic, non-impact regimen combines isometrics (the contraction of muscles) and isotonics (the movement of muscles) to develop deep postural muscles which tighten quickly—meaning you lose inches in a short time. According to owner Ruth Jeffries, three hour-long classes per week usually produce "visible results" in about one month. At the same time you're toning and tightening your entire body, cellulite typically begins to disappear as part of the process. Classes are limited to 12, and right now you can sign up for 10 classes for $150 instead of the usual $180. And you can sign up for an introductory class for $25, which is then applied to the package price when you register for a series of 10 classes.

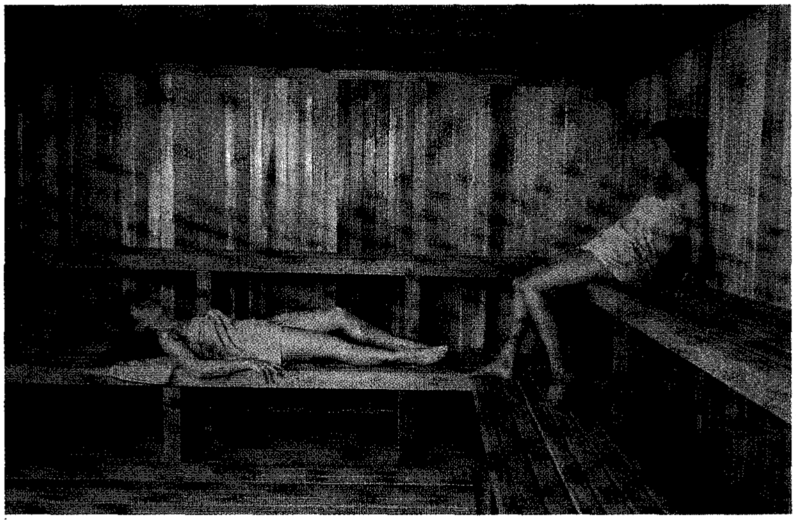
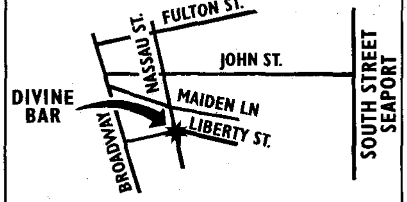


Photo: ©Tony Stone Images



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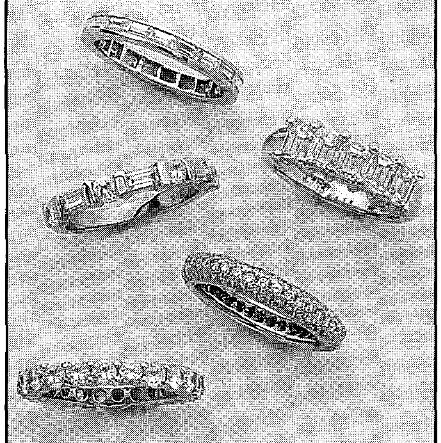

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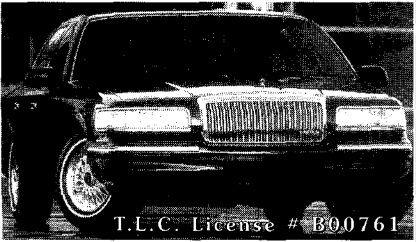

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For a summer makeover, make a reservation with **Giuliana DeVuono**, stylist to the stars, at the Avon Centre, (Trump Tower at 725 Fifth Ave., 755-2866). Take advantage of the summer exodus to receive unadulterated pampering—from hair and makeup tips to wardrobe consultation. Recently voted "Best Stylist," in Manhattan by *New York*, Giuliana does not just cater to the rich and famous. Whether you are a top exec or an intern, you will be transformed in Giuliana's chair. As a summer special, she is offering shampoo and conditioning products so that after a cut and styling, you can protect your new look from summer's harshest elements, including sun, chlorine, and salt water.

Stylist Giuliana DeVuono

If the fear and discomfort of speaking in public are hampering your career and social life, one weekend with **TalkPower Seminars** (333 E. 23rd St., 684-1711; www.talkpowr.com/seminars) is all it takes to end the suffering. Natalie H. Rogers, a noted behavioral psychotherapist, created this totally unique mind-body approach for solving the problem based on performance skills, speech crafting and assertiveness training, to transform panic into confidence and self-control.

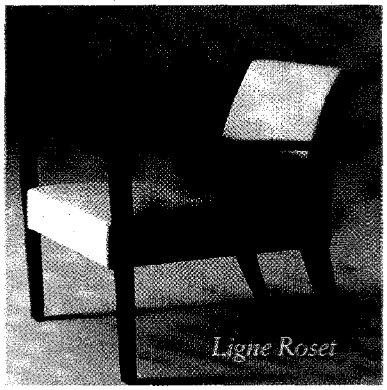
"You don't have to be at the panic level to benefit from a TalkPower workshop," says Rogers. "Anybody who wants to become an excellent public speaker can succeed. In fact, I guarantee success or refund the fee, which I have done exactly twice in 22 years." The next TalkPower Workshop is scheduled for July 17-18.

Photo: ©Tony Stone Images

HOME IMPROVEMENT

You can spiff up anything from a tiny studio apartment to a sprawling loft with a little French savoir vivre.

At **Ligne Roset** (155 Wooster St., 253-5629; 200 Lexington Ave., 685-1099; 1090 Third Ave., 794-2903) innovative shapes, colors, textures, and materials are the basics of this relaxed yet luxurious furniture. Form and function share equal status, with a healthy dose of whimsy, part of the mix as well. The easiest-operating queen-size sofa-bed you've ever seen makes an added stop as a double chaise, and has attached swing-out arms or side tables. And this piece, like much of the line, is mounted on non-marking coasters for easy rearranging. Systems are expandable to accommodate home office and entertainment equipment. And a new series of accessories (stylish bowls, vases, tableware, candleholders, and such) are the kind of house gifts that guarantee future invitations.



If you're reading this, you've got a head start on the general public to grab a 20 percent discount on any single item at the five-story, 50,000 square-foot **Foremost Furniture** (8 W. 30th St.; 889-6347, www.foremostfurniture.com). Foremost is

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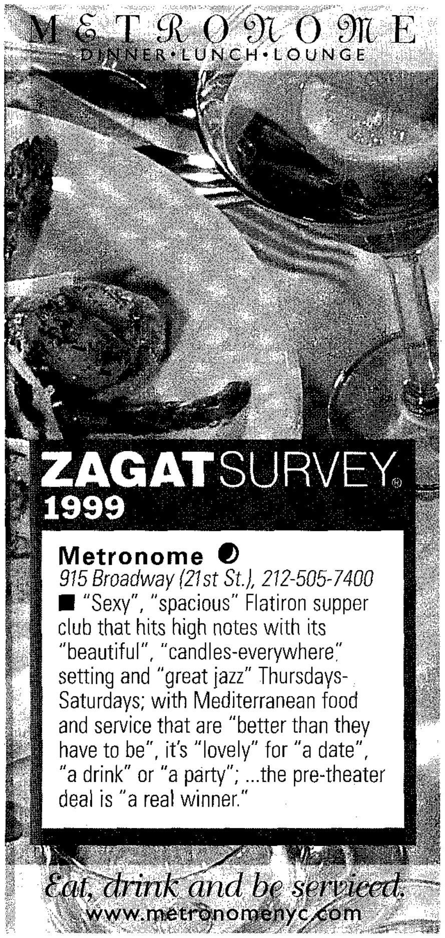
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For the past 21 years Natalie H. Rogers, behavioral psychotherapist, former actress, and author of "Talk-Power, how to Speak Without Fear", has trained thousands of professionals to overcome a lifetime of humiliating public speaking attempts, by teaching them to speak successfully in public.

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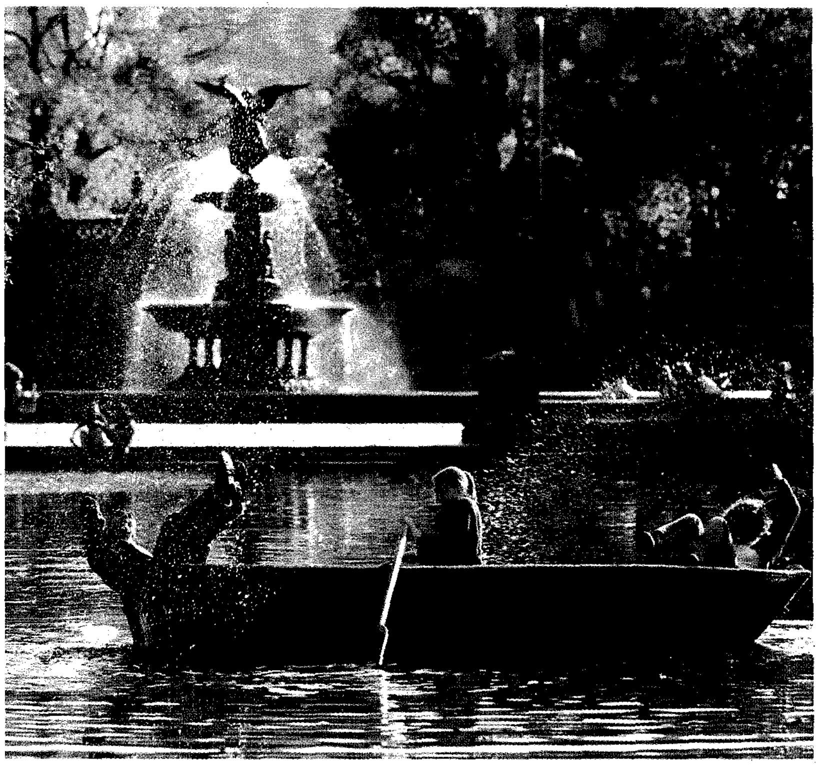
Photo: ©Tony Stone Images

geared to an eclectic taste, ranging from classic to thoroughly modern, with each floor dedicated to such specialties as Manhattan Style, the Leather Collection, the Contemporary Showcase, and the Century Showplace. Half of what you'll see is available for immediate delivery. The same 20 percent discount is available at the new Foremost in Amityville, Long Island (Off Route 110 on Dixon Ave.; 516-789-8080), where displays are arranged in room settings.

Photo: ©Tony Stone Images

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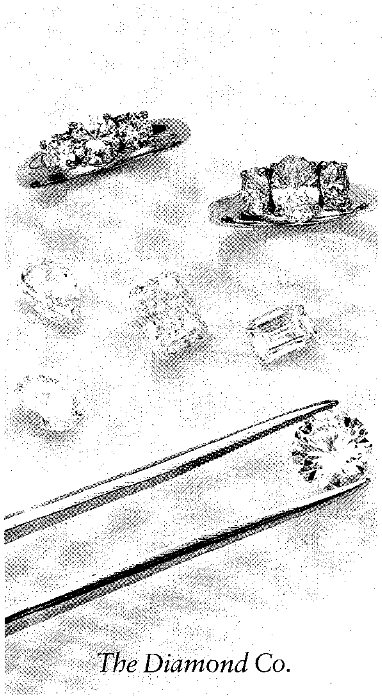

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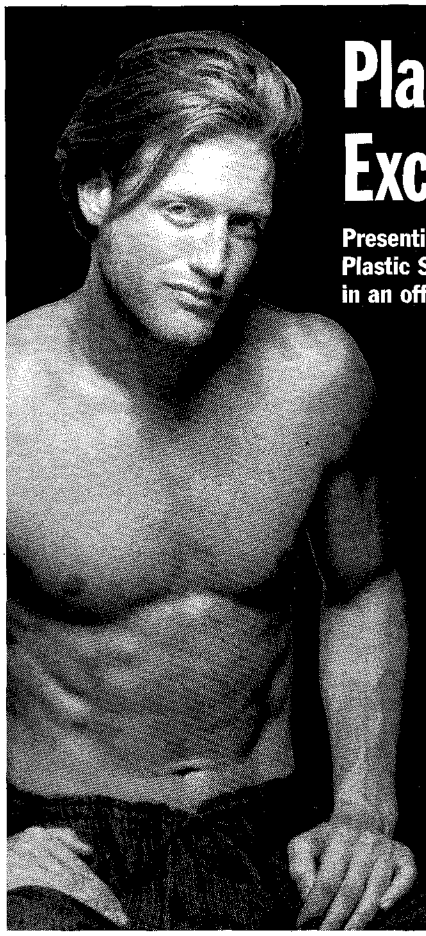

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MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

Fools for Love

Eric Rohmer's 'Autumn Tale' sees adolescence in the adult quest for romance; in 'Arlington Road,' paranoids really do have enemies.

Up close and personal: Marie Riviére, Alain Libolt, and Béatrice Romand, in *Autumn Tale*.

THE EMOTIONAL NUANCES IN ERIC ROHMER'S movies are so carefully calibrated that at times we seem to be watching the enactment of a theorem. What rescues his best films from desiccation is the playfulness behind the theorizing—he's a genial *philosophe.* It may be a little maddening, on occasion, watching his people act out their moral comedies within such a circumscribed radius; the greatest art isn't so finicky, so tamped-down. But Rohmer, although he's made movies touched with greatness such as *Claire's Knee* and the uncharacteristically free-form *Le Rayon Vert,* is best understood for the modesty of his designs. He's not out to jostle our complacencies but only to give them a little nudge. He's a moralist of a particularly comfy and bourgeois sort—he massages the notions his art-house patrons already have about people and life and the sexes. There are no shocks of recognition in Rohmer's movies, just little *frissons* of feeling.

Autumn Tale is the last of a four-season cycle. (The previous entry, *A Summer's Tale,* made in 1996, has gone undistributed in this country.) Rohmer is fond of cycles and series—his most celebrated lineup is the *Six Moral Tales,* including *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee,* which he followed with six *Comedies and Proverbs*—but the link-up of titles is essentially a high-toned marketing device; the thematic conjunction between films is what one would expect anyway from a filmmaker with such a controlling sensibility. His latest has a plot that, if we're all so unlucky, will end up transposed to Hollywood: Isabelle (Marie Riviere), a married bookstore owner, wants to reconnect Magali (Béatrice Romand), her widowed best friend, with the world of men. Magali lives in the country, where she works the vineyard she inherited from her parents; she wouldn't mind having a man, but she doesn't want to go through the rituals and the turndowns. So Isabelle decides to secretly place an ad on Magali's behalf in the personals and then impersonate her friend on dates in order to prescreen the candidates. Meanwhile, Rosine (Alexia Portal), the girlfriend of Magali's son, decides her college professor and lover Etienne (Didier Sandre) would go best with Magali.

For a long time, Isabelle's ruse is like a private joke she uses to titillate herself. Her first respondent, Gerald, a divorced salesman and the son of a vintner (well played by Alain Libolt), falls for her on their first encounter. Isabelle makes jokes at her own expense—she puts herself down for being too tall—but she's also preening before a man she knows she'll never have. She regards her subterfuge as "a game that amuses me, even though it's dangerous," and that sums up the movie's effect on us as well. It's always on the verge of breaking into something unruly and troubling, but Rohmer keeps things tidy. Isabelle is not tempted by Gerald; her friendship with Magali is never seriously strained, even when the jig is up. There's an element of cruelty in what Isabelle perpetrates with Gerald, but it's treated as a confectionary whim. "I want *all* men to love me," she tells him with a smile. "Especially the ones I *don't* love."

All this might seem too diagrammatic and coy except for the presence of Béatrice Romand, whose Magali makes all ruses worthwhile. Her big blur of wiry hair rests lightly on her head; her face is both cherubic and weathered. Magali is a self-described peasant woman, but she's not earthy, or if she is, some blue sky got mixed in with the portrait. There's something cloudborne about this woman; her encounters with both Gerald and Etienne, which take place during a wedding party for Isabelle's daughter, bring out the cuckoo in her. She's reliving the throes of adolescent-style awkwardness. Between bouts, she looks out at the Rhone Valley in the far distance and sulks. She's not used to feeling love-struck, or lovelorn either, and her bewilderment only makes her more fetching. The joke in *Autumn Tale* is that it doesn't matter how old you are; the

Photograph courtesy of October Films.

entanglements of romance end up juvenilizing you. Rohmer, who is 79, has often worked out his moralizings with a younger cast of characters. Here, with an older set, he retains the youthful blush.

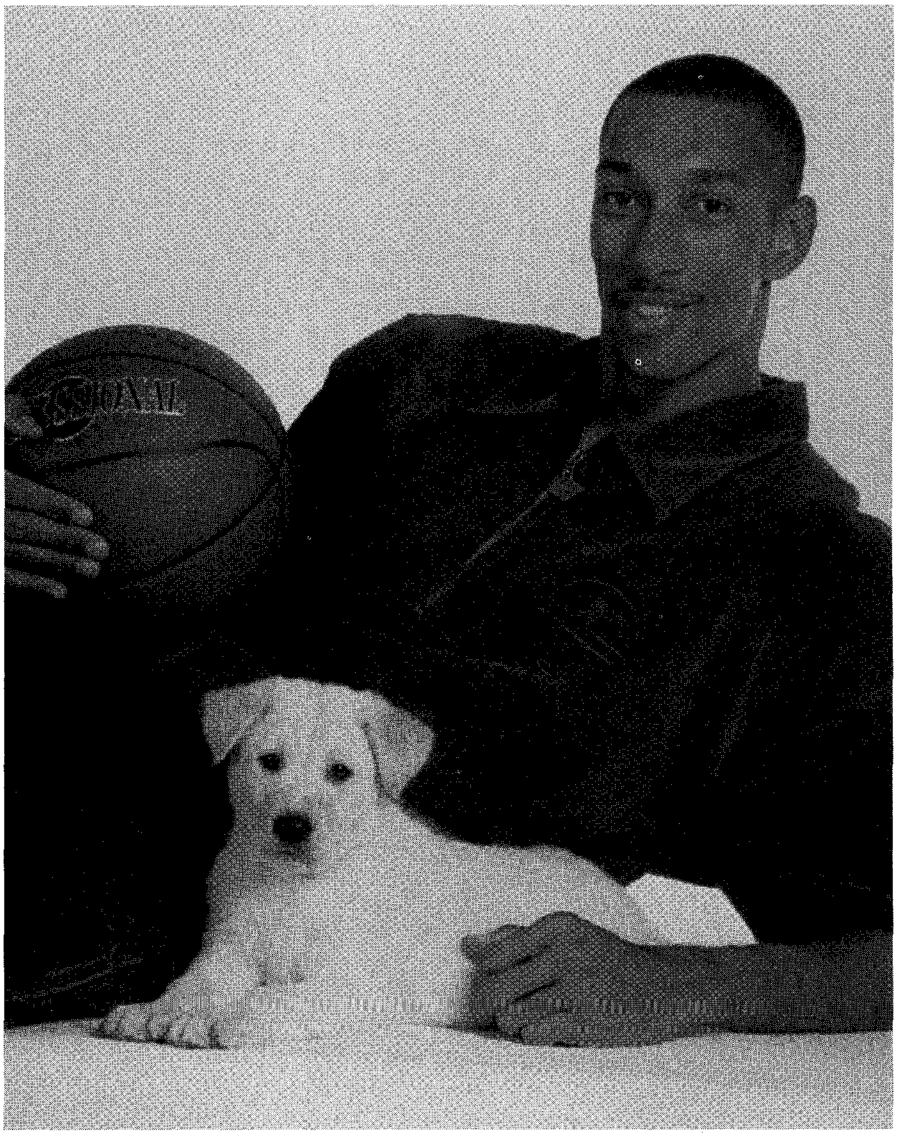
Rohmer sees men as being at a disadvantage in the mating game. Flummoxed by feminine conspiracies they're always the last to know about, they have no choice but to open up. In the male-female universe of *Autumn Tale,* it is the women who are canny and sphinxlike while the men, desperate to be understood, spill their souls out and are no wiser for it. (Gerald, smitten, does practically all the talking when he's with Isabelle, and the pattern is later repeated with Magali.) There's a form of poetic justice in all this, and it gives the film, otherwise strait-laced, its jagged wit: Women on the lookout for love may be fools, but they make sure to turn the men who romance them into even bigger ones.

THE 44-YEAR-OLD FRENCH DIRECTOR OLIVIer Assayas, best known for *Irma Vep,* offers up his own variation on the vagaries of companionship and amour and mortality in **Late August, Early September** (at the Film Forum), a mellifluous contemporary roundelay about Parisian friends in their thirties. It has some of the same resonance as Claude Sautet's 1974 *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others,* but it's about a somewhat younger and scroungier crowd. The cast, including Virginie Ledoyen, François Cluzet, and Mathieu Amalric, is as well coordinated as a fine chamber-music ensemble; their entrances and vanishings and re-entries play like recurring motifs.

Arlington Road TRIES TO GIVE US THE willies by stirring two creepy genres in the same Crock-Pot: The *Do You Know Who Your Neighbors Really Are?* movie and the increasingly popular *Do You Know You're Being Targeted by Terrorists?* flick. Jeff Bridges plays Michael Faraday, a suburban Washington, D.C., college history professor whose FBI-agent wife was offed in a Ruby Ridge–style face-off, and who now is obsessed with paramilitary conspiracies. His new neighbors, played by Tim Robbins and Joan Cusack, are so clean-cut and accommodating that it's not long before Michael is suspicious. Is he paranoid or is he right? Or both? If you've seen the trailer for this film, you already know the answer: Like most trailers these days, it blithely gives the whole show away in a scant few minutes. Not that there's any doubt what's going on: If the bad guys in the real world were all this obvious, life would be a whole lot easier. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com.**

Love Needs No Pedigree



Kerry Kittles of the New Jersey Nets with 8 week old "Dunkin". Photo by Mary Bloom

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THEATER JOHN SIMON

Up a Creek

Ponderous and pretentious, striving determinedly to be poetic, 'The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek' is no work of genius.

NAOMI WALLACE, A 38-YEAR-OLD KENTUCKIAN, has just won a MacArthur "genius" grant of several hundred thousand. For what? Her play about the Great Plague in England, *One Flea Spare,* was as phony and smart-ass as its title—a flea that gave audiences ants in their pants. Her film script *Lawn Dogs,* though well directed by John Duigan, was another flop. Now we have the annoyingly titled **The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek**, a stage work reeking of poeticism and as affectedly artsy as a trestle can get.

This is a Depression-era play taking place in some unspecified hinterland. Dray, the father, is a downsized foundry worker. Gin, the mother, works in a glass factory whose unhinged owner has broken all the glass. As this simple countrywoman puts it, "Like we were standing on a lake of ice that was turning to fire right under our feet." Dray is more philosophical than poetic: "All my life I wanted to say something that mattered. I don't know why." And he waxes downright Hegelian: "I'm going to close my eyes . . . so no one will see us." Mind you, he says this to his son, Dalton, in a prison cell where no one can see them anyway.

Dalton, a youth of 15, falls for Pace, a girl almost 17 and an even more poetic sort. "Hear how quiet it is," she tells Dalton. "That's us. You and me. Waiting for our lives." She is obsessed with trains, especially the 7:10: "The engine herself's 153 tons. And not cotton, kid. Just cold, lip-smackin' steel. Imagine a kiss like that. Just imagine it." But she is also sinisterly interested in Dalton, whom she is persuading to play chicken by running the length of that trestle before the oncoming train gets to it. She sighs: "You're a good boy. A very good boy. It means someone, before it's too late, has got to break you in half. I guess it'll have to be me."

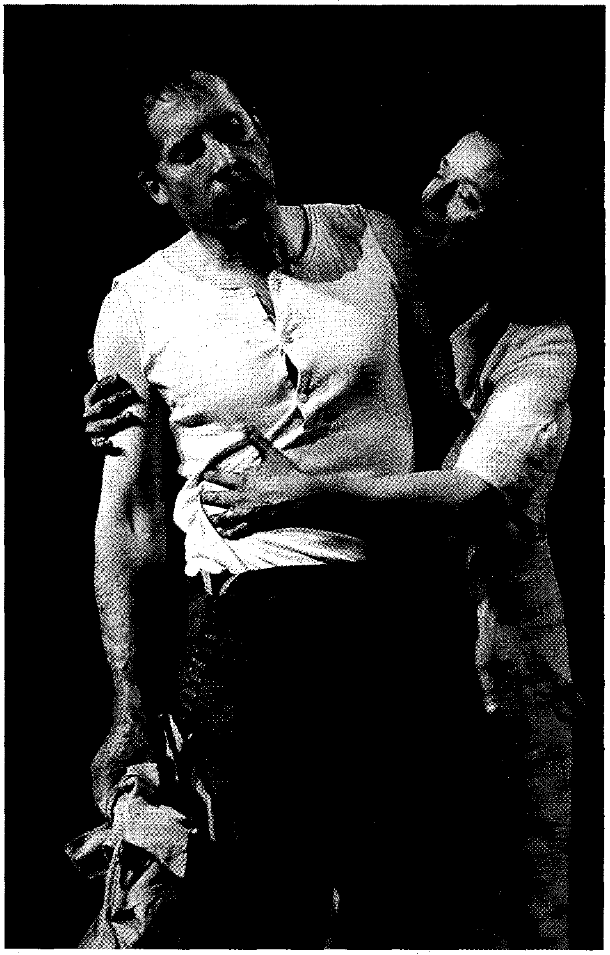
How does she propose to accomplish this? By tripping up Dalton as they run toward the train—the way another chicken-playing boy, Brett, was bisected by the 7:10. But at least, unlike other kids around, she and Dalton will not be "like potatoes left in a box. . . . The potato thinks the dark is the dirt and starts to grow roots so it can survive . . . but the dark isn't the dirt and all it ends up sucking on is a fistful of air. And then it dies." Such poetry clearly merits grants that aren't small potatoes.

Even Chas, the dead Brett's father and now Dalton's jailer, tells Dalton about his son: "I thought he was the killing kind, a predator, like you. But turns out he was more the dying kind. Had a gap in his heart." Chas, by the way, used to beat Brett every morning at breakfast because he was too poor to give him any other kind of gift. When he had a headache and wasn't up to such giving, Brett would obligingly beat up on himself. Hard.

Wallace, too, makes it hard for the spectator. Thus in the last scene, the dead Pace and the doomed Dalton are simultaneously in his cell and at the trestle. As she says in a stage direction, "The Pace Dalton sees we cannot see, and the Pace we see is not the Pace Dalton sees." This is not entirely off the wall: The play the MacArthur people must have seen is not the one we see. Then factor in the further legerdemain of the director, Lisa Peterson, who has penniless people play Frisbee with their plates until they get smashed, shattering a cup for good measure.

Most exasperating, though, is that final scene, in which Pace takes Dalton verbally through all the phases of having sex with her from a plate-throwing distance. Without even looking at him or touching herself, she dictates all his masturbatory moves as he lies on, and comes all over, a cast-off dress of hers she has replaced with boy's clothes. We are never told for sure whether Dalton did her in, but people have killed for less.

Considering what is fobbed off on them, the actors do well: Michael Pitt (Dalton), Philip Godwin (Chas), Nancy Robinette (Gin), and David Chandler (Dray) are very



Last lick: David Chandler and Nancy Robinette in *The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

fine; Alicia Goranson (Pace), remarkable. She gets the girl's Carson McCullers–ish ambiguities down to spine-chilling perfection. Riccardo Hernandez's scenery may be too minimalist, but Scott Zielinski's lighting is harshly right. Better yet is David Van Tiegham's music-cum-sound: When will this consummate artist with hundreds of such achievements to his credit receive his great, and greatly overdue, due?

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL PROGRAM PROclaims boldly, "Lust! [In Central Park]" and, by way of subtitle, **The Taming of the Shrew**. Both can be contested: The offering is rather removed from Shakespeare's homonymous comedy, with not an iota of lust on display. Any *Shrew* stands or falls on the principals' sexual chemistry. Yet as Katherina, the wonderful Allison Janney is wrenchingly miscast. Looking most of the time like Janet Reno on a bad-hair day, and acting as sexy, she makes Petruchio's motives seem purely venal. And Jay O. Sanders plays her tamer as a buffoonish circus strongman whose chief ability is absorbing kicks in the groin.

The play can accommodate much knockabout farce, but Mel Shapiro has directed it for nothing but that. He does get laughs, but all of them are imposed from without, burying the greater, intrinsic fun underneath them. For starters, the Christopher Sly framework is beefed up to the point where a marginal nuisance becomes a center-stage star and, in Max Wright's excruciatingly one-note, rancid-voiced performance, unbearable. Likewise, the part of Hortensio, given to that painfully limited actor Reg E. Cathey, is pumped up beyond all proportion to stifling effect.

And what justifies the running gag of four monks who keep coming on dancing and singing in Latin lyrics containing some rather neo-Latin references to Viagra? This and much more horseplay becomes Trojan before long, as wooden as the horse on which Petruchio comes to his wedding. There are good moments from the servants, as played by Mario Cantone, Danyon Davis, and especially Peter Jacobson, but it is a sad production in which, for example, Bianca (Erika Alexander) is a total cipher. At least Tom Mardirosian (Baptista) and MacIntyre Dixon (Gremio) manage to uphold respectable standards.

Marina Draghici's costumes of every imaginable period are excessive; Karl Eigsti's dignified Renaissance set, handsomely lit by Brian MacDevitt, deserves a better production. Mark Bennett's no-holds-barred music has its hit-or-miss charm, and Miss Janney, no longer forced into epileptic tantrums, achieves dignity in the difficult last scene, but by then it is all much ado about nothing—lowercase, of course. ▬

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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MARK STEVENS

Photo Opportunism

A provocative Museum of Modern Art show examines how, for better or worse, photography changed the face of fame.

THE CAMERA—LIKE THE WHEEL, plow, or printing press—is a tool that has fundamentally reshaped the human condition. It is that important. Before the nineteenth century, images appeared to the eye as singular and precious; even prints seemed, at bottom, handmade. The earliest photographs were also regarded as rare—miraculous relics of the actual world. Very soon, however, the camera began to churn out images in relentless profusion; today, it's hard to imagine Western culture when it did not constantly chase after its own shadow. No feature of life seemed to change more through the influence of photography than fame. It was the seductive promises of the camera that led Fame—once an august old fellow—into the trashy arms of Celebrity. "The hero was distinguished by his achievement; the celebrity by his image or trademark," wrote Daniel Boorstin in 1961. "The hero created himself; the celebrity is created by the media. The hero was a big man; the celebrity is a big name."

Star light: Gary Cooper, photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull (1932).

Organized by Carole Kismaric and Marvin Heiferman, **Fame After Photography**—a provocative exhibition that opened last week at the Museum of Modern Art—lays out the history of this relationship between the camera and fame. It includes about 600 works, typically presented as "artifacts"; a Steichen photograph is shown in an old copy of *Vanity Fair* rather than as a freestanding work of art. From the beginning, the public was infatuated with depictions of the famous; the transformation of fame into celebrity seems to have been nearly instantaneous. By the 1860s, entrepreneurs were mass-producing *cartes de visite*—small photographic prints that originated as calling cards—of well-known figures. The subjects were not just traditional heroes. Pugilists, criminals, showmen, and oddballs also captured the public fancy: P. T. Barnum was a great early impresario of this new world of celebrity.

As the technical capacities of the camera expanded, so did photography's theatrical range. Decades before Clinton, the famous, working with photographers, chose to enact private moments for public consumption or to present "spontaneity" to the flash. The press was happy to participate in what were called "pseudo-events." The rise of tabloid journalism, and then of Hollywood, intensified this trend. Fame became its performance. As any editor or director knew—then as now—a celebrity act sells. Like perfume, images of the famous aroused desire in the human animal, notably a desire to spend. Among other things, the curators present film stills, movie trailers, magazine covers, Wheaties boxes (with the celebrity endorsements), and a wonderful comic clip from *I Love Lucy* in which Lucy all but swoons when she is seated next to the movie star William Holden. The show touches upon the mania surrounding Lindbergh, Jackie, and Di, examines some contemporary artists who make fame their subject—Warhol, of course, is preeminent—and even explores the Internet's democratic approach to fame. In order to star in their own lives, many people now create Web pages devoted to their daily doings.

So much ham is on display. Not only is the exhibition crowded with showy pictures, but snatches of sound from movie clips create a background buzz. Ideas are billboarded onto walls. This busy-busy-busy design and aura of jostling juxtaposition (here a president, there a criminal) are themselves typical of the syncopation of modern fame. Although many of the photographs are fun to look at—they are "fabulous," to use a celebrity sort of word—what's best about this jumpy show is its air of underlying ambivalence. As their essay makes clear, Kismaric and Heiferman are not passive observers. They do not just mouth a Warholian "wow." Instead, they quote skeptic after skeptic on the modern *(continued on page 78)*

Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull, courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET JOSEPH O'NEILL

Light Brigade

Malatesta, where the portions may be huge but the ambience is airy, is perfect for summer dining; Les Deux Lapins thrives at its new location.

Malatesta (649 WASHINGTON STREET; 741-1207) has everything that the Underground Gourmet could ask for in a summery West Village trattoria: delicious and inexpensive food, a (sliver of a) river view, and (unlike nearby Bar Pitti) easy accessibility even if your name isn't on the *Vogue* masthead.

Malatesta is the unsung year-old offspring of model-infested Piadina (57 West 10th Street), with which it shares a vaguely rust-colored and rustic décor and a menu inspired by Emilia-Romagna; yet as opposed to its convivial but dungeonlike elder, Malatesta is luminous and airy and just right for this time of year. Its floor-to-ceiling windows are thrown open to allow tables to spill onto Christopher Street; a pleasant zephyr wafts in from the Hudson to ruffle the paper tablecloths and cool the brow; the service, too, epitomizes efficient breeziness.

The other great thing about Malatesta, for those worried about a summer tummy, is that portions are so large and gratifying that one course will do. The mixed-grilled-vegetable appetizer ($7), for example, fills a platter with zucchini, radicchio, eggplant, leek, and tomato, and comes with a piping-hot piadina, which is a soft, Frisbee-size thin flatbread that functions as a wrap or an edible scoop and is the everyday nourishment of Romagna farmers. Other starters are equally generous: The mussels ($6.50) would sate a large party of mollusk-crazed Belgians, and the mushroom salad ($5.50) is a five-strong (yes, five) flotilla of portobellos on a deep, vinegar-darkened sea of arugula. Also sizable is the artichoke salad ($7), in which the vegetable appears in authentic Italian fashion: raw, and sliced into thin, crunchy strips that are drizzled with lemon juice and olive oil and topped by shards of peppery grana. There are also numerous piadina sandwiches on offer at around $6, the cheekiest of which is the cheese with arugula: The cheese has the creamy consistency of mascarpone but is in fact a cunning and entirely effective combination of sour cream and—wait for it—cottage cheese.

The immense servings continue with the main courses, which are a special treat for anyone fond of enormous but exquisitely cooked animal parts. A huge hunk of tuna with fresh herbs ($18 and seared precisely as requested) emerges from the kitchen like Australia; grilled sirloin steak on arugula ($18) comes in a pile of delicious slices stained by balsamic vinegar and pebbled with shavings of grana padano, the butter-soft flesh cut only slightly more thickly than one might see in Milan; and grilled lamb chops ($16) are a quartet of soft cutlets made in exact compliance with their eater's specifications—i.e., medium-rare but crispy. This bespoke grilling is never to be taken for granted.

Less meaty (and less pricey) are gnocchi ($11)—fine, but no inordinate shakes—and spaghetti alla chiatarra ($9.50). The latter comes with wonderfully fruity and aromatic fresh-chopped tomatoes (which also figure in a delicious polenta appetizer, $6), but to my peasant's palate the lumps of heat-softened mozzarella are, as Roman lawyers used to say, wood that can be chopped without injury. The only dish that I thought didn't work was the fettuccine with shrimp, artichoke, and diced tomato ($14): Nothing wrong with the pasta, but shrimp are naturally fantastic-tasting little blighters and there is no earthly reason why one should find them, as I did on this occasion, tough and on the fishy side.

The West Village's Malatesta Trattoria is the unsung offspring of Piadina.

Finally, a caution: An enormous bottle of balsamic vinegar is made available to diners at Malatesta to splash onto their food to their heart's content. Please think twice before succumbing to the temptation. Although aceto balsamico is undoubtedly a good thing, it would be a shame if this specialty, which should be used sparingly, were to wind up on that blasted heath known as freshly-ground-pepper territory.

Malatesta Trattoria's extended summer hours are from 11:30 A.M. *to midnight every day. Cash only.*

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Photograph by James Baigrie.

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son Street; 387-8484) formerly operated on weekends out of premises on East 5th Street between A and B. Somewhat inauspiciously, it has relocated to the portion of Thompson Street notorious for its transient population of eat-anything students and "Is this Greenwich Village?" tourists who think jerk chicken is a term of abuse. But happily, Les Deux Lapins is thriving in its new home, and any shortfall in local gastronomes has been made good by the crowd that has loyally followed chef Mark Solomon (who used to run Red Strype) and his co-owner and wife, Jentee, to their new place.

The key to eating well at Les Deux Lapins is to go in a group of three or four and place the dishes into common ownership. Take our friend jerk chicken ($8). Well-cooked, nongreasy, but challengingly hot, it begins, after a few bites—let alone the six pieces that are served—to burn like lava; but taken in moderation (and washed down with very gingery Jamaican Ginger Beer), it makes a great kick start to a meal. Alternatively, try one of the various patty appetizers ($7), all of which are good: Petits patties are compact packets of ground beef wrapped in firm saffron pastry and garnished with a zesty, fresh-as-can-be salsa with peppers and onions; plantain patties are sweet and wrapped snugly in puff pastry; and cocktail patties do the medley-of-vegetables-with-marinara-sauce thing well.

Main courses include some filling but subtle gems. Mouton calypso ($14) is a spicy torte of curried lamb that is very nicely complemented by a sweet pool of coconut crème fraîche. Prawn Port Royal ($16) is sautéed shrimp atop an insular mound of rice surrounded by a complicatedly delicious, now-sweet, now-spicy sludge of beans, rice, tomatoes, and herbs; the prawns are excellent but, given the price of this dish, should perhaps number more than four. Poulet Montego ($12) is a wonderfully thought-out chicken chausson that comes with rice and a sprinkling of beans and chopped red bell peppers; open the cornmeal crust and you strike succulent chicken, a rum jus, and a trove of mustardy and lemony flavors.

Like Malatesta, Les Deux Lapins, thanks to its Caribbean menu and atmosphere, is a great summer venue (but don't raise your hopes about the four-table cement garden out back). It may be in the fall, though, that this place reaches its zenith. The basement area will be opened with live music, and the samba and the liming will make this joint hotter than jerk chicken.

Les Deux Lapins is open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Joseph O'Neill's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Stevens *continued from page 76*

way of fame—"Celebrity is a mask," said John Updike, "that eats into the face"—in order to provoke viewers into a thoughtful response to celebrity culture.

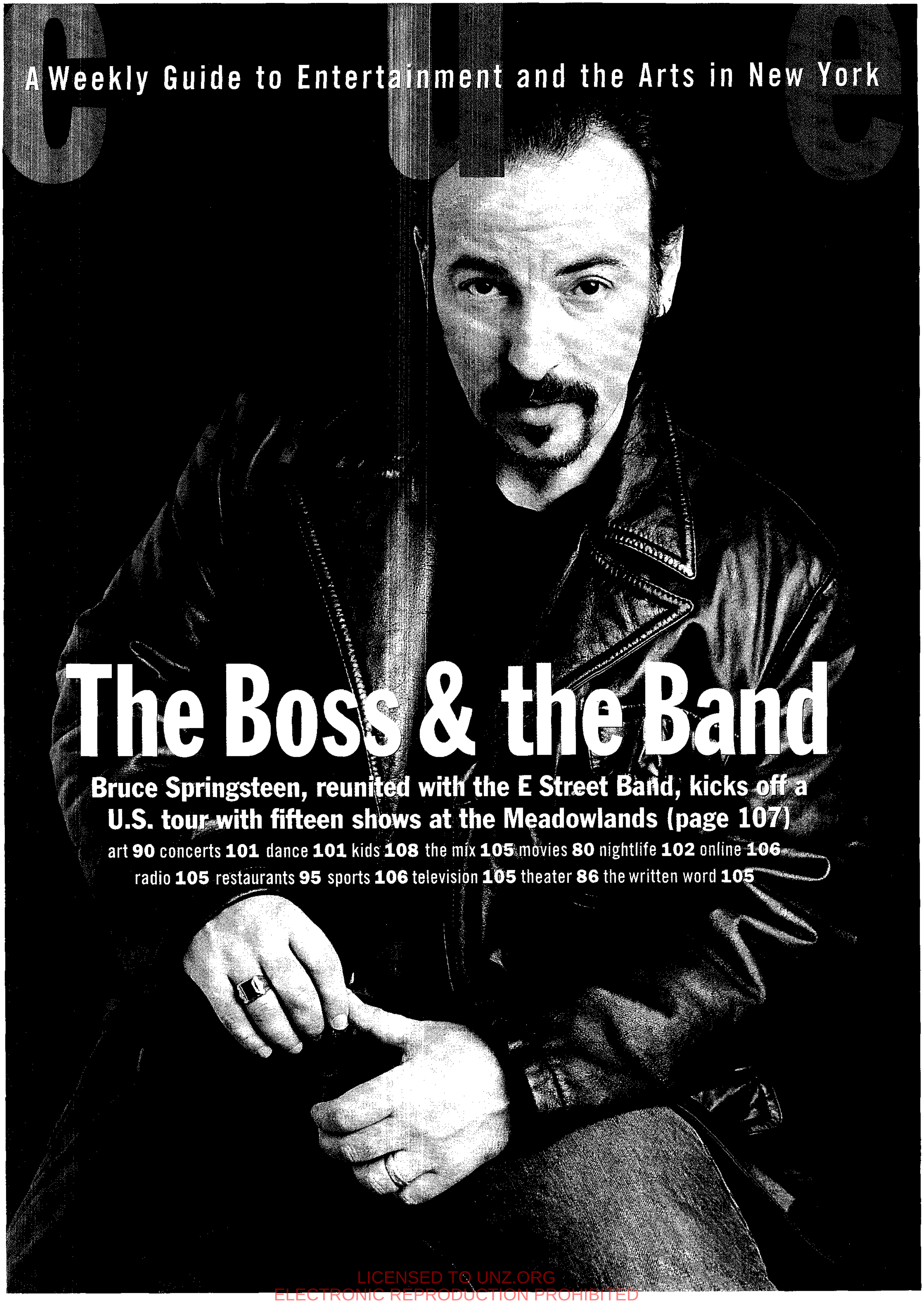
How should one regard the face of fame? An attitude of preening superiority is much too easy a position to take (and often narcissistic in its own right), for there is a kind of playfulness—like the genius of a parade—to the unending flow of celebrity. The movie still of Gary Cooper, which is reproduced here, was taken by a photographer named Clarence Sinclair Bull. And is it just bull? No, it's a delightful summation of a certain masculine ideal; that cocky cigarette echoes the classical purity of a Greek column. Still, only a particularly blithe ostrich could remain undisturbed by what fame and photography have conspired to make of modern society. Celebrity culture has an uncanny power. It seems to steal into the secret places of the heart, creating an addicting illusion of intimacy, community, and success for those without much of the real thing. Its exaggerations diminish. Its frantic emphasis upon novelty heightens fear of age. (Nothing is quite so dead as the "now" once it becomes "then.") It empties the world of privacy, drawing everything inside to the surface, into the momentary mirror glint of celebrity. Warhol devised the most telling face of fame—wan, bleached out, with a camera hanging from the neck.

Celebrity culture grows more and more pervasive—even as it becomes, with the Internet, more ephemeral. Politics is Hollywood, Hollywood politics. Spin rules. The press long ago surrendered to the image of fame. For the most part, journalism is now—except in its higher precincts—a form of sausage-making in which slices of celebrity are delivered to a fickle public. (There is better and worse sausage to be had, but it is still sausage-making.) Words themselves seem overcome, often serving as little more than captions to photographs. Articles are everywhere shorter and pictures bigger; most editors prefer a profile of an artist to a discussion of art. As fame yields to celebrity, so does art to artist, character to personality, and memory to nostalgia. While walking through this exhibit, I kept thinking of the opening of Walker Percy's novel *The Moviegoer,* in which the narrator comes upon the same William Holden who threw Lucy into a tizzy. The narrator watches and studies Holden, enjoying the halo around the movie star as he walks down the street. What he admires, however, is the gesture of an awkward young man who gives Holden a light—and refuses to make a big deal of it. The young man has kept his distance. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



The Boss & the Band

Bruce Springsteen, reunited with the E Street Band, kicks off a U.S. tour with fifteen shows at the Meadowlands (page 107)

art **90** concerts **101** dance **101** kids **108** the mix **105** movies **80** nightlife **102** online **106**
radio **105** restaurants **95** sports **106** television **105** theater **86** the written word **105**

movies

The Blair Witch Project...Eyes Wide Shut

New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *BAM Rose Cinemas; Cinema Village.*

American Pie—With three weeks to go, four friends make a pact to lose their virginity by the end of their senior year in high school—each with his own raunchy, sometimes humiliating but endearingly juvenile strategy. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Arlington Road—See Rainer, page 72. (1 hr. 17 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelously kooky comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. This new film featuring the Carnaby Street shagster and part-time spy is very funny as long as it sticks with Austin and his furball, snaggle-toothed weirdnesses. But there's too much Dr. Evil in this one, too many doo-doo jokes and fat jokes, and too much cleavage comedy. Heather Graham is disappointingly bland as CIA agent Felicity Shagwell. Rob Lowe, playing a young Robert Wagner, does a spot-on Wagner impression. Who would have thought bland-on-bland could have this many levels? (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Autumn Tale—See Rainer, page 72. (7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Previews
Sex in the City

Completed just days before his death, Stanley Kubrick's anxiously anticipated *Eyes Wide Shut*—starring Nicole Kidman and Tom Cruise as a married couple wrestling with adultery and sexual perversity in New York—finally opens on July 16. With Todd Field, Marie Richardson, and Leelee Sobieski.

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Besieged—An English musician in Rome is entranced by the young African woman who cleans his home while she studies medicine. With Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Big Daddy—Adam Sandler plays a layabout law-school grad who accidentally ends up with custody of a 5-year-old boy and learns how to be a papa. This mix of *The Kid* and *The Champ* with the usual Sandler slacker shtick is being hailed as a step forward for him. It's more like a step backward into sappiness. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Blair Witch Project—The story of three student filmmakers who venture into the woods of Burkittsville, Maryland, to document the legend of the Blair Witch and never return. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Day of the Beast—A comedy about a priest who, convinced that he has determined the date of the birth of the Antichrist, embarks on a crime spree in hopes of meeting the Devil and destroying him. Starring Alex Angulo. Directed by Alex de la Iglesia. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Defying Gravity—The story of a frat boy who falls in love with one of the brothers in his fraternity house. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

★The Dreamlife of Angels—This first feature by the

'Cue' cover photograph by Michael O'Neill/Outline.

42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off: They throng the malls and pull pranks and try to crash nightclubs; they smoke in bed together and razz men. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. The two performers deservedly shared the Best Actress award last year at Cannes. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Edge of Seventeen—An Ohio teen falls in love with another guy during the summer of 1984. With Chris Stafford and Tina Holmes. Directed by David Moreton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. First they rob an ancient Chinese gold mask from a heavily guarded London exhibit, then a computerized bank account worth billions from a bank in Kuala Lumpur. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

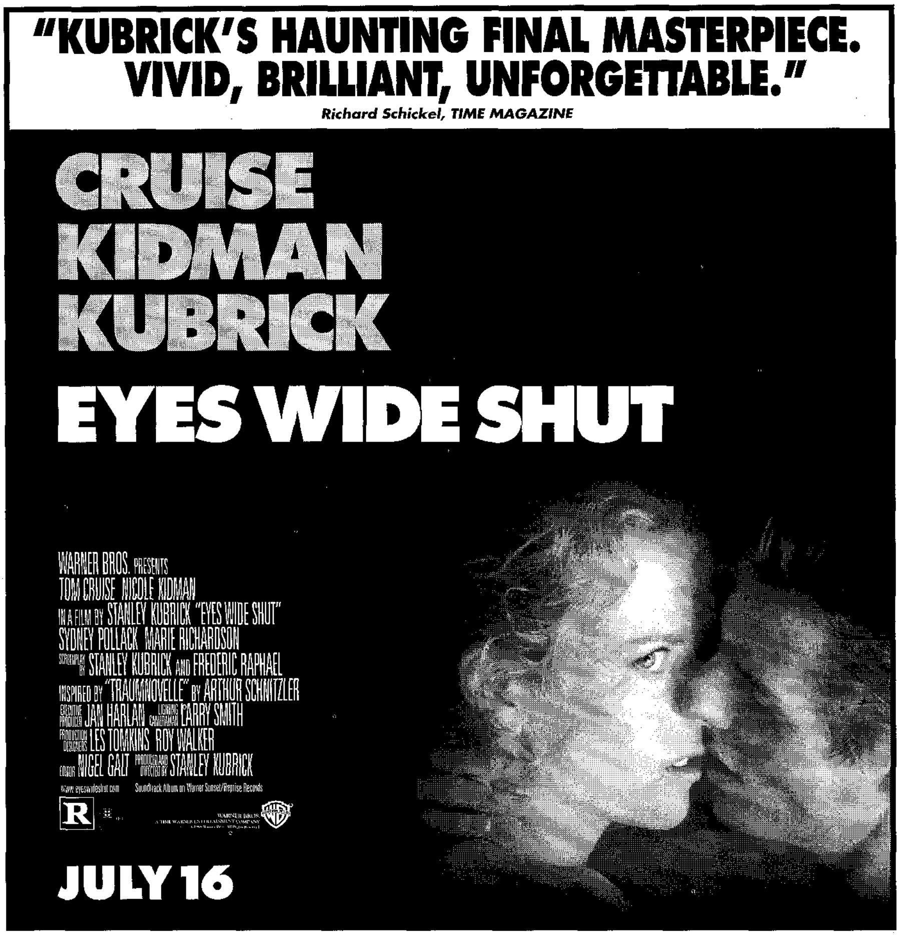
Eyes Wide Shut—Nicole Kidman, Tom Cruise, Todd Field, and Marie Richardson star in the late Stanley Kubrick's film about infidelity and other sordid business. Opens 7/16. (About 2 hrs.; R).

The General's Daughter—John Travolta stars as an army investigator who attempts to nab the murderer of a colonel—the general's daughter—and finds himself up to his chin in military scandal and smarm. As murder mysteries go, it's pretty plodding; we never get the feeling that the filmmakers are a step ahead of us, and the clues don't really add up. Director Simon West puts most of his brio into the rape and near-rape scenes while, at the same time, trying to fob the film off as some kind of examination of feminist travails in the military. The cast, which also includes Madeleine Stowe, James Cromwell, Timothy Hutton, and James Woods, takes turns over- and underacting. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's Cobble Hill; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Genghis Blues—A documentary about blind blues legend Paul Pena and his journey as he learns the art of multi-harmonic Tuvan throat singing. (1 hr. 28 mins., NR). *Cinema Village.*

Go!—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hands-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklet set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally, there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (1 hr. 42 mins.) *The Screening Room.*

An Ideal Husband—Director Oliver Parker has



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Richard Schickel, TIME MAGAZINE

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adapted Oscar Wilde's 1895 play with a superb cast—Rupert Everett, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett, Minnie Driver, John Wood—and reworked it into something more naturalistic and contemporaneous than Wilde intended. Certain roles, such as the ones played by Moore and Driver, are expanded, and, near the end, he rewrites Wilde so that the play threatens to turn into a cliffhanger. Sacrilege aside, most of this plays rather well, but what's missing is more of the Wildean tone—the sense of life as an exquisite, farcical artwork. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Lake Placid—When a 30-foot man-eating crocodile is discovered in a lake in Maine, Oliver Platt, Bridget Fonda, Brendan Gleeson, and Bill Pullman come to the rescue. Written by David E. Kelley. Opens 7/16 (1 hr. 20 mins.; R).

★Late August, Early September—Olivier Assayas's film about Parisian friends in their thirties is a graceful roundelay that at times recalls Claude Sautet's 1974 *Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others* in the way it uses its people as almost the embodiment of musical motifs. The cast includes Virginie Ledoyen, Mathieu Amalric, and Francois Cluzet. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Lovers on the Bridge—The 1991 love story of two vagabonds living on the Pont-Neuf. With Juliette Binoche, Denis Laant, and Klaus-Michael Grüber. Directed by Léos Carax. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from the curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Muppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another mad-cap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; G). Opens 7/14.

★My Son the Fanatic—A marvelous movie from England, scripted by Hanif Kureishi and directed by Udayan Prasad, about a Pakistani cabdriver (Om Puri) in northern Britain whose son (Akbar Kurtha) renounces his possessions to become an Islamic fundamentalist. It's a reversal of the usual father-son situation: Here the father, who still believes after living 25 years in the country that England is a fabled and pleasant place, is far more liberal than the son, who doesn't want to abide its decadence. The cabdriver ends up loving a prostitute (Rachel Griffiths) he ferries around on assignations, and they become improbable soulmates. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. In other words, what we have here is another self-congratulatory play-it-both-ways Hollywood romance: The suitor is saluted for having the proper values while, at the same time, we're encouraged to lap up the luxuries of stardom. The relationship between the lovers is meant to be improbably thrilling, but what we see is something else—at best, they look like they have a pronounced affection for each other. This movie-star-who-wants-to-be-a-real-person conceit has a chilling effect on Julia Roberts, whose appeal, of course, is based on her seeming just like the rest of us—only more gorgeous and winning. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Sony Lincoln Square.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Regret to Inform—Barbara Sonneborn's personal, Oscar-nominated documentary about her visit to Vietnam to talk to those who still deal with the casualties of the war: the soldiers' widows. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

★Run Lola Run—Franka Potente, the star of this excitingly kinesthetic action comedy, has the lean look of a champion sprinter. She's like a new-style industrial-age automaton: a sleek machine. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, racing around town in quest of cash. Tykwer is after the rush you get when you connect a primal, direct-action story to a love of speed. He's a playful maniac. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.*

Opening

Something Kino-Pravda This Way Comes

As the filmmakers Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez tell it, the concept behind *The Blair Witch Project* arose easily enough. "We were just sitting around Ed's apartment talking about horror movies and started thinking about those little documentary films like *In Search of . . .* and *NOVA* specials on Bigfoot and the Loch Ness Monster, and how much stuff like that used to freak us out as kids," Myrick explains as Sanchez fields a call on his cell phone after an all-day junket at Park Avenue's Regency Hotel. "We thought it would be cool to do a movie that's really scary—a whole feature film that's formatted like a documentary and that's talking about something weird." The two then fabricated the story of the Blair Witch and came up with the premise of three student filmmakers who disappear into the Maryland countryside when they attempt to document the Blair Witch "legend," leaving just their footage as testament to whatever unpleasantness they inevitably endured. It took Myrick and Sanchez one year and 2,000 head shots to find the right actors (Heather Donahue, Michael Williams, and Joshua Leonard); three weeks of preproduction; eight days to shoot; and "about the price of a new Ford Taurus" to pull it off. To preserve the realness, and the terror, the actors actually shot the film themselves. "We had them improv all their dialogue, and we just immersed them in a real-time, fully encompassing scenario and had them ad-lib all their reactions throughout the eight days," says Myrick. "It was like a military operation—24 hours a day, muddy and tired," adds Sanchez. But it worked. Now, six years after its casual conception, comes *The Blair Witch Project* and all of its companion pieces—the Website; *The Blair Witch Dossier* (a book based on the disappearance of the three filmmakers to be released in August); *Curse of the Blair Witch,* the one-hour Sci Fi Channel special airing July 12 that features interviews with parents and friends of the "missing" filmmakers; the Oni Press *Blair Witch Comic Book* (released July 9); and, presumably "found in their abandoned car," *Josh's Blair Witch Mix,* featuring songs by PIL, Front Line Assembly, Lydia Lunch, Skinny Puppy, and the Afghan Whigs, on Chapter III Records. "We used to joke about little witch-stick-talisman key chains and a Josh action figure with a missile-launching DAT camera," says Myrick. "But now it doesn't seem so far off." "Yeah," admits Sanchez, "we're getting a little too close to the cheeseball factor. But we can't complain." *Opens July 14 at the Angelika.*

Brett Kelly

Photograph courtesy of Artisan Entertainment.

(Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut—Trey Parker and Matt Stone's animated spawn sing songs, learn to curse . . . and do so fervently while also saving Canada from their parents, and defeating the Devil himself. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay;Loews State; Clearview's First and 62nd; UA East; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavillion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Cinemart; College Point Multiplex; Jackson Triplex; UA Crossbay II; Atrium; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects.At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Summer of Sam—Spike Lee's movie about the Italian-American Bronx community and how it reacted to the Son of Sam murders in the summer of 1979 has some startling Weegee-like scenes of mayhem but most of the film plays like *Do the Right Thing* in Scorsese camouflage. The Italian buddies go into their goombah jags; sleek mafiosi preen before their veal cutlets in low-lit restaurants; everybody's fears are riled by the murders and the heat and almost nobody looks the better for it. Its a smirky, narrow view of human experience. John Leguizamo and Mira Sorvino star as the married couple who take their woes to Plato's Retreat. Rainer 7/12/99)(About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; bam Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tarzan—Disney's latest animation feature has some first-rate visual effects involving the ape guy surfing the treetops and battling leopards. The visual techniques outstrip the story line, which is mostly Disney kitsch bubbling up through Edgar Rice Burroughs kitsch. Tarzan is given a hyper-physiqued look that is somewhere between Fabio and the Prince of Egypt. When he meets Jane, he's so worked up that he swings through the sky on vines; it's eco-autoeroticism. He might have not been so deprived if the animators had seen fit to introduce a few Africans into the jungle. But there's nary a one. Perhaps Disney thought the best way to get around the ooga-booga stereotype was to eliminate blacks altogether. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Guild 50th Street; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Opening

Crocodile Rock

In David E. Kelley's 'Lake Placid,' a very Ally McBeal–ish paleontologist (played by Bridget Fonda) quirkily confronts extinction when she teams up with Bill Pullman and Oliver Platt to catch an ancient, 30-foot man-eating crocodile on the still shores of a New England lake. Opens July 16.

Photograph by Bob Akester.

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim-ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between present-day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Violent Cop—Takeshi Kitano is a renegade cop who brings down a corporate-run drug ring when his emotionally disturbed sister is kidnapped. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

When Love Comes—The romantic misadventures of six New Zealand teens. Directed by Garth Maxwell. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Wild Wild West—Barry Sonenfeld's follow-up to *Men in Black* stars Will Smith and Kevin Kline as James T. West and Artemus Gordon, special government agents in the post-bellum South who save America from the diabolical machinations of the legless wonder Dr. Arliss Lovelace, played, with a nice gleam of comic menace, by Kenneth Branagh. This is rumored to be one of the most expensive movies ever made—just a few ice floes short of a *Titanic*—and yet it's not clear from the hectic emptiness of what's onscreen if anybody knew *why* it should be made. The pairing of Smith and Kline is a fizzle, and the Jules Verne-ish special effects, which include a flying machine and an 80-foot mechanical tarantula, lack visionary magic. They're more like computer-generated Tinkertoys. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these upper-crusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast that also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

The Wood—In the uncertain hours before Roland's (Taye Diggs) wedding, he strolls down memory lane with his two best friends and recounts their experiences growing up in Inglewood. With Omar Epps, Richard T. Jones, Sean Nelson, and Malinda Williams. (About 1 hr. 30 mins., R). Opens 7/16.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Notting Hill; Regret to Inform.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Buena Vista Social Club; An Ideal Husband; My Son the Fanatic; Run Lola Run.* Opening 7/16:

The Blair Witch Project.

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Arlington Road; Besieged; Election; Limbo; Tarzan; Tea With Mussolini.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *After Life; Genghis Blues; Violent Cop.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *American Pie; Big Daddy.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Late August, Early September; The Lovers on the Bridge.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; Summer of Sam.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Defying Gravity; The Dreamlife of Angels; Edge of Seventeen; When Love Comes.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Go!; Love, Etc.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Matrix; The Red Violin; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West; The Winslow Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Election; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Besieged; Notting Hill; The Red Violin.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; An Ideal Husband; Run Lola Run; Tarzan; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Wild Wild West.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; Summer of Sam.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505–6397#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Tarzan.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *An Ideal Husband; Run Lola Run.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Run Lola Run.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Summer of Sam.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Notting Hill.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Life; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Shakespeare in Love; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tarzan.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Wild Wild West.*

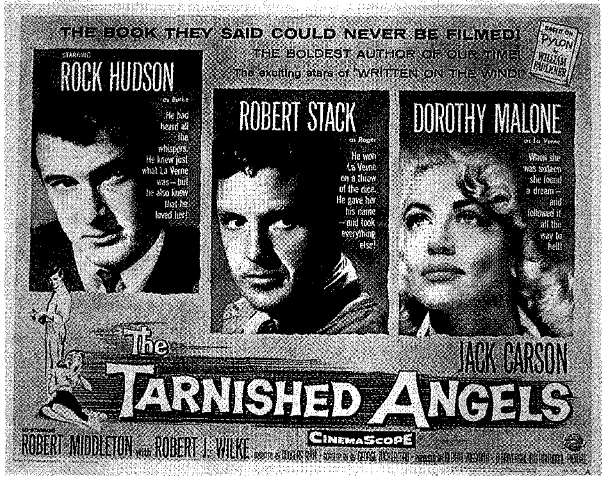
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Notting Hill; Summer of Sam.*

Retrospective Melodramatica

Film Forum tips its hat to Douglas Sirk with a retrospective of four of the director's glossy Hollywood melodramas, including *Written on the Wind* (1956) and *The Tarnished Angels* (1957), both starring Rock Hudson, Dorothy Malone, and Robert Stack; *Imitation of Life* (1959), with Lana Turner, Mahalia Jackson, and Susan Kohner; and *Magnificent Obsession* (1954), with Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman. Through July 22 at Film Forum. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.


THE BOOK THEY SAID COULD NEVER BE FILMED!
THE BOLDEST AUTHOR OF OUR TIME!
The exciting stars of "WRITTEN ON THE WIND!"
BASED ON PYLON BY WILLIAM FAULKNER
ROCK HUDSON
He had heard all the whispers. He knew just what La Verne was—but he also knew that he loved her!
ROBERT STACK
He won La Verne on a throw of the dice. He gave her his name—and took everything else!
DOROTHY MALONE
as La Verne
When she was sixteen she found a dream—and followed it all the way to hell!
JACK CARSON
The TARNISHED ANGELS
CinemaScope
ROBERT MIDDLETON with ROBERT J. WILKE

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Winslow Boy.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *American Pie; Notting Hill.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The General's Daughter.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Wild Wild West.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Wild Wild West.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut* .

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Limbo.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Autumn Tale; Buena Vista Social Club; My Son the Fanatic; The Red Violin; Run Lola Run; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Wild Wild West.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Big Daddy; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Notting Hill; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *After Life; Days of Heaven; The Red Violin; Summer of Sam; The Winslow Boy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *An Ideal Husband; Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; The General's Daughter; The Mummy; Wild Wild West.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off

Photograph courtesy of Film Forum/Photofest.

Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Limbo; The Mummy; The Red Violin; Tea With Mussolini.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Baby Geniuses; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Harmonists; The Red Violin; This Is My Father; The Winslow Boy.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *An Ideal Husband; Notting Hill.*

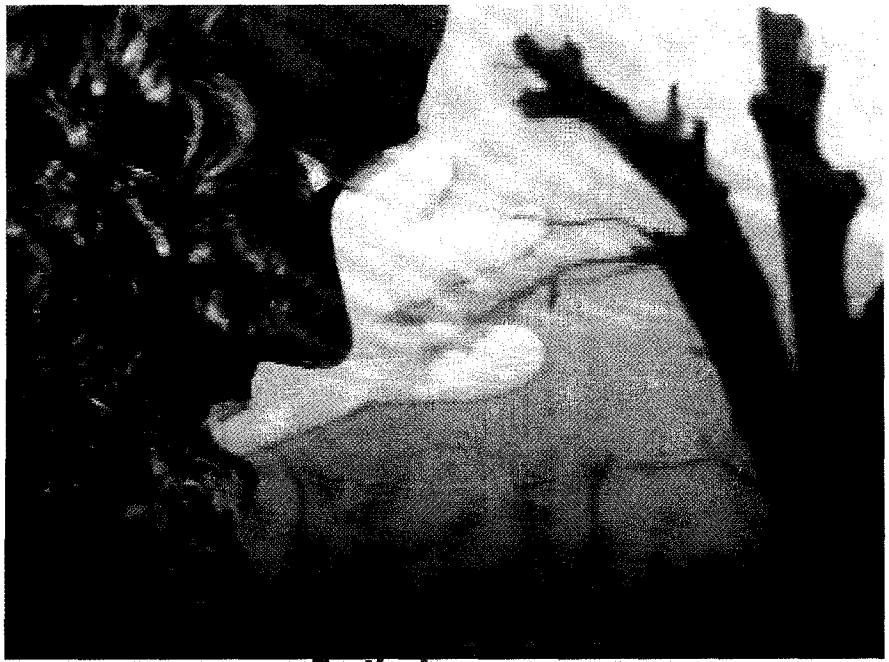
UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Tarzan.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*



Festival In Video

The Film Society of Lincoln Center thumbs its nose at more advanced cinematic technology this month and celebrates the craft through film's invaluable kid brother when it kicks off the New York Video Festival on July 16. The festival features thirteen programs comprising works by more than 40 videomakers and including the Wooster Group's radical rendition of Eugene O'Neill's 'The Emperor Jones' (above), with Kate Valk and Willem Dafoe. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.

Photograph courtesy of the Film Society of Lincoln Center.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tarzan.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 8/8: "John Ford: Western Poet." 7/17: *Three Bad Men* (1926); *Drums Along the Mohonk* (1939). 7/18: *My Darling Clementine* (1946); *The Three Godfathers* (1948). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—7/14: "New Filmmakers." Shorts: *City in My Pocket* (1999), *Namasivaya* (1998), *Happily Ever After* (1997), *Moonsheep* (1998). Feature: *Rudy Blue* (1998). 7/15–7/29: Peter Bogdanovich's *The Thing Called Love.* "Italian Film Festival." 7/16–7/17: *Girl With a Suitcase* (1961); 7/17–7/18: *Pizzicata* (1996). 32 Second Ave. (505-5110); $7.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Through 7/25: "Summer of Spike." 7/15: *Freak* (1998). 7/16: *Girl 6* (1996). 7/17: *Clockers* (1995). 7/18: *Crooklyn* (1994). Through 7/20: "Robert Bresson." 7/13: *L'Argent* (1982). 7/14: *Balthazar* (1966). 7/19: *Pickpocket* (1959). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/19: *Dr. Strangelove; or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb* (1964). 7/12: *Gilda* (1946). Rain dates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Classics—"Wild Man June." 7/12–7/13: *Crimes & Misdemeanors* (1989). 7/14–7/15: *Husbands & Wives* (1992). 7/16–7/18: *Play It Again, Sam* (1972) and *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* (1972). "Midnight Mockery." 7/16: *Kitten With a Whip* (1964). Double feature, $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—7/18: *Dog Day Afternoon* (1975). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Universal Sirk." 7/13–7/14: *Written on the Wind* (1956). 7/15–7/17: *Imitation of Life* (1959). 7/18–7/20: *Magnificent Obsession* (1954). "Harold Lloyd." 7/12: *For Heaven's Sake* (1926) and *The Sin of Harold Diddlebock* (1947). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 7/15: "Tracking Eternity: Max Ophuls' Motion Pictures." 7/13: *Werther* (1938) and *Divine* (1935). 7/14: *The Company in Love* (1931). 7/14–7/15: *The Tender Enemy* (1936). "The New York Video Festival." 7/16: "Society of Spectacle"; "Outer and Inner Space"; *The Emperor Jones.* 7/17: "Family Matters"; "They Don't Make 'Em Like They Used To"; "Only Human"; "After Images." 7/18: "Family Matters"; "After Images"; "Confession." 7/19: "Outer and Inner Space"; "They Don't Make 'Em Like They Used To"; "Do All Music Videos Go to Heaven?" 7/15: *A Day in Black and White.* 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings, $8.50–$15.

The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

Brian Friel at Lincoln Center...Priscilla Lopez

Opening
Imax Theater

3-Legged Dog, a theater company that probably has as many engineers on staff as writers, makes its Off Broadway debut this week with *Automatic Earth,* another one of its multimedia, high-tech, jumbo-screen epics. The plot this time intertwines the fates of a mental patient and a massive hurricane; opens July 15 at the befittingly capacious Signature Theatre.

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.

Broadway
Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Does art imitate life or vice versa? Who is saved: the actressy, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won the Tony award here in 1998. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man, and Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—You all know that this is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman,* you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. He gives a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

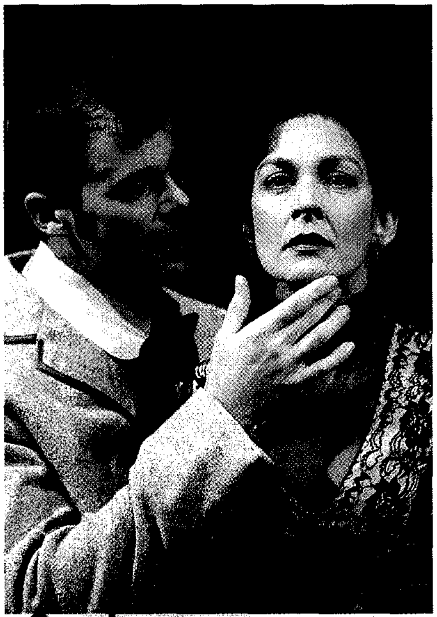
Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) *Party of Five*'s Scott Wolf now stars. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*



Opening

Identity Crises

A crop of Broadway recognizables (including Michele Pawk, most recently of 'Cabaret') star in 'After the Fair,' a musical comedy based on Thomas Hardy's "On the Western Circuit," his charming short story about a domino chain of romantic misunderstandings. Music by Matthew Ward; book and lyrics by Stephen Cole. Opens July 15 at the Theatre at Saint Peter's Church.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

After the Fair—A romantic musical based on Thomas Hardy's short story "On the Western Circuit," with book and lyrics by Stephen Cole and music by Matthew Ward. Starring a cast of Broadway reliables, including Michele Pawk (*Cabaret*) and Jennifer Piech (*Titanic*). $40–$45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. In previews for a 7/15 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (239-6200).*

Automatic Earth—A massive, multimedia spectacle from 3-Legged Dog about a mental patient and a vicious hurricane. By Kevin Cunningham. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/15 opening. Through 8/1. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (645-0374).*

The Brave—Scottish playwright Sharman Macdonald's thriller about murder and sexual politics in North Africa. Presented by the Goldthread Theater Company; starring Aasif Mandvi, creator and star of the Obie-winning *Sakina's Restaurant.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 7/13 for a 7/22 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty's comedy about the love affair between George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated London stage actress who originated the role of Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion.* Donal Donnelly plays him, Marian Seldes plays her, the Irish Rep presents; Charlotte Moore, as always, directs. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/16 for a 7/22 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Freedom of the City—Brian Friel's 1973 work set in Derry City, Northern Ireland, at the peak of "the troubles." Presented by the Abbey Theatre as part of Lincoln Center Festival's three-pronged Frielathon. $45–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *John Jay College Theater, Tenth Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (721-6500).*

A Good Swift Kick—A frenetic songfest from John Forster, the satirist who did *How to Eat Like a Child* and *Pretzels.* Some subjects the author considers include Jefferson's DNA, cultural imperialism, and the final thoughts of a deer crossing the turnpike. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 7/13 for a 7/29 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Goodbye My Friduchita—Priscilla Lopez, who originated and a won a Tony for the role of Morales in *A Chorus Line,* portrays the late Mexican painter Frida Kahlo in this new play by Dolores C. Sendler. $20–$25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Opens 7/12. *The Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (712-7458).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 8. In previews for a 7/22 opening. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. (463-0060).*

Uncle Vanya—As liberally adapted by playwright Brian Friel and interpreted by the Gate Theatre of Ireland. The production received glowing reviews last year in *The Irish Times;* now part of Lincoln Center Festival's three-pronged Frielathon. $45–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *LaGuardia Drama Theater, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (721-6500).*

Now Playing

Bash—Or, "the Ally McBeal play." Calista Flockhart stars; Joe Mantello directs; Neil LaBute, author of the films *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors,* supplies the script. The work is composed of three individual one-acts, all demonstrating the general cravenness of humankind. Also featuring Paul Rudd and Ron Eldard. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 7/24. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's well-received costume comedy—about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais—moves uptown, happily providing those of us who didn't catch it at the Greenwich Street Theatre a second chance. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite (and most expertly handled) subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/22. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm the One That I Want—After a long hiatus, Margaret Cho is back on the stand-up circuit, breathing sass and ladling out generous helpings of L.A. dish. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/31. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

In Dahomey—A revival of Broadway's first all-black musical, starring Keith Lee Grant, Brian Chandler, and diva Shirley Verrett. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/25. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (354-1293).*

La Terrasse—Jean-Claude Carrière's comedy about a couple's vain attempts to break up while simultaneously attempting to lease their apartment. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 7/18. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Mike Finesilver. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 7/18. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Cathtilian lithp geth a tuneful thong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. Actor-author David Marshall Grant says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—What do you know? This early play by Conor McPherson has it all: rib-tickling wit, mind-jolting insight, and heart-refreshing humanity, neatly blended. This despite the fact that its three characters take turns monologuizing, there being only two lines of dialogue. In tying together several bizarre but believable stories, McPherson will have you both in stitches and at the edge of your seat. Under Harris Yulin's unfussy but canny direction, the performances vibrate, the lines shiveringly hit their mark. T. R. Knight is disarmingly ingenuous as Joe. As Frank, Thomas Lyons, once he stops going up on his lines, will be fine as he evolves from despairing nonentity to a man of desperate, but still comic, action. And Drew McVety, as the cynical Ray, is best of all. (Simon: 5/31/99.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/15. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek—*See Simon, page 74.* Naomi Wallace's story about two rebellious kids growing up in a small town during the Depression. Lisa Peterson directs. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 7/17. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on

Opening
Self Portrait

Priscilla Lopez, the Tony-winning actress who originated the role of Morales in the original production of *A Chorus Line* 24 years ago, now plays an even more willful and full-toned character—Mexican painter Frida Kahlo—in *Goodbye My Friduchita,* a bio-drama by Dolores C. Sendler opening July 12 at the Director's Company.

Running Time

Friel-dom in the City

When his fierce political drama *The Freedom of the City* opened at the Abbey Theatre in 1973, the Irish playwright Brian Friel was roundly criticized for his blatant partisan Roman Catholic take on Bloody Sunday, when fourteen civilian protesters were killed by British soldiers in Londonderry (Derry) one year earlier. Friel's explosive play is being revived by the Abbey for the first time as part of the Lincoln Center Festival's Friel Festival to celebrate the playwright's seventieth birthday. In addition, Ireland's Gate Theatre will perform *Aristocrats* and Friel's masterly translation of Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*. In *Freedom*, three Irish civilians stumble into the mayor's ornate parlor in the Derry Guildhall during a protest and are shot by police as suspected terrorists when they emerge. Though this probably sounds as blunt as a U2 "No war!" chorus, Irish actress Sorcha Cusack, who plays Lily, a poor mother of eleven trapped in the hall, says the play is more than agitprop. "When I first saw, and loved, the play as a teenager, I wasn't political at all, though I am now," says Cusack. "When it debuted, people were too close to it on both sides of the divide. The pain it aroused meant that Irish people brought their own partisanship to the play, but it's more about the nature of truth and how we all take our pick, if you like, of truths out there to suit our own mind-sets and histories." When British soldiers killed the fourteen in Derry on Bloody Sunday, Cusack remembers, "It was much more personal than political for me. My mother was from Derry, orphaned at age 10, so I remember her reaction foremost. They were her people." With her mother in mind as the British government reopens a truth-and-reconciliation-style investigation of Bloody Sunday, Cusack says, "I don't like to pontificate about politics in Northern Ireland, because I find it's presumptuous. People there have the right to speak for themselves." So perhaps the unlikely accomplishment of Friel's work is that he allows even conscientious actresses to speak confidently, not for victims of state violence like Lily, but as them. LOGAN HILL

a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Wonderland—Julia Dahl's coming-of-age story about politically ambitious twenty-somethings, set in the modern (and specifically, Clinton) era. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

American Living Room Festival—A summer salad of works by new and emerging directors, musicians, puppeteers, etc. $12. Shows and performance times vary. Through 8/29. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

The American Revolution—Kirk Wood Bromley's newest play about George Washington and a motley quintet of new recruits. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/24. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (501-4528).*

Benten Kozo—A return engagement of Jim Simpson's Obie-winning Kabuki-gangsta musical, based on Kawatake Mokuami's nineteenth-century drama about a princess and her missing fiancé. The Bat Theater Co. presents. $20–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/8. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk, a Pittsburgh-based group whose works are often as attention-getting as the names they choose for it. Everything they've done is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Funbox2000—A "sensory theater" work involving text, sound, music, light. Presented by Faux-Real Theatre Company. $14. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (353-6935).*

In Arabia We'd All Be Kings—The directorial debut of Philip Seymour Hoffman, an actor with a great knack for sympathetic freaks. The play, by Stephen Adly-Guirgis, takes place in the new Times Square but features the characters of the old: crackheads, hookers, etc. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (929-2228).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Kosher Franks—An evening of one-act comedies by playwright and pop lyricist Sid Frank. $30. Mon. and Tues. at 8. Through 8/4. *Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Macbeth—As interpreted by the Classical Theatre of Harlem, a new company dedicated to mounting masterpieces north of 125th St. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/1. All performances are outdoors, in the courtyard of the *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st. St. (539-8828).*

Macbeth—Presented by Gorilla Rep, outdoors, at the Cloisters. Free. Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/18. *Fort Tryon Park at the Cloisters; call 330-8086 for more information.*

A Midsummer Night's Dream—As interpreted by the Shakespeare Project, complete with funky puppetry. Free. Thurs.–Sun. at 6. *Production roves from park to park; call 946-1869 for a complete list of locations and more information. From 7/15 through 7/18: Battery Park City at the Oval Lawn, Manhattan.*

Minotaur—A hip-hop concert drama based on the Greek myth. Written by Jonathon Ward; composed, directed, and choreographed by José Joaquín Garcia; presented by Urban Youth Theater. $3 donation suggested. Tues. and Wed. at 1, Thurs. and Fri. at 7. In previews for a 7/20 opening. *Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

No Strings Attached—A summer festival of works by Richard Foreman, dean of the New York avant-garde. $12. *Performances are seven days a week, alternating between Nada, 167 Ludlow St., and the Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. Call 420-1466 for various shows and showtimes.* Through 8/14.

Radiant Pig—A multidisciplinary collaboration between the eponymous folk band and a painter, some dancers, etc. Part of the Performing Garage's Emerging Artists Series. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so the carnage probably isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Richard III—Staged entirely around a 1984 baby-blue Malibu. (*My kingdom for a Ford!*) Presented by Expanded Arts, as part of their "Shakespeare in the Parking Lot" series. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. From 7/9 through 8/7. *Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.*

Romeo and Juliet—Obie-winner Angela Goethals stars in this site-specific production. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 6. *Outdoor Garage at the Present Company Theatorium, 196–198 Stanton St. (420-8877).*

Small Craft Warnings—Just as one of Tennessee Williams's first plays, *Not About Nightingales,* closes uptown, the Worth Street Theater steps in with a downtown production of one of his last. As in so many of this season's dramas, the action takes place in a seedy bar. Starring David Greenspan. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Mon. at 8. Through 7/26. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tiger Tail—The Tennessee Williams renaissance continues apace with this late drama, adapted from his screenplay for *Baby Doll,* about lust and bigotry in the rural South. Shae D'lyn stars. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 7/30. *Harold Clurman Theater, 412 W. 42nd St. (869-6130).*

The Urn—A new comedy by Peter Ackerman, author of *Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight,* about the havoc unleashed by a man's cryptic will. $12–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

You Are Now Entering Nellie Oleson—So abandon all political correctness, ye who dare. It's another installment of affectionate, exuberantly offensive sketch comedy from the Nellie Olesons, the bicoastal troupe that's made an art form out of poor taste. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 7/31. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about a family coming undone when its girls reveal they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Photograph by Amelia Stein.

art

Francesca Woodman...New Penn Station

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Paintings on subway posters executed by the artist in the sixties; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Adriane Herman—An environment of paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, and photographs on the subjects of food, art, and women's roles; through 7/30. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977 by the Greek-American artist; through 8/29. Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908).

Jan Matulka—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting views of New York City, Storm King on the Hudson, and Gloucester and Provincetown, Massachusetts; through 7/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Michael Brennan—Minimal paintings and works on paper; through 7/31. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux—Correspondence, diaries, sketchbooks, portrait drawings, photographs, and watercolors highlighting the life and work of Eyre de Lanux (1894–1996), an American who married a French diplomat and settled in Paris in 1918, where she worked variously as a furniture designer, painter, sculptor, illustrator, and writer; through 10/8. Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. (202-357-2700), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Teo Gonzalez/Carlos Estrada-Vega—Methodical arrangements of small drops of paint on canvas/Paintings composed of many individually stretched and painted canvases. Through 9/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by this artist (1909–1979) whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

John McLaughlin—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings from 1952 to 1973; through 7/30. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (935-1110).

Odd Nerdrum—New self-portraits by the Norwegian realist artist; through 7/30. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545).

Peter Saul—Paintings and drawings from 1984 to the present; through 8/13. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Martin Smith/Laszlo Fekete—Minimal ceramic bowls/Porcelain figures, saltcellars, trays, and other forms that incorporate white porcelain cast-offs from the Herend Factory in Hungary. Through 8/14. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Pedro Barbeito—Digitally produced abstract images on canvas; through 7/30. Basilico, 26 Wooster St. (966-1831).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Barton Lidice Benes—Box constructions in which objects are displayed and identified; through 7/30. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Ashley Bickerton—Recent paintings that depict dysfunctional characters, Stone Age natives, and sophisticated monkeys in a place that time forgot; through 7/30. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Bill Jones/Ben Neill—*Pulse 48,* a collaborative "fractal symphony" by Jones, a photographer and installation artist, and Neill, a performer, composer, and inventor of the Mutantrumpet, a hybrid electro-acoustic instrument; through 9/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by the Mexican-born artist (1895–1963), who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California state mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Austin Thomas—The artist's ongoing investigation of the stones people keep and the stories they hold, including 150 interviews with stone-owning artists, curators, critics, and dealers; through 7/30. Meltzer's on View . . ., 588 Broadway, near Prince St. (343-8256).

Chelsea

Saint Clair Cemin—New white-marble sculptures; through 7/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Laura Emrick—A sculptural installation that transforms the gallery into a "Mars Museum"; through 7/30. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Erik Hanson—Sculptures and works on paper that document ethereal sensory experiences; through 7/31. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Andrew C. Kromelow—An installation of a pop-up, collapsible log-cabin distillery; through 8/30. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Rita McBride/Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Structures of undulating plywood mounted on steel frames that transform the gallery into an arena/One early "floor" from the seventies and one recent painting from the "tree portraits" series she has painted since the late eighties. Through 7/30. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

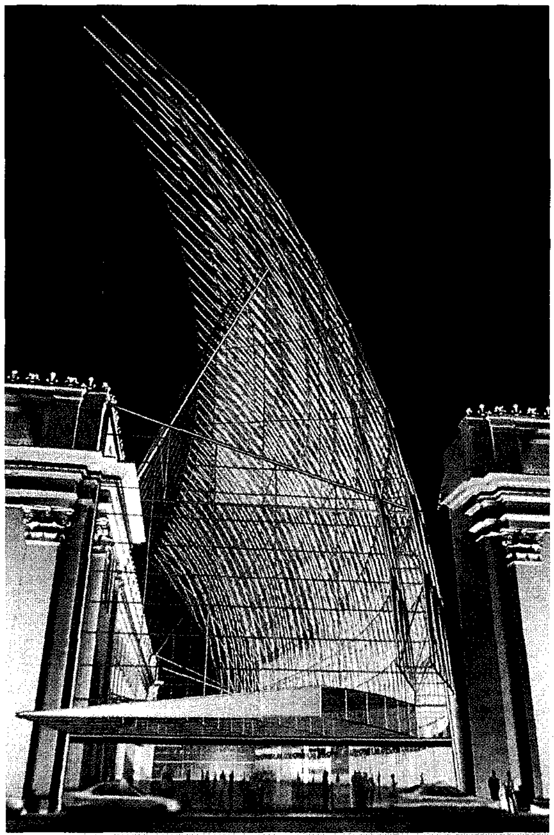
Rudi Molacek—Recent large-scale paintings by an Austrian-born artist who lives in New York; through 7/30. Gasser & Grunert, 524 W. 19th St. (807-9494).

Michael Paha/Skeet McAuley—An installation of terrariums and aquariums supporting a terrain of plants, insects, and animals/Recent photographs of golf courses. Through 7/30. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Other

Liza Lou—*American Glamorama,* installations and sculptures created almost entirely from glass, among them the artist's version of an American backyard picnic; through 7/26. Grand Central's Vanderbilt Hall, 42nd St. between Lexington and Vanderbilt Aves. (878-7452), 10–8 daily.

Matt Harle—Cast-rubber and cast-acrylic-paint wall sculptures the artist calls "strips," which are suspended from or dangling in front of a wall; through 9/14. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 25th Ave. bet. 75th and 76th Sts., Jackson Heights (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.



Design **Not just commuters but all city dwellers will want to check out "Preview: The New Pennsylvania Station in the Farley Post Office," the first public presentation of the architectural model for the new Penn Station, designed by David Childs of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. The exhibition also includes a plan of the main levels of the Farley building (across Eighth Avenue from the present station), where construction begins early next year. At the Museum of Modern Art, 11 West 53rd Street; through August 1.**

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (249-4470). Recent works on paper by Collins, Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Starn, Therrien, Weiner; through 9/11.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; through 8/27.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). Works by Apfelbaum, Beuys, Lees, Moore, Porter, Rifkin, Traylor, others; lithographs by Ellsworth Kelly; through 7/31.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Paintings by Mehri Yazdani, through 7/23; two recent works by a dozen artists, including Emmart, Hardy, Mayo, Porcaro, Rousserie, through 8/13.

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "Snow Scenes," paintings and photographs by Brandt, Callahan, Monet, Seurat, Stieglitz; through 7/30.

57th Street Area

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Walking," works by Abramovic, Fishman, Fulton, Hartnett, Truitt, Winogrand, others; through 8/27.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Works by Avery, Cadmus, Jacquette, Kozloff, Lawrence, Wilson, others; through 8/13.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Recent paintings by Green, Hammond, True, Winkfield; new scrim paintings by James Cambronne; through 7/26.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). American realist paintings and works on paper by Artz, Hagin, King, Loftus, Sullivan, Touchton, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Colorado-born Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2000). "The Carriage Era in New York," an exhibition of eight nineteenth-century horse-drawn carriages and other works; through 9/10.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Linear Impulse," experiments with lines by Cousins, Dehner, Hare, Krasner, Seliger, others; through 8/13.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Recent acquisitions, featuring prints by Käthe Kollwitz and works by Coe, Grosz, Klinger, Schiele, Moses, others; through 9/3.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). New works by Bok, Buszko, Geiger, Harkins, Schneider, Tapley, Vavagiakis, others; through 8/13.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). "Thirty Years of Artists' Book Publishing in Germany," published works from the sixties to the nineties, including works by Baselitz, Johns, Polke, Zaugg, others; through 9/18.

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "444: Four Artists, Four Curators, Four Weeks," Jean Shin, 7/14–7/17; Sergio Muñoz-Sarmiento, 7/21–7/24; Erwin Redl, 7/28–7/31.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). "Machinegunettiquette," works by Arnold, Bareikis, Hebron, Noe, Wiehl, others; through 8/5.

Collins—83 Grand St. (226-1861). A sculpture of a house by Lee Stoetzel; landscape photographs in diptych format by James Barth; wall-mounted painted constructions of found materials by Cordy Ryman; through 7/31.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). "Mozart on Television," new paintings from Germany by Abetz/Drescher, Baer, Klare, Richter, Skreber, Wulff; through 8/6.

Kustera—41 Wooster St. (965-1527). "Summer Slam," paintings, photographs, and video by Biggs, Burckhardt, Ethridge, Mellyn, Ruse, others; through 7/30.

Lehmann Maupin—39 Greene St. (965-0753). "Mixup—Seven Designers, One Artist," curated by Ronald Jones, with works by Frere-Jones, Jasper, Makowski, Massey, McGinty, Opara, Plaesko, Peacock; through 7/31.

Lombard Freid—470 Broome St. (334-5060). "Persuasion," works by Brower, Coe, Guangyi, Rosler, Spiegelman, Wojnarowica; through 7/30.

M-13—72 Greene St. (925-3007). A preview of works by artists who will be having shows at this gallery during the coming season, among them Colon, Goldberg, Kim, Moore, Neher, Rose, Salter, Sofer, Thiele; through 7/31.

Markey—55 Vandam St. (627-4446). Posters from the sixties and seventies by dozens of artists, including Acconci, Beuys, Cage, Dibbets, Hesse, LeWitt, Paxton, Rauscheberg, Tuttle, Warhol, Zorio, others; through 7/30.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "True West," works by Belton, Kelly, Muñoz, Nicosa, Weems, Wohnarowicz, others; through 8/6.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). A fifteen-year retrospective of *Paper* magazine, including works by Davis, Gagnon, Gorman, LaChapelle, Waplington, others; through 7/31.

TZ 'Art—470 Broome St. (966-9059). "(Un)Comfortable Surroundings," works by Adams, Burns, Ferrara, Monk, Zakrzewski, others; through 8/21.

Chelsea

303—525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121). Sculptural floor pieces by Caughey, paintings by Dalwood, sculptures of Stealth bombers by Holloway, a mirrored sculpture by Meadows, and drawings by Oxsanen and Mouskouri; through 7/30.

Bound & Unbound—601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). A retrospective of Boekie Woekie, the Amsterdam publisher and art bookshop, including works by Henriëtte, Roth, Voss, Vriendt, others; through 9/18.

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460). "Overflow," works exploring fluids by Bonvicini, Eliasson, Fischli, Gelatin, Jimenez, Weiss, others; through 7/30.

Foster—529 W. 20th St. (966-9024). "Small Abstractions," works by Goertz, Geiser, Michael, Toia, Williams, others; through 8/7.

Gorney Bravin + Lee—526 W. 26th St. (352-8372). Works by Bloom, Deutsch, Gilje, Le Dray, Rockman, Wearing; others; through 7/30.

LaBoulbenne—504 W. 22 St. (462-4111). "Lovevolution," recent works by Borgese, Brandenburg, Minter, Sale, others; through 7/30.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Works by Albers, Beck, Noland, and Semmel, with black-and-white photographs of found children's clothing by Nancy Shaver; through 9/10.

Martinez—515 W. 27th St. (563-1075). "Pavement: Inside/Outside," urban works by Coco, Ghost, Gout, Mosco, Onnen, Sax, Zet, others; through 7/31.

Martz—529 W. 20th St. (206-3686). Photographs by Carol Porter Berlin, with paintings by Dowd, Faust, and Weber; through 7/31.

Maynes—529 W. 20th St. (741-3318). Photographs by Jeannette Christensen, oil paintings by Catherine Howe, and porcelain vases by Robin Kahn; through 7/30.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752). "20 Years of the Grenfell Press," a retrospective featuring works by Amenoff, Fischl, Kendrick, Phalen, Smith, Tuttle, Winters, others; through 8/15.

Postmasters—459 W. 19th St. (727-3323). Digital, mechanical, and video works by the satirical collective the Bureau of Inverse Technology, with works by Maciej Wisniewski; through 7/31.

Protetch—511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999). Works by Armajani, Burton, Gehry, Lijun, Nozkowski, Pistoletto, others; through 7/31.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). "Stars and Stripes: The Flag in Photographs, American Folk, and Outsider Art," works by Hawkins, Dellschau, others; through 8/24.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (627-6000). "7 Women 7 Years Later," works by Balkenhol, Currin, Andrea, Klein, Ramos, Mapplethorpe, Ruff; through 8/6.

Tonkonow—601 W. 26th St. (255-8450). "Pencils of Nature," post-1968 drawings and photographs by Antezzo, Ellis, Judd, Kelly, Maul, Ruscha, Sato, Stankiewicz, Welling; through 7/30.

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). "Acrylic/Plastic," works in liquid and solid plastics by Brown, Haub, MacArthur, Peck, others; through 7/31.

Other

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Hang Time," photographs of suspended Nerf footballs by Pam Lins, videotapes of Coney Island thrill-seekers by Neil Goldberg, and works by Alexa, Cohen, Lionni, Raggett, Ray; through 8/1.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs by Garfield, Harvey, Raff, Nimoy, others; through 8/27.

Henri Cartier-Bresson/Ezra Stoller—Iconic photographs; through 8/31/Photographs of the new TWA terminal; through 8/13. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Animals Are Funny People," silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwitt, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; through 9/18.

Jim French—Photographs of the male figure; through 8/27. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

William Gedney—Photographs of American homes, shot at night; through 7/31. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9301). "Plain Air," outdoor photography by Barney, Goldin, Gursky, Le Witt, Mapplethorpe, Struth, Wall, others; through 8/20.

Houk—745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070). "The Full Monty," male nude works by Arbus, Cartier-Bresson, David, Mann, Mapplethorpe, Modica, Warhol, Witkin, others; through 8/13.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Díaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; through 9/26.

M. Henry Jones—3-D photography, "stroboscopic zoetropes," animation, film, and customized mechanical devices; through 7/31. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway at Prince St. (226-1111).

James Karales—Vintage photographs from 1956 to 1971 by the American photojournalist; through 7/31. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Michiko Kon—Still-life photographs of surreal objects fashioned from organic materials, including tentacle-covered melons and a hat composed of fish heads; through 8/14. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

David LaChapelle—Photographs by the artist, whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levi's; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). "Russia in Transition," photographs from 1978 to 1998, with works by Yevgeny Khaldei; through 8/7.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (570-1223). "Thirteen," an exhibition of *Blind Spot*'s recent issue, with works by Byrne, Mia, Miesenberger, Ross, Webb, others; through 8/20.

Charles Martin—Black-and-white photographs in which reflections in mirrors and glass are used to suggest time and memory; through 7/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Ray K. Metzker—Fifty black-and-white urban photographs from 1958 to 1983; through 8/13. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Judith Joy Ross and a group exhibition of works by Callahan, Close, Schad, Sudek, others; through 8/27.

Rare—435 W. 14th St. (645-5591). Photographs from Donald Moffett's "Blue (NY)" series, with "Photo Synthesis," a group exhibition of photographs by Alexopoulos, Freedland, Grimes, LeBoeuf, Westphal, others; through 7/31.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of books by Bravo, Brouws, Chalmers, Devine, Kertesz, Opton, Rubin, Verburg, others; through 8/27.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Thin Air," minimalist photographs by Davis, Frailey, Raff, Welling, Wright; through 8/20.

Francesca Woodman—Black-and-white photographs taken between 1972 and 1981, the year the artist died, that depict images of her form with found objects; through 8/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Quilts Across America." A triptych quilt made by fifth-graders from more than 250 schools across the United States; through 8/8. . . . "Brooching It Diplomatically: A Tribute to Madeline K. Albright." Brooches by artists from around the world that were created as a tribute to the secretary of State and were commissioned by the collector and jewelry authority Helen Drutt English; through 8/8. . . . "Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists"; through 8/8. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber-art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter's Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Discovering the Secrets of Soft-Paste Porcelain at the Saint-Cloud Manufactory, ca. 1690-1766." A survey of porcelain objects produced by the Saint-Cloud porcelain factory; 7/15–10/24. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Urban Mythologies: The Bronx Represented Since the 1960s." Works by John Ahearn, Renee Cox, Maya Lin, Gordon Matta-Clark, Pepon Osorio, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., and others; through 9/5. . . . "Con(text): Words, Text, and Meaning in the Permanent Collection." Works from the museum's permanent collection by Glenn Ligon, Carrie Mae Weems, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Nineteenth Annual Exhibition"; 7/7–10/31. . . . "Art and Media School: Annual Student Exhibition"; 7/7–9/19. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Beyond Technology." The latest installment of the museum's "Working in Brooklyn" series, featuring works that use various technologies by the Brooklyn-based artists Rico Gatson, Perry Hoberman, Roxy Paine, Fatimah Tuggar, and Janet Zweig; through 9/12. . . . "Impressionists in Winter: *Effets de Neige.*" Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. . . . "Winslow Homer: Illustrating America." Approximately 75 wood engravings selected from a collection of more than 225 works given to the museum by Harvey Isbitts; through 10/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"El Nuevo Mundo: The Landscape of Latino Los Angeles." Photographs by Camilo José Vergara that reveal the transformation of the physical character of Los Angeles County as its population has become increasingly Latin; through 9/5. . . . "The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Revealing the Holy Land." Photographs of Jerusalem and the Sinai Desert taken between 1850 and 1880 by the French writer Maxime du Camp, the Alsatian photographer Auguste Salzmann, and Sergeant James McDonald of the Royal Engineers; through 8/28. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center—"A Measured Quietude: Contemporary Irish Drawings." Recent works on paper by eight Irish artists; through 7/30. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life." The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; through 7/25. . . . "From the National Gallery of Art to the Frick Collection: Manet's *The Dead Toreador* and *The Bullfight*—Fragments of a Lost Salon Painting Reunited." The first exhibition of two fragments of a painting that was originally titled *Incident in a Bullfight* and was cut into pieces by the artist after he exhibited it at the Paris Salon in 1864; through 8/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"When Time Began to Rant and Rage: Figurative Painting From Twentieth-Century Ireland." Paintings from public and private collections in Ireland, by Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Jack B. Yeats, Mary Swanzy, and others; through 7/24. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Facing West: Jews of Central Asia and the Caucasus." More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; through 10/17. . . . "Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem." An installation of photographs and text inspired by the concept of *eruv,* a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one's home on the Sabbath, by the French artist; through 10/17. . . . "Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites." An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath); through 10/17. . . . "Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the Library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Klee Cities." Paintings, drawings, and works in other media by Paul Klee depicting cities, drawn from the museum's Berggruen Klee Collection; through 9/5. . . . "Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826-1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet (1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings." Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic figures; through 9/5. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "The Nature of

On View **Exercise is good for your art. "Walking" brings together works by fifteen artists who've drawn inspiration from that activity, among them Marina Abramovic, whose walk on the Great Wall of China was memorialized in *Shoes for Departure,* a sculpture of two carved amethyst-crystal shoes (pictured), Vija Celmins, Louise Fishman, Hamish Fulton, Andy Goldsworthy, Elizabeth Murray, and Garry Winogrand. At Danese, 41 East 57th Street; through August 27.**

Photograph courtesy of Danese Gallery.

Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Fame After Photography." A survey examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; through 10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. . . . "Collecting in Depth: Drawings by Grosz, Schwitters, Ernst, and Klee." Works by the four artists, who were active in Germany from 1910 through the thirties; through 7/20. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA." Approximately 100 of the nearly 1,600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; through 9/21. . . . "Preview: The New Pennsylvania Station in the Farley Post Office." The design for the new Pennsylvania Station by David Childs of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, including the architectural model, a text panel, and a plan of the main levels for the station, which will be sited in the James A. Farley Post Office, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues and 31st and 33rd Streets; through 8/1.11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "New New York Views: Recent Acquisitions." Recently acquired paintings of New York City by Moses Soyer, Tom Christopher, Sharon Florin, Daniel Hauben, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; through 9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Who's the Dummy?: Defining Mannequins." An exhibit curated by F.I.T. graduate students exploring the various meanings and forms of mannequins; through 8/14. . . . "Monumental and Intimate: Tapestries by Helena Hernmarck." Tapestries and woven samples as well as sketches, videos, and photographs chronicling the weaver's career; through 8/28. . . . "Papiers à la Mode: Illusions of Fashion." An overview of 300 years of fashion as seen through 25 dresses created from paper by Belgian artist Isabelle de Borchgrave and Canadian costume designer Rita Brown; through 8/7. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"All That Is Glorious Around Us: Hudson River School Paintings." Paintings by 60 members of the Hudson River School, including Frederic E. Church, Thomas Cole, Sanford Gifford, William Trost Richards, and others; 7/14–9/8. . . . "Men Without Women: Paul Cadmus as Curator." An exhibition organized by Cadmus of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures that depict men, by Robert Rauschenberg, George Tooker, Kenyon, Cox, N. C. Wyeth, and others; through 8/29. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri.10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"The Time of Our Lives"; 7/15–10/17. . . . "Keith Piper: Relocating the Remains," multimedia installations that digitally remix the last fifteen years of the British artist's collages, paintings, and sculpture; 7/15–10/17. . ."Offside: Dolores Zinny and Juan Ignacio Maidagan." A stairway installation by two emerging Argentine artists; 7/15–10/17. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uncle Sam: The Face of a Nation"; through 8/21. . . . "Yadda, Yadda, Yadda: Quotations About New York"; through 8/21. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancer's scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Philippe Starck: Furniture & Objects." A survey of furniture and household objects by the contemporary designer; through 8/29. . . . "0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; through 8/29. . . . "Animal.-Anima.Animus."; through 8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; through 8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being Different (Why Is She So Different?) 1970–1986"; through 8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; through 8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; through 8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up," P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; through 9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950." Works on paper drawn from 73 collections in and around New York; through 8/29. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Photography

Intimate Exposure

Francesca Woodman, who began taking photographs when she was 13, had produced an unusually mature—some might say prescient—body of work by the time she took her own life at 22. A survey of those small black-and-white prints, made between 1972 and 1981 and showing the artist in anonymous transitional spaces, offers an overview of her short but prolific career. At Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57th Street; through August 31.

Photograph courtesy of Marian Goodman Gallery.

Wolff *continued from page 22*

Random House), Pearson chief Marjorie Scardino, Virgin king Richard Branson, Hearst head Frank Bennack, Jr., Paramount's deposed CEO Martin Davis, Hasbro chairman Alan Hassenfeld, Universal president Ron Meyer, and a host who need no introduction, Ted Turner, Rupert Murdoch, Sumner Redstone, and Barry Diller among them.

Am I envious?

I am certainly curious about what it takes to get along along with these guys. What is he whispering in their ears? What mega-media strategies is he cooking up?

A BOOZ-ALLEN P.R. PERSON RETURNS MY CALL and, following a pointed interrogation about my motives, invites me to breakfast at Lespinasse in the St. Regis to meet my double. In the consultant-banker-CEO world, breakfast and where you breakfast are significant. The choice of the heavily brocaded Eurotrashy Lespinasse suggests to me that he is a serious Hollywood type. (He says in his book he's in L.A. at least once a week—he goes to Mortons on Monday nights, he says, when everybody's there.) A kind of business-school Jon Peters is what I'm thinking.

But he isn't Hollywood.

He is a small man with rimless glasses, parted hair, white shirt, and tie, accountantlike. The accountants are perhaps no longer going Hollywood; Hollywood is going accountant.

He is, in other words, a suit. Except for the Nurse Ratched P.R. person by his side, he is remarkably unassuming (why would he bring a P.R. person? Is she here to protect him or monitor him?). He seems like anyone's father (surprisingly, he turns out to be 38, but could easily pass for an old-fashioned 50). It is kind of a visual joke that this is the person who has written a book about entertainment.

He doesn't appear to want to dwell on the weirdness of the name thing (maybe he's above it), so I dive straight into the interview: "What's the argument you're making?"

"Entertainment," he says crisply, "is increasingly having an impact on business." He gives the example of McDonald's and Happy Meal premiums.

"Haven't banks been giving out toasters for years? What's the difference?"

"Now consumers," he says proudly, "are making choices based on entertainment."

"Can we talk about the implications of an economy based principally on entertainment, or, even more to the point, on hype?"

He hesitates over his scrambled egg whites. "Everybody," he says, "has tried to copy Disney, but only the highest-quality products are successful." In addition to not being particularly responsive, this is also surely not true—God knows my kids have had U-Hauls full of toys that instantly fall apart. Perhaps what he means is that only the most successfully marketed products are successful.

"Consumers," he says, "are looking for fun in all parts of their lives."

I can't help wondering how much money this sort of worldview commands—I'd guess partners at big consulting firms are at the million-plus range.

But I suppose that's not the point. His real job is to get along with moguls and their lieutenants, which takes, obviously, a rare talent. The consulting business is a business about "validation." When the CEO is about to do a ridiculous thing, a prideful thing—like going into the media business—he needs the cover. Booz-Allen & Hamilton is completely behind the move, the CEO tells his board. Booz-Allen says anybody can be in the entertainment business—and everyone should.

> *"This rush to be part of a glamour industry—to be hip, powerful, now—is very fertile ground for consultants who thrive in the crossover world of businesses entering into other businesses that they know little or nothing about. Although* **what consultants know about entertainment is not exactly clear.** *"*

I try to engage him in a discussion about the instant obsolescence of plush toys, the fading of the major television networks, and the deepening recession in Hollywood and suckiness of movies. (The only time the P.R. person says anything is to heatedly defend the movie industry.) I throw down the gauntlet: Here we are the two of us, in the same business, not to mention with the same name, but whereas I believe this spread of media into all walks of life is absurd and debasing, you believe we are in the Camelot reign of the mogul kings.

He says no, he doesn't really think we are so far apart in our thinking. In fact, he says, he reads my column all the time and enjoys it immensely.

I am, pitifully, flattered.

"So what is it that you do, actually?" I ask. It is, of course, my real question, and, I suspect, the source of my envy, that he has found the way to get big money out of all these opinions we trade in. He gets paid for his bad ideas, whereas I get to fall on my face. He has influence, and I have enemies.

"My firm," he says, "works with the seniormost managers of the largest entertainment companies to help them with their most important strategic decisions. How they should compete. How they should sell their products. And who their partners should be."

But who and what and how, he won't say.

"Can you tell me about a big success you've had?"

"I'm afraid that would not be appropriate."

But before I depart he offers a significant crumb. He tells me he knows why people are consuming more media. "They're sleeping less," he says. "I have studies that prove it."

PERHAPS HE IS JUST ANOTHER GUY WITH HIS hand out in the entertainment economy—and, as such, any doppelgänger envy I might feel is misplaced. Oddly, I find myself thinking: Why would he be writing a book if he really had valuable things to say?

Still, I know that whether or not he is whispering sweet nothings or brilliant windfall business strategies into the ears of CEOs, he has clearly articulated an average business guy's yearnings: Everybody wants to be in the media business.

To me, the entertainment economy represents the banality of fun, the homogenization of culture, the commodification of creativity. (As the other Michael Wolf says, "Consumers who are already well acclimatized to multitasking in their business and professional lives will look to products and services that include entertainment content as an additional part of their offerings.") And I'd argue that in the end, it's bad for business, too, that the entertainment economy is run by people who aren't funny.

But that is obviously naïve. The new world entertainment order is not about entertainment; it's about distribution, or economies of scale, or share-price multiples, or about some course some young dynamo took in business school. And it's also undoubtedly about unfunny guys who want to do some strutting. (Once, an airline analyst explained to me that the industry was ruined by an influx of businessmen who knew nothing about airlines and flying but who liked stewardesses.)

At any rate, I figure there's many a mogul who will unwittingly take my call. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

restaurants

Filling Sandwiches...Bar Food...LX

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai,

ASK GAEL

Some nights I just don't want to go home.

"How about a nightcap?" he said, leading the way into the café at Jean Georges. I liked the bar action: a gaggle of people who looked like extras crowding a Manhattan bar in a Woody Allen movie. I nixed the champagne for dessert. We ordered from the hoity-toity dining-room menu: One of the rewards of being a grown-up woman is that you don't get nervous eating in front of a man you hardly know. As if I ever did. You don't have to pretend you live on lettuce and birdseed. I tasted his cherry variation—an ethereal clafouti, intense sorbet, a kind of silly fruit tartare, and wonderful cherries jubilee. Only in spring. Enchanting, I thought. But a powerful swirl of rhubarb soup paired with lemon-curd ice cream knocked me out of my socks, and the exquisite warm little cake alongside was a buttery miracle—unlike anything I've ever tasted. (1 Central Park West, at 60th Street; 299-3900.)

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; *(M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place;* (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Bombay City—This Indian newcomer offers the regular roster of subcontinental specialties, plus more offbeat tandoori preparations of steak and rabbit. The spacious premises are available for private parties; there's even room for a dance floor. *29 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Bedford St. (414-0931). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

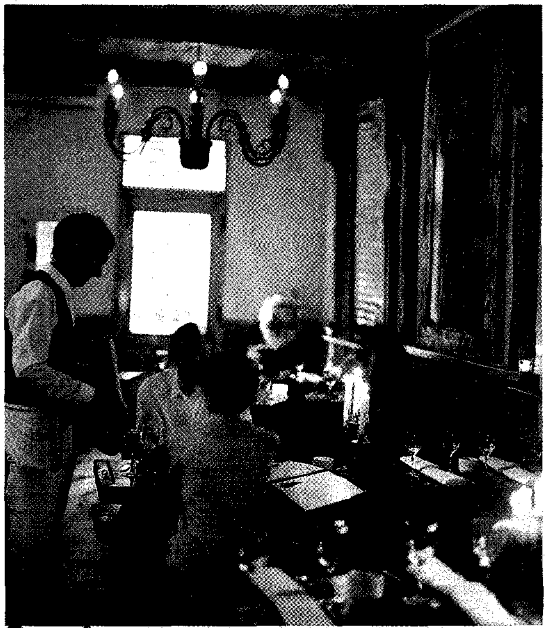
Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana,



Photograph by James Baigrie.

Opening
European Vocation

Restaurateur Antonio Francesco had his first popular success with the Upper East Side's cheap, cheerful Ecco-la pasta palace, and has since translated his winning formula into French at the new Maison. On a continental roll, he's annexed a neighboring space for Taperia Madrid, a—you guessed it—Spanish tapas bar. Chef Diego Gonzales has come from Il Buco (and, previously, Xunta) to administer traditional morsels like jamon serrano, tortilla espanola, chorizo al cognac, and garlic shrimp. Plus daily entrée specials, and well-chosen cheeses that derive from such farflung locales as Extremadura and upstate New York. (1471 Second Avenue, near 77th Street; 794-2929.)

with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman.

4 2 ?

(Tea for two?)

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Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Tonic—Thanks to design features like a century-old mahogany-and-cut-glass bar, this new American restaurant and tavern manages to feel like old New York. The cooking, courtesy of Chris Gesualdi, couldn't be more modern: Reggiano-crusted sea bass and shrimp scampi with curried basmati rice and broccoli indicate his global influences. *108 W. 18th St. (929-9755). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine

Vittel
MINERAL WATER

Takeout
Déjeuner sur l'Herbe

Whether you're heading to Central Park for next week's Philharmonic concert or just to loll about aimlessly in the Sheep Meadow, you might forgo Monsieur Sabrett for a boxed *pique-nique* from Payard Pâtisserie & Bistro. For $16.50, you get a delectable sandwich from a selection of eight, including foie gras and fig chutney on house-baked brioche, and pan bagnat with tuna, olives, and eggs; mixed greens; seasonal fruit salad; a bottle of mineral water; and one of the three fruit tarts (rhubarb, cherry, or lemon) that baker François Payard has deemed suitable to travel and last—as if that were a concern—in the heat. (1032 Lexington Avenue, near 73rd Street; 717-5252.)

Photograph by Amy Freeth.

provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

First Taste
Pampa Circumstance

I have always thought of 60th Street between Park and Madison as a drinking and not a dining street where you are more likely to see little black dresses clustered around bars than serious diners chowing down at table. But you would be mistaken if you took the good-looking crowd in the lounge of Anthony Tousi's newly opened LX for more of the same. This is a modern and inventive Argentine restaurant with a menu created by a Buenos Aires native and the former chef at Manhattan's I Trulli, Carlos Benavides. His offerings go far beyond the steak, empanadas, and sausage doused with chimichurri that is all most New Yorkers know of this varied cuisine, which is part Italian and part American Indian, with a dash of the French technique the wealthy landowners of the pampas demanded. Even the empanadas are more varied than anything I have had north of the equator—one night they are Catamarca style with veal and potatoes, the next a more porteño version stuffed with olives, eggs, and raisins, and on a third, they're stuffed with chicken, beef, and pears. In place of the meat-and-sausage medley that makes up the classic parrillada, chef Benavides has a lighter seafood parrillada with grilled octopus, shrimps, oysters, and mussels. If you want meat, grass-fed filet mignon from the pampas piled high with frizzled onions on a sweet yet sharp bed of wilted endives is a sure come-on for carnivores. Peruvian prawns, sautéed with Spanish brandy, shallots, and a ragout of shiitake and oyster mushrooms, are new to me, as are the tamales de Tucuman—an Argentine version of the nearly universal Native American dish (the Inuit don't have them) stuffed with veal, raisins, purée of butternut squash, and cilantro. The thing that most gladdened my heart was the sui generis multicolored raviolis of Benavides's wife, Hilda Brito, who used to sell her fanciful creations at a little shop in Carroll Gardens. A passionate painter in love with color, Brito learned to make pasta in the kitchens of I Trulli and, looking for a way to use colorful leftover tomato, squid, saffron, and basil linguines, combined the strips in ravioli shaped like hearts, crescents, and doughnuts, with wild fillings like smoked salmon and goat cheese or asparagus florets and chicken. (45 East 60th Street; 421-1234.) **PETER KAMINSKY**

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810).*

hotograph by Joe Scafuro.

(I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($).*

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won' come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., a Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden tha serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720 2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening
Rainbow Room

Fresh from a stint at Marla Maples's defunct Peaches restaurant, chef Antonio Maroto has shed those Georgian trappings for the Mediterranean menu of Palette, opening this week in the midtown space that once housed Corrado. Fifty wines will be available by the glass to accompany dishes like chilled roasted-garlic-and-almond soup, codfish carpaccio with quince-paste vinaigrette, cioppino, and Moroccan monkfish with basmati rice (entrées from $17 to $25). (1375 Sixth Avenue, near 55th Street; 957-2727.)

Photograph by Steve Freeman

in concert

Emanuel Ax Plays Beethoven

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 13

Washington Square Music Festival Orchestra—Performs Beethoven's Violin Concerto with violinist Eriko Sato, Vivaldi's Bassoon Concerto in E minor with bassoonist Dennis Godburn, and Beethoven's Symphony No. 4 in B flat. Call for reservations and rain location. *Washington Square Park, southeast corner (431-1088), at 8; free.*

Wednesday, July 14

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Performs works by Tchaikovsky and Beethoven, with cellist Wolfram Koessel. Julius Grossman, conductor. *Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave. and W. 5th St., Brooklyn (718-776-5914), at 8; free.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 with pianist Emanuel Ax, and Reger's Op. 132 Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $20–$55.*

Thursday, July 15

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Beach, Copland, Bernstein, and others. *Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (877-WHITNEY), at 6:30; $12.50*

New York Philharmonic—Performs Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 with pianist Emanuel Ax, and the U.S. premiere of Seltzer's *Lament for Yitzak*. Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $20–$55.*

Friday, July 16

Absolute Ensemble—Performs Charles Coleman's *Absolution;* Bach's Concerto for Violin, Strings, and Continuo in E with violinist Lara St. John; Rechtman's *Variations on "Dark Eyes";* and Adams's *Scratchband* and Chamber Symphony. Kristjan Järvi, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$25.*

Saturday, July 17

PianoSummer at New Paltz—Pianist Eteri Andjaparidze and mezzo Melanie Sonnenberg perform songs and piano works by Rachmaninoff and Gershwin. *Shepard Recital Hall, SUNY New Paltz (914-257-3904), at 8; $15.*

Sunday, July 18

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Duruflé's *Messe "Cum jubilo,"* with organist Stephen Tharp and members of the St. Bartholomew's Chamber Orchestra. William Trafka, conductor. *St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (378-0227), at 10:50 A.M.; free.*

Festivals

Asia-Pacific Contemporary Dance Festival—The Taipei Crossover Dance Company performs the U.S. premieres of Helen Lai's *A Wanderer's Autumn Grief,* Lin Hwai-min's *Requiem,* and Lo Man-fei's *The Dark Side of the Moon,* 7/14 and 7/15 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $24.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Outdoor, site-specific dance performances by Yasmeen Godder, Dandelion Dancetheater, and Rebecca Stenn with James Nyoraku Schlefer, 7/14 at 6:30 and 7/18 at 5. Festival runs through 7/25. *Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Lincoln Center Festival 99—Presents the epic Chinese opera *The Peony Pavilion,* staged by Chen Shi-Zheng, in six installments, 7/16 at 4 and 8:30, and 7/17 and 7/18 at 2 and 7. Through 7/25. Nederlands Dans Theater performs works choreographed by Jirí Kylián, 7/13, 7/14, 7/16, and 7/17 at 8, and 7/18 at 3. Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker and Michèle Anne De Mey perform *Fase: Four Movements to the Music of Steve Reich,* 7/13 at 8. Festival runs through 7/25; call the Festival Hotline at 875-5928 for tickets, locations, and other information.

Midsummer Night Swing—Outdoor partner dancing with live performances by the Sleepy LaBeef Band, La Familia Valera Miranda, Ken Peplowski and His All-Star Clarinets, and others, 7/13–7/17 at 8:15, with dance lessons at 6:30. *Josie Robertson Plaza, Lincoln Center (875-5766); $11.*

Opera

Operaworks—Performs a double bill of Vaughan Williams's *Riders to the Sea* and Holst's *Savitri,* 7/13 and 7/16 at 8. *West Park Auditorium, 165 W. 86th St. (873-9531); $15.*

Dance

Inchon City Dance Company—Performs a program of ancient and modern traditional Korean dance, directed by Kim Young-Sook, 7/14 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $25–$30.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Performs three programs including *A Selection* and *Uno, Dos, Tray,* and repertory works, 7/13–7/16 and 7/19 at 8, and 7/17 at 2 and 8. Through 7/31. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Rosa Mei Dance—Performs *White Noise,* a piece combining modern dance, ballet, and martial arts, 7/15 and 7/16 at 9, and 7/17 at 8. *Cunningham Studio Theater, 55 Bethune St. (924-0077); $12.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

Absolute Value

Kristjan Järvi speaks like a man who is out to change the world, but right now he has set *himself an equally difficult task: reforming the tradition-bound world of classical music.* "We can't live and breathe and eat the past—we are living in the present," says the 27-year-old conductor. "We have to present people who are alive now, and we have to move forward. This is a part of cultural evolution." To this end, Järvi (pictured, seated at right) has assembled a group of similar-minded musicians to form Absolute Ensemble, which he hopes will lead the musical revolution. Järvi bases his selections on what he considers their musical worth, without regard for their pedigree. Thus, an Absolute Ensemble concert might feature a Mozart concerto alongside an arrangement for strings of Black Sabbath's "Paranoid," one of Järvi's favorites. This Friday, Canadian violinist Lara St. John joins Absolute Ensemble at Alice Tully Hall to perform an arrangement of a Bach concerto, as part of a program that also includes a funk-fusion piece by Charles Coleman, the group's composer-in-residence. While purists might cringe at such a juxtaposition, *Järvi dismisses such criticism as too backward-looking.* "Tradition must be weighed and considered very carefully, but it's not the Bible," he says. "Times are changing."

NICK MEYER

Photograph by Yoshi Ono.

Rubinoos . . . "Quilt Rock" . . . Nelson

Concerts

Cher—7/13 at 7:30. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $37.25–$127.25.*

"Concerts in the Parks"—All concerts begin at 7. 7/13: The Manhattans. *Fort Greene Park, DeKalb Ave. and Washington St. (360-8290). Free.*

"Home Before Midnight"—A short concert series with an early start time that promises to have attendees in bed before the clock strikes twelve. All shows begin at 6:30. 7/16: Julia Darling. *Pier 61 at South Street Seaport (677-1795). Free.*

'N Sync—With Jordan Knight and Five. 7/13–7/16. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $25–$40.*

"The Vans Warped Tour"—This snotty skate punk's day out should have extra gusto thanks to all the suburban kids clamoring for the tour's patented mosh-pit meets B-boy ethos. Eminem, Lit, Less Than Jake, and many more will appear. *7/16 at 2. Randall's Island (307-7171). $35.*

WFMU Benefit Concert—Featuring Prince Paul, Soulslinger, Delmar, Eszter Balint, and more. 7/17 at 6. Come out and support one of New York's finest radio stations; it's not all charity, though, since you'll get to enjoy brilliant hip-hop producer and skit genius Prince Paul, drum-'n'-bass wunderkind Soulslinger, and lots more. *Smackmellon Arts Complex, 56 Water St., Brooklyn, under the Brooklyn Bridge. (201-521-1416, ext. 230). $10.*

"Y-107's 1999 Live Lunch Concert Series"—Performances every Thursday at noon. 7/15: Linda Davis. *Austin J. Tobin Plaza, between the World Trade Center Towers. Free.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—7/13: Roger Gillen; Deb Montgomery; the Junebugs; Dave Ellis Group; Shanghai Love Motel. 7/14: BMI Showcase: Laura Mann; Supple; John Fay; Tim Beattie; the New Pop Jet. 7/15: Rocket Science; Ferdinand the Bull; the Popgun Seven; Stunt Cycle; Into Red Giant. 7/16: Laura Mann; Supple; John Fay; Tim Beattie; the New Pop Jet. 7/17: Sally Boyden; Sour; El Camino; Ambulance; Batershell; Very Very; the Nerve. 7/18: Schiavo; Bill Pop & Tapes; Dinadio; Morgans Canyon. 7/19: Chrissy Snow; Drywater; Drugstore Soul. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—7/13: Joe Jackson. 7/16: "The Beat Goes On Vol. 4." 7/17: John Hiatt; Amy Rigby. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/13: Orange 9MM. 7/15: Old 97's. 7/16: Great Big Sea. 7/17: Another excellent night from the Giant Step crew. Mark Farina's sublime house mixes should fill the Bowery Ballroom with seriously great vibes while eclectic hip-hop D.J. and producer Spinna will enthrall with classic hip-hop, soul, and rare groove. 7/19: Atari Teenage Riot. ATR has experimented with everything from metallic drum 'n' bass to Public Enemy–styled hip-hop to speed metal, but on its latest release, *Second Wipe-Out*, the Berlin-based act delves into cacophonous white noise. Bring your earplugs. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival—7/16: Hezekiah Walker; Love Fellowship Choir; Keep Bangin'. 7/17: Brave Old World; Klucevsek and Bern Unit. 7/18: Thomas Mapfumo and Blacks Unlimited; Sambo Ngo; Fantcha. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52). Free, with a $3 suggested admission.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/14: NYGO: "I Vespri Siciliani." 7/15: Sarah Skaggs & Company; Jeanine Durning; D.J. Steven Harvey. 7/17: N'dea Davenport; Black Star; D.J. Nickodemus. 7/18:

Reunion
Good 'Noos

Twenty years ago, things couldn't have looked better for the Rubinoos. In 1977, the band's self-titled debut, with its blend of sugar-coated harmonies and muscular riffs, propelled the power-poppers from Bay Area obscurity to the top of regional charts in Salt Lake City, Buffalo, and Dallas. In short order, the quartet's quirky good looks and boys-next-door charm were showcased on *American Bandstand* and giddily splashed across the pages of *Tiger Beat, 16,* and Japan's *Rock Show* magazine; Elvis Costello booked the Rubinoos as openers on his 56-city *Armed Forces* tour. In the summer of '79, the group's second album, *Back to the Drawing Board,* was garnering national airplay—but its distributor went bankrupt, eighty-sixing the Rubinoos' chances of going gold, or pretty much anywhere. The band limped into the eighties, signed briefly with Warner Bros., but effectively split after a third album—1983's tepid, Todd Rundgren–produced *Party of Two*—tanked. In the ensuing years, the members of the 'Noos turned to producing, writing, and singing in an all-vocal pop group, the Mighty Echoes ("We're developing an a capella version of *We're Only in It for the Money,*" says front man Jon Rubin, who moved to Los Angeles in 1985. "But we're still waiting for the blessing of the Zappa estate.") After the band reunited for a handful of West Coast dates in the early nineties, Rubin (pictured, right) and keyboardist Tommy Dunbar auditioned a theme song for *That Thing You Do!* only to lose out to a member of Fountains of Wayne—as faithful a group of 'Noos knockoffs as exists. And the group recently self-released *Paleophonic*—an eleven-song album that sounds as though the fortysomething musicians were still in their early-twenties prime. For now, though, the new disc is nearly as hard to come by as their early, out-of-print albums. "We got deals in England, Australia, and Japan," says Rubin. "In fact, everywhere but the U.S." July 16 and 17, though, the Rubinoos themselves will be easy to track down when they play their first New York shows since 1979, at Maxwell's and the Mercury Lounge, respectively. "We heard that somebody was playing us on WFMU," says Rubin with a laugh. "And we figured, well, we won't lose a *horrible* amount of money playing New York." (See "Small Stages.")

Ethan Smith

Paddy Moloney and friends; Varttina; Laurel MacDonald, with guest Bill Laswell; Yat-Kha; D.J. Delphine Blue. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (360-2777). Free.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/15: Alt-poppers Marvelous 3, set to steal the modern-rock-milquetoast crown from Matchbox 20. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—7/13: Anthony de Mare; Maya Beiser. 7/14: Gun Shy Hostess & Kelebek. 7/15–7/16: Faith Prince. 7/17: Profoundly strange and always compelling reggae from Eek-a-Mouse. *425 Lafayette St., bet. E. 4th St. and Astor Pl. (239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/14–7/16: Vic Chesnutt. 7/17: Sixteen Horsepower; Bob Log III of Doo Rag. 7/18: Najma; Church of Betty. 7/19: Fred Hersch; Ralph Alessi Duo; Ned Sublette. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 7/14: The Seculars. 7/16: Tom Clark. 7/17: Adam Roth. 7/18: The Dark Horses. 7/19: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B, bet. 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511).*

Maxwell's—7/15: Lucy Kaplansky. 7/16: The Rubinoos. 7/17: Discount; Vic Chesnutt. 7/18: Bob Log III; Margot Leverett. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/14: Asylum Street Spankers. 7/17: The Rubinoos; the Flashcubes. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/13: Samba Ngo. 7/15: Lo-fi, dub-inflected electronica from the Thievery Corporation. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—7/13: Willie Nelson. 7/15: Peter Rowan and Tony Rice. 7/16: Marcia Ball; Lee Roy Parnell. 7/17: Band of Faith. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/16–7/17: KVHW. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum 'n' bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

Home—An excellent new house-music club located in, of all places, downtown Brooklyn. Andre Collins, the resident D.J. at Bronx house mecca the Warehouse takes over Sundays. *147 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn (718-771-3004).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "no D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop- and soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Avenue, at 11th St. (228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. 7/13: The "gangsta rock" of hip-hop–hard-rock fusionists Plastique. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Mother—This meatpacking district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesday's belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped Out Party Girls." Thursdays are taken over by the very gothic "Long Black Veil," and Fridays are the strictly for girls "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (366-5680).*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!," hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary, and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. *285 W. Broadway, at Canal St. (941-0900).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/16: Dimitri From Paris; François K; Theo Parrish. Dimitri's lounge-y, campy sensibility gets grating after a while, but when he injects some deep, "Body & Soul"–like fervor into his sets, things become interesting. Speaking of "Body & Soul," François K will be on hand to rock Twilo's gargantuan sound system with his eclectic sets, which as of late have included everything from the smoothed-out soul of Eric Benet to the brilliant beats of early A Tribe Called Quest. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

The Underground—This unremarkable venue on West 28th Street has become the talk of clubland. Why? Because it's where the legendary "Underground Network" party (the primary inspiration for John Davis's "Body & Soul") is making its return. The original "UN" took place at Sound Factory Bar and provided a gleam of hope for nightlife during clubland's very, very dark days in the mid-nineties. The party's original host, Barbara Tucker, is back, and the great D.J. David Morales (whose New York appearances have become all too rare) will be on hand to provide uplifting house music. It all sounds enticing, but unfortunately the promoters behind "UN" have chosen the already very crowded Wednesday night ("Little" Louie Vega's "Sunset Ritual" at Vinyl and John Davis's "Legends" have already staked out the midweek territory) to make its return. All this activity is proof that New York nightlife is finally rising from its slumber, but a more practical question hovers over the return of "UN": Is there room for three soulful house parties on Wednesday night? *229 W. 28th St. (713-5093).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Thursdays with the drum-'n'-bass party "Physics" and Fridays with "GBH," (short for "Great British House"). *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219). $.*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to the legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 7/18: "Body & Soul" celebrates the life of legendary D.J.-producer-remixer Larry Levan with its annual birthday bash in honor of Levan, who died at age 38 from heart failure. Prepare yourself for this inspiring event by purchasing West End Records' recently released Levan compilation *Larry Levan's Classic West End Records Remixes Made Famous at the Legendary Paradise Garage*. Ignore the CD's very unwieldy title: Like last year's *The Perfect Beats* from Tommy Boy, *Larry Levan's Classic West End Records Remixes* provides an invaluable road map to beat culture in all its mutations, from hip-hop to house to rare groove to big beat. The CD also proves once and for all that Levan is a studio wizard on par with the likes of Phil Spector and Lee "Scratch" Perry. *6 Hubert St., at Hudson St. (343-1379).*

Photograph by Sarah Roemer.

Performance
An American Quilt

Catch the outlandish—and very funny—Ahna Tessler in the final run of her one-woman show *Quilt Rock,* which chronicles the quest of one Janis Flappaport to create an entirely new genre of music. The show, at Surf Reality, also introduces us to Leroy, a white homeboy from Greenwich; an outspoken cellist who has sexual feelings about her instrument; and many others along the way. (See "Comedy.")

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro, "Body & Soul" 's Danny Krivit, and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St., bet. Grand Concourse and Walton Ave. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 7/13: Duke Ellington Orchestra. 7/14: Ryo Kawasaki Quartet. 7/15–7/17: Jon Lucien. *31 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/13–7/18: Take 6. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria SoHo—This newly launched (and somewhat oddly named) little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and latin acts. 7/15: Enrique Fernandez Band. 7/16–7/17: Barry Altschul, featuring Santi Debriano and Garry Dial. 7/18: Vocalist Roseanna Vitro, featuring Mark Saskin, Ratzo Harris and Adrian D'Souza. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/13: Meff McSpadden Quartet. 7/14: Matt Wilson Quartet. 7/15: Elvis Sinatra. 7/16: Joshua Breakstone. 7/17: Dave Lobenstein Quartet. 7/19: Carlo DeRosa Quartet. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 7/13–7/14: Santi Debriano. 7/15: Richard Bona Quartet. 7/16–7/17: Big John Patton. 7/18: Raphael Cruz. 7/19: Funk Monk. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Garage Restaurant & Cafe—A Cozy West Village jazz spot located in a former auto garage. 7/13: David Coss and His Trio. 7/14: Andrea Wolper. 7/15: Sarah Pillow. 7/16: The Herschey Barr Band. 7/18: Linda Ipanema; David Coss. 7/19: Howard Williams Jazz Orchestra. *99 Seventh Ave. South (645-0600).*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/13–7/18: Charles McPherson Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

"Jazz Insights"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 7/13: Grover Mitchell, Count Basie Orchestra. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

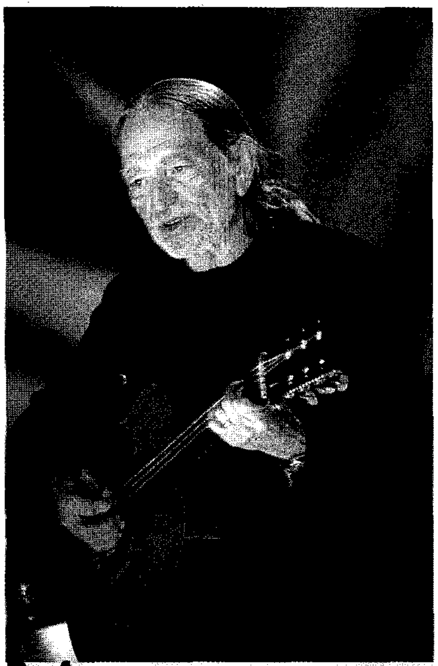
Red Blazer—Reopened in a new spot, the famed theater district jazzerie continues to offer up fine sounds. Mondays: The Red Blazer Jazz Band. Tuesdays: The New Yorkers Big Band. Wednesdays: The Francine Whitney Swing Band. Thursdays: The Stan Rubin Big Band. Fridays: Kelly Friessen & the Gritty City Swing Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell Jazz Sextet. Sunday Jazz Brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon Street Swingers. $5 cover; two-drink minimum. *32 W. 37th St. (947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start at about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. through 7/18: David Hazeltine Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/14: Eastside Percussion; Jane Scarpantoni. 7/15: Ikue Mori; Chris Brown; Kate Fenner. 7/16: Joey Baron; Ruins; Elegant Two. 7/17: Dream Machine; Phillip Johnston; Sylvie Courvoisier; Matmos and Lesser. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*



Performance
Big Willie

Willie Nelson, country music's most consistent presence ('Teatro,' his gritty, great album last year, flew in the face of country's increasingly glamorous profile), makes a rare small-club appearance at Tramps July 13. (See "Small Stages.")

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/13–7/18: Kenny Drew Jr. Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 7th Ave., at 20th St. (501-6061). Free.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/12–7/18: Colin Quinn; Mitch Fatel; Kevin Brennan; Wanda Sykes; Robert Kelly. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/16–7/17: Marc Maron; Justin McKinney; Tony Powell. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Every Thursday beginning 7/15: "The Black, the Jew and You!" Performances at 8. Also on 7/15: Ahna Tessler's "Quilt Rock." *172 Allen St., second floor. (673-4182). $.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues-Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.). Through 7/17: Susannah McCorkle. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. Through Jul: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover, two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Duplex Cabaret—*Duplex Theatre, 61 Christopher St., at Sheridan Square (255-5438). $15.*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano-bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/13: Alice Levine in "Songs From Manhattan," with John Wallowitch. 7/14: Tony Messina. 7/18: Michael Beau and friends, with Jerry Scott. 7/19: Go Mahan, with Amy Engelstein. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 7/15: Heidi Martin with George Colligan Quartet. 7/16–7/17: Jacey Faulk Trio. *915 Broadway (223-3737).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and His Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Through July: Thursday nights at 7:30. Cary Hoffman: "Frank Sinatra Celebration." *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*

Photograph by Marc Bryan Brown/Outline.

the mix

Rockefeller Flower Show...Sebastian Junger

John Leonard's TV Notes

G vs E (7/18; 8 to 9 P.M.; USA) is a new summer series starring Clayton Rohner and Richard Brooks as a pair of the recently dead whose path to Heaven depends on their performance as bounty hunters sent down from a supernatural agency of God Himself to do battle, soul by soul, with the "morlocks" of Hollywood. If you remember Brooks as an assistant D.A. in *Law & Order,* you'll enjoy his new-look Afro. But *G vs E* (good versus evil) is more like *Homicide* on acid, with hallucinatory camera work, crosscutting Altmanesque dialogue, crazy inside jokes (Bhagavad Gita, *Sophie's Choice,* etc.) and a rogue's gallery of morlocks that happens to include boxing promoter Don King, Republican senator Orrin Hatch, and *Love Boat* skipper Gavin McLeod.

Moment of Impact: Stories of the Pulitzer Prize Photographs (7/18; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; TNT), produced and directed by Cyma Rubin and narrated by Sam Waterston, tells the inside story of the snapping of six photojournalism-award winners and the shutterbugs who snapped them, including Robert H. Jackson, on hand for Ruby's shooting of Oswald; Slava Veder for a returning POW; and Stanley Forman as a body fell in a Boston fire.

Small Vices (7/18; 8 to 10 P.M.; A & E) brings back Robert B. Parker's Boston private eye, Spenser, in a wrong-guy-on-death-row case that almost gets him killed by a professional assassin. What makes this interesting, besides a cameo appearance by Parker himself, is a whole new cast with no carryovers from the old network series: Joe Mantegna as the gumshoe; Marcia Gay Harden as his main-squeeze shrink, Susan Silverman; and Shiek Mahmud-Bey as superdude Hawk. Not only violence and wisecracks, but also Matthew Arnold.

Radio Highlights

Bruce Springsteen—In addition to Dan Neer's weekday-morning retrospective discussions of the Boss's career, there will be concert coverage of Springsteen's shows with Mark Parenteau on July 15, 18, 20, 24, 26, 27, and 29, and August 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 11, and 12 from 3 to 7 P.M. on WAXQ, 104.3 FM.

Nathan Englander—7/18 at 8 P.M.: The literary "It" boy of the moment talks to host Lewis Burke Frumkes. WPAT, 930 AM.

"City Folk"—7/14 from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.: A day of the music of Randy Newman, including his songs as interpreted by other artists. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

"Lost & Found Sound"—Fridays at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM, and at 5 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM: NPR creates a collection of stories that explores the art and history of recorded sound and sketches an audio portrait of the twentieth century by incorporating rare recordings, audio artifacts, and the stories of people whose lives were altered by sound, among them Tony Schwartz, record producer Sam Phillips, playwright Norman Corwin, *Mir* cosmonaut Sergei Krikalev, guitarist Les Paul, the women of all-girl radio station WHER, and hi-fi whiz Emory Cook. Call the 24-hour Quest for Sound Hotline at 202-408-0300 with your suggestions and audio heirlooms for possible inclusion.

"Everything Old Is New Again" and "Jazz Sampler"—Sunday nights at 9 P.M. and 11 P.M: The music of Broadway, Hollywood, and Tin Pan Alley, from Ira Gershwin to Cole Porter. Then stay tuned for the best of jazz with host Bill Farrar. Both of these programs are intended to embrace the listeners who've lost their beloved WQEW to the hands of Disney. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

The Written Word

Philip Gambone—7/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Something Inside: Conversations With Gay Fiction Writers.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Ben Schrank and Daniel Handler—7/18 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Miracle Man* and *The Basic Eight,* respectively. Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (925-4242); free.

Sebastian Junger and Scott Anderson—7/18 at 7 P.M.: The authors of *The Perfect Storm* and *The Man Who Tried to Save the World,* respectively, read from an article they wrote together. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

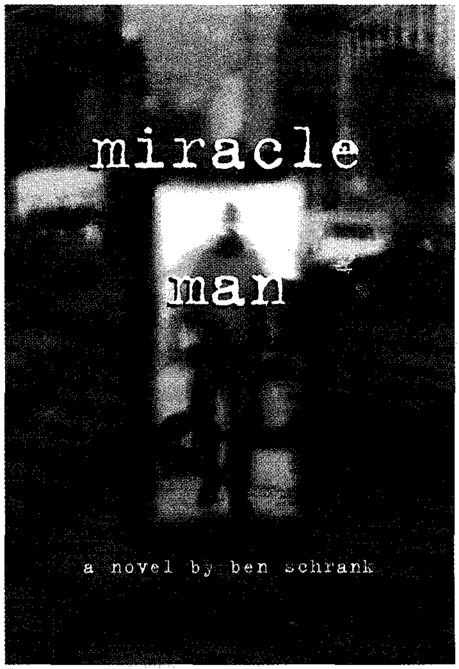
Lectures and Panels

"Pursuing the Dream: Performing the Peony Pavillion"—7/14 at 1 P.M.: Members of the cast and creative team of the Lincoln Center Festival '99 production offer a behind-the-scenes look at this unprecedented staging of the complete 55-act Ming Dynasty masterpiece. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA); $15.

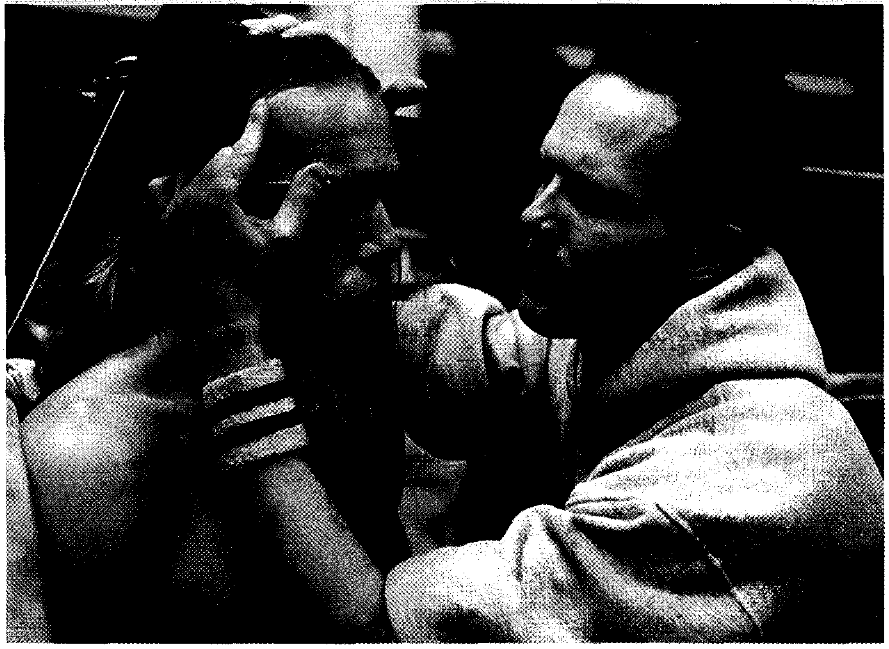
In Print

Movers and Takers

Martin Kelly Minter, the protagonist of Ben Schrank's stirring first novel, *Miracle Man,* has had little experience with the very wealthy prior to his highly abbreviated academic career at Vassar. Schrank himself went to Brown, where he was "blown away by the disparity between rich and 'normal' people, and how it was just unaddressed. Nobody seemed to notice the fact that their roommates were like the richest people in the world," he says. "And then after college, everybody more or less disperses back to their groups of origin." But in *Miracle Man,* Minter doesn't return to a place at all like his hippie parents' home in Rantipole Farms, Pennsylvania: He moves to Spanish Harlem and pursues a career as a moving man and crook. "If you have a lot of leftist liberal-arts education, then you get quiet about inequity," says Schrank. "But if you didn't have too much college indoctrination . . . well, a little bit of higher education can be a dangerous thing." And so it is that Minter floats around Manhattan with the vague outlines of big ideas in his head, feeling righteous and philosophical about leaving his wealthy Manhattan clients wondering what happened to this painting or that *objet* after their last move. Like his protagonist, Schrank was once a mover. "It's this bizarre situation in which you are entrusted with handling rich people's stuff but not treated as a person," he says. "I don't know how you can do it without getting crazy." Fortunately for Schrank's would-be clients, he is out of the moving racket. He has, however, found another job that makes people crazy: He writes for a magazine. **ARIEL LEVY**


miracle
man
a novel by ben schrank

On Air *Oz* **returns on July 14 at 10 P.M. on HBO for a third summer. The eight new episodes set in Tom Fontana's maximum-security prison feature guest directors Matt Dillon, Steve Buscemi, Chazz Palminteri, and Barbara Kopple and guest stars Uta Hagen, Anne Meara, Milo O'Shea, and the rapper Treach. Guest metaphors, elaborated by the wheelchair-bound Harold Perrineau, include ancient Egypt, the French Revolution, and a gathering of tribes. As always, this remarkable series is about revenge—by the state on prisoners, and by prisoners on one another.**



Photograph by Eric Liebowitz/HBC

Tours

Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn Heights—7/15 at 6 P.M.: An insider's tour of the bridge and the surrounding neighborhood. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Chambers St. at City Hall Park. (439-1090); $10.

East/West: A Walk Across 72nd St.—7/18 at 11 A.M.: Explore one of Manhattan's most intriguing crosstown streets, bisected by Central Park. Examine the palatial mansions and apartment buildings like the Dakota this area hosts. Meet at the southeast corner of 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (935-3960); $15.

"From Naples to Bialystock to Beijing"—7/18 at 1 P.M.: Visit Little Italy and Chinatown and explore the diverse cultures and snacks the area has to offer. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. (439-1090); $13.

Ethnic Feast—7/18 at 11 A.M.: A "snacks and sights" safari through the Jewish Lower East Side, Little Italy, and Chinatown, where you can stuff yourself with bialys, halvah, knishes, Chinese dumplings, and Italian cannolis and ices. For meeting place and reservations, call 265-2663; $5 does not include food.

The Fulton Fish Market—Thursdays at 6 A.M.: Wind through the cobblestone streets of the market—one of the oldest businesses in the historic Seaport district—with a guide from the South Street Seaport Museum. For reservations, call 748-8590; $10.

Benefits

Music for WFMU—7/17 from 6 P.M. to 3 A.M.: A benefit concert for WFMU with Prince Paul, D.J. Mr. Fine Wine, Rai from Vampyros Lesbos, and many other D.J.'s, video artists, and musicians. Smackmellon Arts Complex, 56 Water St., Brooklyn (201-521-1416, ext. 230); $10.

Events

Rockefeller Center Flower Show—7/15–8/1: Every kind of plant and flower under the sun arranged in creative little "landscapes," including a special aquatic-plant section care of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Between 48th and 51st Sts. and Fifth and Sixth Aves. (632-3975); free.

SummerNights—Tuesdays throughout July and August from 5 to 9 P.M.: The Jewish Museum presents extended-hour evenings with jazz, screenings of classic TV shows, and snacks at the kosher café. July 13 features episodes of *Sanford and Son, Soap,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3271); free.

Fleet Bank Harlem Summer Arts Festival—Through 7/31: Theater, dance, music, literary readings, and a visual-art exhibition celebrating African and African-American culture. Highlights include a walking tour of sites associated with Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston, performances of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Macbeth,* a symposium on Bach, Handel, and John Coltrane, and the Harlem Black Book Fair. Locations throughout Harlem; call 222-9347 for details and reservations.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, Richie Havens, and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

"Spots"—Through 7/31: For the twelfth year, the Society of Publication Designers will celebrate the often overlooked creative area of magazine design, the spot illustration. Over 1,400 illustrations were submitted in the 1999 competition, of which 120 were admitted into the show, juried by a panel of top editorial and communications professionals. Society of Illustrators, Museum of American Illustration, 128 East 63rd St.; free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, and George is on display along with props and costumes. American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"The Carriage Era in New York"—Through 9/10: An exploration of the obsolete but elegant method of transportation. PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., bet. 51st and 52nd Sts. (713-2885); free.

"Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats"—Through 9/11: Books, manuscripts, photographs, correspondence from other literary figures like George Bernard Shaw, and drawings of Yeats by his father. The New York Public Library's D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Order in cyber chow from Food.com; purchase wedding gifts at a one-stop gift registry; go gaga for eclectic Internet radio; and get wise about airports and air travel. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue and an extensive archive, an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a daily New York trivia contest.

Sports

Yoga—Tae-Bo may have claimed the title as trendy workout of the moment, but for a solid and decidedly low-impact workout, there's still no substitute for yoga. On 7/17 and again on 7/31, the Central Park Conservancy is offering a free yoga workshop for adults at the North Meadow Recreation Center. The 90-minute class starts at 11 A.M.; call 348-4867 to register. For those seeking a more extended program, the fifth session of Power Yoga, taught by Thom and Beryl Bender Birch, begins 7/19. Sixty-minute classes take place every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 and 7:35, and both beginner and intermediate courses are available. Fees

GAME WEEK

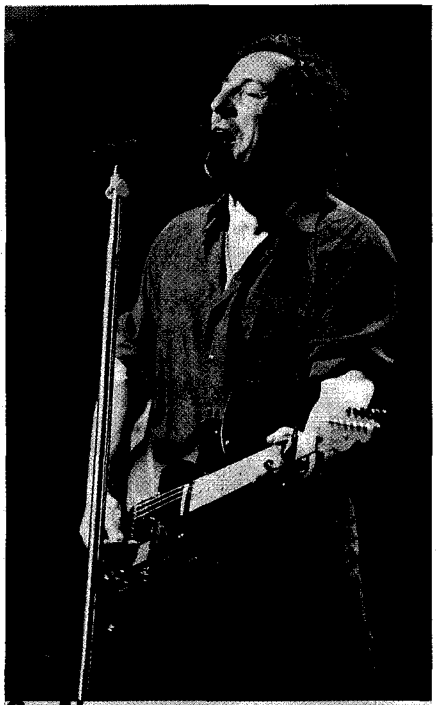
HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES				ATL FOX 7:30PM	ATL FOX 7:30PM	ATL FOX 1PM	MTL FOX 1:30PM
METS				TB FSNY 7PM	TB WB 7PM	TB WB 4PM	BAL ESPN 8PM
METROSTARS			NO	GAMES THIS	WEEK		
LIBERTY						MIN TBD 3:30PM	UTA MSG 4PM
	7/12	7/13	7/14	7/15	7/16	7/17	7/18

range from $75 to $130, depending on the level and length of the session; call 661-2895 for information on registration.

Rock Climbing—The second of four sessions of rock-climbing classes for children ages 9 and older takes place 7/13 and 7/17. Two-hour classes are held every Tuesday at 3:30 and Saturday at 1:30 at the North Meadow Recreation Center in Central Park at 97th Street and focus on the fundamentals of climbing, such as knot-tying and belaying. Participation is free, and equipment (shoes and harnesses) is included. Call 348-4867 for reservations and information.

The Rundown—It's been a great couple of weeks for women's sports. Saturday saw the final of the women's World Cup (result undetermined as of press time) that surpassed all expectations in fan popularity, and this Tuesday, the first-ever WNBA All-Star game takes place at Madison Square Garden. Teresa Weatherspoon will be playing on her home court, though Rebecca Lobo, despite being one of the top picks in the balloting, will be watching from the sideline. In Major League All-Star news, Yankees fans may be a bit stung now that Boston's Nomar Garciaparra will be starting at shortstop on Tuesday instead of Derek Jeter, but Mets fans will be happy to see Mike Piazza behind the plate for the National League.

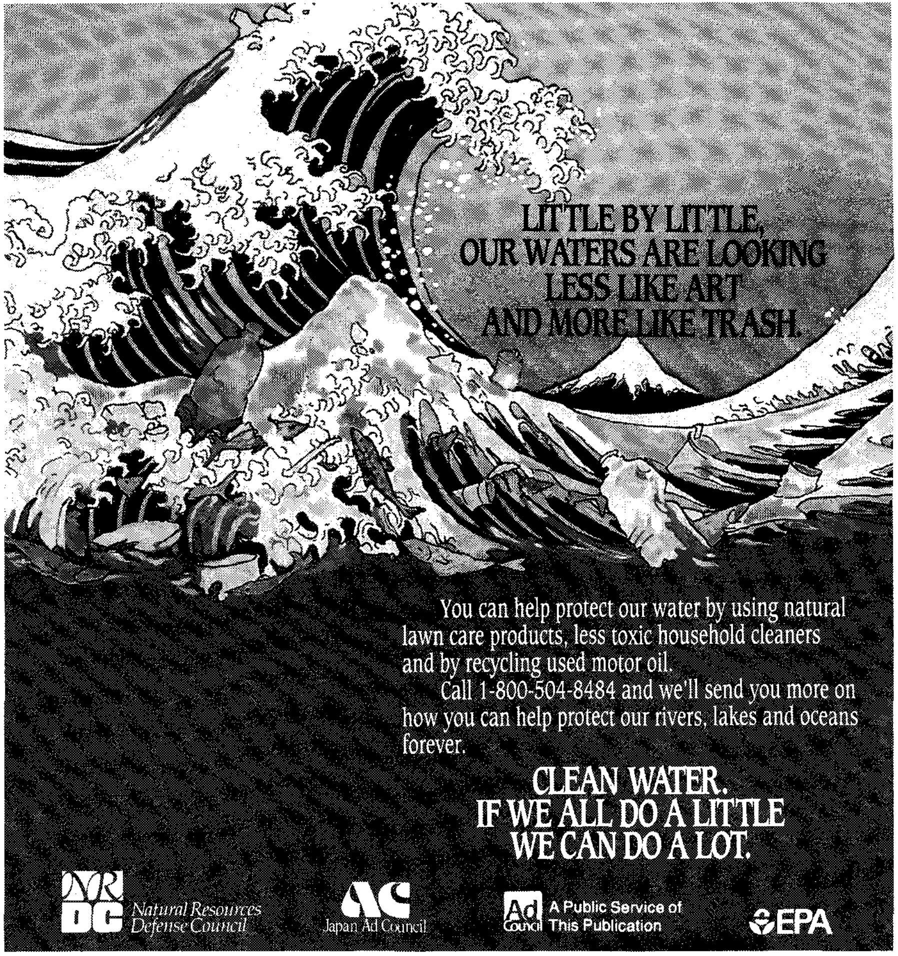


On Air

Radio Free Jersey

Dan Neer has been following Bruce Springsteen around since the early seventies, when the rocker was playing midnight gigs at the Stone Pony in Asbury Park—so the Q104 DJ brings years of fanatic devotion to his coverage (weekdays from 6 to 10 A.M.) of Springsteen's sold-out fifteen-concert stand at the Meadowlands, starting July 15. See "Radio Highlights" for details.

Photograph by Goedefroit/London Features.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kids

Singing Park...Robot Zoo

Children's Events

Promise of the Park—Meet **CENTRAL PARK** rangers for a tour of the northern reaches of the park at 11 A.M.; afterwards, Theater in Motion tells the story of its creation in a two o'clock performance at **THE MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK** (see photo). Both are free but require reservations: call 988-4952.●●

Jungle Book—One hundred years after Rudyard Kipling wrote the classic story about a young boy lost in the jungles of India who is adopted by a family of wolves, Puppetworks presents a version with original songs and elaborate stage settings, performed by a cast of marionettes. Through August 15 at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M. The Children's Aid Society, **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATRE**, 219 Sullivan St., bet. W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. Admission $8.00, children $5, groups of twenty or more $4.25. Reservations suggested (718-965-3391).

Captivating—Inspired by beautifully crafted bird and squirrel cages in the current exhibit "All God's Creatures: Man and Beast in Early America," design and build your own cage for a stuffed bird or small animal in an interactive family workshop on Saturday, July 17, from noon to 4 P.M. at the **FRAUNCES TAVERN MUSEUM**, 54 Pearl St. Admission is $2.50, $1 for seniors and students (425-1778).●

Scientific Methods—Outdoors, kids bring water upward with an Archimedes screw and create vast visible sound waves at the "Science Playground"; inside, they can get to work operating cranes and constructing bridges in a three-dimensional version of Richard Scarry's popular picture book *Busytown*. Tues. through Sun. from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, 47-01 111th St., at 46th Ave., Flushing Meadows, Queens. Admission is $6, $4 for children ages 4 to 15, free to children under 4. Science Playground costs an additional $2 (718-699-0005).

Kind Fishing—Learn how to catch and release fish without harming them, and how to fish without hurting yourself. The eleven-acre Harlem Meer Lake is stocked with 50,000 fish, including bluegills, large-mouth bass, chain pickerel, and catfish. Sat., July 17, from 1 to 2:30 P.M. at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center in **CENTRAL PARK**, 110th St. nr. Fifth Ave. (860-1370). Valid photo I.D. is required for borrowing poles and bait.●●

At Liberty—Four exhibits and an IMAX movie at **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** are all about animals. "Robot Zoo" gives an inside view on how animals operate unique features (like the neck, if you're a giraffe) with more than a dozen hands-on activities. "Reptiles: The Beautiful and the Deadly" combines hands-on activities, graphics, and living animals to remove common myths about the dangers of reptiles. "Brutal Kinship" explores the world of chimpanzees and their close relationship to humans. The IMAX movie *Island of the Sharks* gives a close-up look at entire schools of these dangerous predators. 251 Phillip St., Jersey City, N.J. Individual admission: exhibit only, $9:50, $7.50 seniors and students; IMAX film only, $8.50, $6.50 seniors and students; call for combination-ticket prices (201-451-0006).

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

What's the Story—Professional storytellers pay regular visits to several **CENTRAL PARK PLAYGROUNDS** to enchant, intrigue, and generally thicken the plot around the swings and slides. To find out when and where, call 860-1370. The New York Public Library is also dispatching storytellers to the Hans Christian Andersen statue (near the entrance at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St.) Wednesdays in July at 11. And of course, as always, stories are at the same statue Saturdays at 11 A.M. all summer long.●

Golly Gee Whiz—With a group called **TADA!**, kids ages 8 to 17—from all over the city—perform original musicals. This production, set in 1939, is about a group of kids who raise the spirits in a morose town called Happyville. Through 8/1; call for several matinee and evening times. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732; www.tadatheater.com); $6 for kids under 16, $12 for adults.

Hook, Line, and Sinker—Plenty of adult Brooklynites remember participating in this contest. Not a lot has changed. All kinds of little prizes are still given out, but the really big one is for catching a carp thrown in at the beginning, tagged with the name of the sponsor. Through 7/17 from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. Enter **PROSPECT PARK** at Ocean and Parkside Aves. Free parking; individuals can register on the day; groups of ten or more should register in advance by calling 718-965-8954. For general information, call 718-438-0100.●●

All Aboard—*America's Trains and Trees,* a 6,000-square-foot outdoor landscape, comes to life with seven model trains steaming through the Florida Everglades, the Great Lakes, the Mississippi, over the Smoky Mountains; trains chug past Laura Ingalls Wilder's little house on the prairie, and alongside Helen Keller's Alabama digs. On view 7/6 through 9/12. Also, Dave Rogers's "Big Bugs"—made entirely of natural materials—returns to the Everett Children's Adventure Garden. The twelve-acre haven of hands-on activities that always encourage kids to dig in the dirt specializes this week in ways for kids to get wet and learn about the fueling, as well as cooling, possibilities of H_2O. Storytelling about the natural world takes place weekends at 2 P.M. in July and August. **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8700). Admission is $6, $4 for seniors and students, $2 for children ages 2–12.

Perfectly Beastly—A scary-looking beast, "The Reluctant Dragon" prefers reading novels to frightening the populace—causing all sorts of confusion. Special effects include a bubble-bath scene (with real bubbles), fire-breathing, and a disco. To find out when the touring branch of the **SWEDISH COTTAGE MARIONETTE THEATER** brings the show to a playground near you, call 998-9093.●

cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Brett Kelly
Movies

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Nick Meyer
In Concert
Sports

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Performance

Field of Dreams

A Website (www.centralparknyc.org)—which, as of this month, offers updates on bird sightings and on upcoming storytelling sessions at the statue of Hans Christian Andersen—was beyond Frederick Law Olmsted (pictured) and Calvert Vaux's imagining. But as *The Promise of the Park,* a musical history written and directed by Leslie Fanelli, makes clear, the whole notion of a "public pleasure ground" was ahead of its time—mocked as well as praised in the press as a somewhat risky social experiment. The hope was that nature would have a civilizing effect on New Yorkers, making it safe for the "vicious and virtuous" to picnic side by side. In charge of supervising the job of clearing the acreage, Olmsted knew the land as intimately as anyone, which was why Calvert Vaux—a much more experienced designer—chose to team up with him. Even audience members who have grown up with the park as a backyard may enjoy a rangers-led tour of the natural and human history of the north end. On July 18 at 11 A.M. the tour starts at Central Park West and 100th Street, followed at 2 P.M. by a musical performance by Theater in Motion at the Museum of the City of New York. See "Children's Events" for details.

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph courtesy of the Museum of the City of New York

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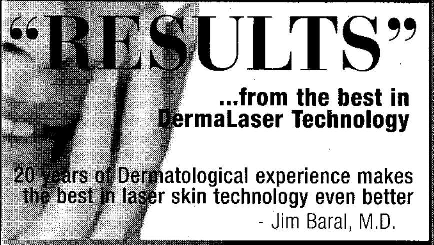

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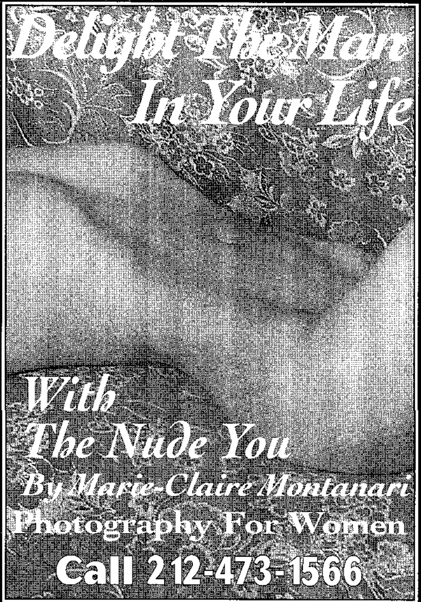

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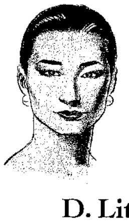

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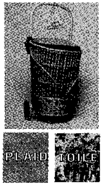

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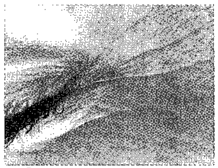

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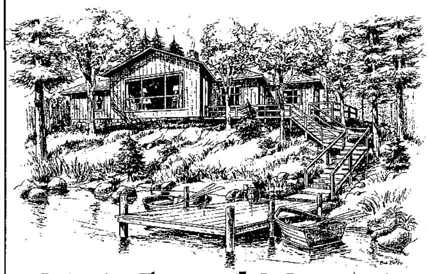

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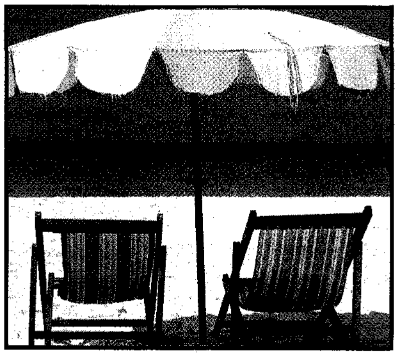

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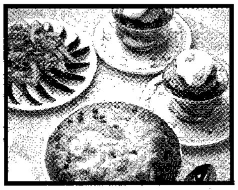

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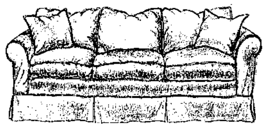

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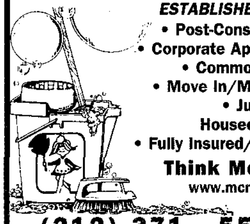

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Seeking Soul Mate—Nonpracticing Jewish male, successful entrepreneur, good-looking, New Age-thinking Manhattanite who spends time on the east end of LI and the east coast of FL. I'm 60, look early 50s. Golf, tennis and gym are my hobbies. You should be in your 40s-early 50s, nonsmoking, size 6 and shapely, and you must see the glass of life as half full. A sense of humor is a major plus. I will respond to a current picture only. 8951✉

Great Guy Seeks Incredible Woman—Very successful, hip, Ivy-educated physician, fun, extremely athletic, energetic, passionate, quick-witted, attractive (6'), very fit white male, late 30s, seeks single female, 24-38, for possible long-term romance. Loves world traveling, great food, sports, music and art. Will take you from black ties to black beaches. Please send returnable photograph. 8922 ✉☎

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks female to relocate to FL or NJ. 8950 ✉☎

Dare To Dream!—With a supportive, successful surgeon, handsome, affectionate, nice guy, 5'10", muscular, 43, into fitness, fun, culture. Seeks bright, sweet woman under 38 for incredible life. Phone/photo necessary. 1022 ✉☎

Redhead Seeks Honey—Are you excited by the possibility of meeting a passionate, smart, supportive woman? I'm beautiful, blue-eyed, 5'8", 40, Jewish, healthy and strong. Love my work, paint some, laugh a lot. Life is good and I want a sweetheart to share it with. You're intelligent, passionate and honest, and want to make an amazing home and family. I love exploring Manhattan and the countryside, walking on the beach at night. Let's do it together. Call or send note and photo. 8889 ✉☎

Maybe You're Looking For Me?—Leggy, ultra-affectionate, upbeat, mischievous, pretty, sensual, creative, adventurous, successful, bubbly, single Jewish female, 39, 5'6", 125, new to NYC. Am I looking for you? You're a fun, kind, sincere, accomplished, fascinating, compassionate, sensitive, communicative CEO type - and a single/divorced Jewish male who's relationship-ready and has time for me. No fixer-uppers please. Photo appreciated. FunDamsel@aol.com 8838✉☎

6'3", Professional Male, 45—Italian descent, healthy, secure, single, no dependents, athletic, humorous, enjoys life in all ways; travel, a big heart. Seeks female under 43 for friendship, romance, commitment, no games. Photo/note/home number gets reply. Let's touch base. 8827✉☎

Have Everything I Need...Except You—Professional, handsome single dad, 42, 5'11", athletic and fit, financially and personally successful. Life is very happy and complete...only missing someone to share it with. You should be 30-40, single, attractive female who is honest, down-to-earth, loyal and family-oriented, fun-loving, love dining at Lutece or at Nathan's, watching a Broadway show or a Yankees game, reading a good book or a trashy newspaper...most of all being with the ones you love and doing anything or nothing. Note/photo/phone. 8910✉☎

Good-Natured, Good-Looking—Do you enjoy the finer things...like good wine or a visit to the Frick? And the simple things...like a picnic overlooking NY Harbor? I'm a fit, attractive, blond, blue-eyed, 34-year-old, professional gay man seeking a sensitive, down-to-earth, 21-34-year-old guy. I like to rollerblade, travel, play tennis and work out. I enjoy spending time with my family and friends - and it would be great to have someone else to talk to and laugh with. I'm looking for a long-term relationship. 8751 ✉☎ NYCChris@hotmail.com

I Love Summer Sunday Mornings—The garden at MOMA, beautiful spring days in Central Park, sunsets from my balcony, the sultry sound of Chet Baker. I hate not being able to share these things. I want a woman who is unique, romantic, classy, sensuous, with uncompromising values and grace. She is a cut above and not afraid to admit it. She is 25-35, model slim, strong-willed and won't settle. Some of my interests include dining, downtown, jazz and fashion. I am 42, green eyes, wavy hair, artistic, athletic, with a passion for all life has to offer. Photo. 8938 ✉☎

Superficial—Shallow, emotionally unavailable white male, 51, seeks bored, thin, neurotic 18-35 woman for meaningless long-term relationship. Space cadettes and couch potatoes especially welcome. 8830 ✉☎

"Send Me Someone To Love"—Pretty, honey-brown African-American female, self-employed professional with 1960's values, financially and emotionally secure, seeks a wise and affectionate male partner (40-56) who also loves his work. Single dads okay. 8888 ✉☎

Gay, Top Life Style—Good-looking, 60, white male, super-successful, seeking attractive, sophisticated, well-educated, 40s, for serious relationship. Photo. 8896✉

Good To Go—Honest, handsome, kind-hearted, wry, reflective, 49, 5'11", (212), informal, Ivy, in the arts. Likes books, nature, Manhattan culture and sports, all music, good talk. Seeks sincere relationship with very bright, warm, pretty (212) woman, 30s-40s. Hugs, too. Recent photo appreciated with substantive note (no form letters, please). 1025 ✉

"Glass Half Full" Kind Of Guy—A thoughtful, kindhearted, leading CEO, handsome, tender, 5'10", lean, 43 - passion for working out, travel, humor. Seeks sincere, educated woman under 37 for forever. Phone/photo a must. 8937✉☎

Very Pretty, Intelligent, Active—Youthful 53-year-old lawyer, caring, Rubenesque, big smile whether she cuddles with her cats (rather cuddle with "you') or travels for fun and adventure; loves family, her two grown children, friends, hot dogs and champagne, community service, Nobu, movies, music and the arts, the outdoors (especially the water) and her BMW. Seeking not religious Jewish professional, businessman or king with good sense of humor, who still believes in love and values the above. E-mail: ThisF4Uaol.com or phone or 8846✉☎

Chiropractor Preferred—For magical relationship/share dream helping others heal. Pretty, loving, slender white female, psychotherapist, 30something, popular, seeks attractive, fit, kind white male. Holistic/spiritual. Respond now! 8933✉☎

Comedy Drama Of Middle-Aged Love—Scheduled for a long run. Leading lady is 5'2", 52, shapely, (914). Leading man must be able to handle multifaceted role with finesse, intelligence, passion and generosity of soul. 8781 ✉☎

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Mensch With An Edge—45, 5'9", handsome, gym-fit, creatively romantic, casually refined with NYC/NJ lifestyle. Passions include outdoor activities, fitness, fine wine, jazz, golf and stimulating conversation. Seeking a slender, sultry siren who shares my passions, has her own to share, and who is emotionally available. Photo and note, please - or e-mail to MnschwEdg@aol.com 8725 ✉☎

Interested In Having A Child?—Attractive Italian woman, 37, 5'5", 127 lbs, brown hair and eyes, with interest in having a child. In search of handsome, healthy, white, financially supportive man, 37-45, 5'10" plus. Nondrinker, nonsmoker, with same interests, for committed relationship. Phone/photo/note a must, please, for reply. 8885 ✉☎

Classy, Beautiful Lady—Early 40s, MD, divorced, Jewish, European-born, seeks high professional man, 45-55, with brains and sense of humor, to enjoy life. 8825✉☎

Are You The Perfect Man For Me?—I'm 53, very pretty, bright, vivacious, independent, secure, multifaceted, fit, fun, Jewish, with wit, warmth, class. 8911✉☎

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Palm Beach Physician—Jewish male, 42, Sylvester Stallone look-alike, 6', fit, never-married, kind, various interests, above-average in most respects, cerebral, a bit shy. Searching for slender, refined, very feminine young lady, any nationality, relocatable. Hope for friendship eventually leading to "happy ever-after" with a wonderful young lady. Photo/note. 8899☒☎

Handsome, Affluent, Bright—Jewish professional guy seeks bright career woman in medicine, law, PhD, etc., under 40. Terrific stock market investor, joke teller, airplane flyer, athlete, artist, tenured university professor and researcher. E-mail SHARPGUY4U@aol.com. 1026 ☒ ☎

Unique, Upbeat London Lady—Young 40s, Jewish, lovely and lithe, seeks her man. ukladee@aol.com 8943☒☎

Fetching Woman, Paris-Born—Ivy-educated. In jeans, jeep and Hermes scarf during the day; long legs, short skirts at night to enjoy art, concerts, theater, good food and conversation. Love traveling, riding, water sports and reading. You are tall, 45-55-year-old, nonsmoking man, open to possibilities, with tender heart, wit, flair and photo. 8832 ☒ ☎

Very Handsome—Fit, 44 - looks 34, strong, sensitive, passionate, funny. Loves beach, movies, sunsets. Seeks female, 28-40, who is spiritually and physically beautiful. Photo/note. 1014 ☒ ☎

Hockey Player—Musician with a passion for life and love of the performing arts. Seeks woman for long term based on ardent friendship. Photo and music clips at www.pioneeris.net/zedman44. Single white male, 33. Athletic build. Note with photo preferred. 8844 ☒

Englishwoman—60, Jewish, nonreligious but culturally connected; widowed, not yet heart-free, avid traveler (work permitting). Loves books, classical music, movies, theater, dogs, bird watching. Looking for friendship with talk and sharing. 8735☒☎

Therapist With Soul Of Artist—Hazel-eyed beauty seeks fit male, 38-50, to share passion for life, love, arts. 8898 ☒ ☎

NY-Born Midwest Entrepreneur—ewish, mid 50s, divorced, athletic, iscally secure. Loves art, travel, fitness, amily. Seeks woman, 40-55, intellectually challenging, physically fit, joie de vivre, professional, for relationship leading to marriage. No smokers, plus sizes, young children. 8961 ☒

Gentle Beauty—Lots of heart, soul and more too. Stunning, slender, chestnut blond. Quiet confidence, elegant uncluttered style, great legs and a tamed ebellious streak. Successful, smart, resourceful, supportive, divorced woman. Likable, easy to be with. Diverse interests mundane to highbrow). Dabbles in ports, drives a convertible, adores football, basketball. Loves learning, rchitecture, discovering highways/byways f Europe, unwinding on sunny islands. eeks educated, fit, financially stable, attractive, interesting man, 47-65. 1019☒☎

ingle White Male—Ivy professional, tall, mid 40s, seeks attractive Asian woman for relaxed intimate encounters. Sincere inquiries only. Photo. 8903 ☒ ☎

Gay Woman Of Substance—42, pretty, slender, grounded, intense, successful professional who likes to cook, run and have long talks in dark cafes, seeks simpatico, career-oriented woman who is perceptive, evolved, warm, smart, pretty, quick-witted and fit. Note/photo appreciated. 8894 ☒ ☎

Svelte Blond Widow—60s, (516), enjoying the good life and looking for a male significant other to do the same. Phone/note/recent photo, please. 1007 ☒☎

Dynamic Dermatologist—36-year-old, beautiful, sensuous, 5'8" brunette, extremely kind, keen sense of humor, would like to meet my "bershert" who is extremely successful, strong, highly educated, 35-45, Jewish, for a serious relationship only. Photo welcomed. 8962☒

Upbeat, Upscale, Upcounty—Petite, blue-eyed brunette, (914), 50, bright, shapely, seeks witty, kind, educated man to 65, for Chapter Two. No Gershwin/Szechuan fan ignored. Note/photo. 8841 ☒☎

Bi/Gay Female Needed For Cover—Gay white man, successful, Wasp, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs, blond. Enjoys the country, animals, sports, horse riding. Seeks non-smoking, feminine, educated, attractive female for social occasions and possible co-parenting. Note/photo. 8966 ☒

Beautiful, Bright Blond—29, 125, lives in LA, loves NY, seeks sincere, very successful, intelligent, 5'8"-plus, 38-plus man wanting adventure, love and marriage. Photo/phone. 8842 ☒☎

Jewish Blond Babe—39, loves baseball, beer and Broadway, movies and Manhattan; busy career and hasn't met the right guy. He is Jewish, successful, smart, nice-looking, fit, funny, 28-45, lives in and loves NYC, just hasn't met the right girl. Photo/note/e-mail address. 8848 ☒☎

If You're—Fun-loving, 59-75, tall, successful, established professional, wanting to share dinners, theater, movies, travel, exercise, zest for life with a very beautiful widow, a very young 60, successful professional, fit, 5'6", an excellent sense of humor, loves to laugh, sensitive, Christian, seeking a companion and best friend - with possible long-term relationship, then please write. Photo necessary with note; will exchange. 8965 ☒

No-man-tic In Romantic Paris—Where I reside (in NY this summer). Whimsical, attractive, feminine professional seeks intelligent, tender man, 55-65, to cherish and be cherished in our chosen city. 8949☒

Pretty, Witty PhD—Warm, smart, upbeat, Jewish, tall, svelte, fit. Seeks man with character, depth and humor, active, tall, fit (30s-40s). Photo. 8826 ☒ ☎

Let's Live It Up—Great guy, athletic, handsome, sexy, seeks classy, slim Jewish lady, 55-64, for romance and great style. Recent photo, please. 8964 ☒

Hi There—I'm a tall, thin, semi-amusing, iconoclastic real estate developer, 51. A runner, reader, meditator. Seeking a bright, professional, 40s female friend plus. 8902 ☒ ☎

Plastic Surgeon—38, Jewish, 5'9", attractive, sophisticated, seeks slim, well-educated professional woman with sense of humor, for life. Photo/note. 8845☒☎

Divorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-flavored math professor, 69, 5'9", NYC, two children, Ivy League, bookish, seeks woman, 59-71, to share life of the mind. 1018 ☒

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Are You My Soulmate?—Attractive, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs, single white female, self-employed, loves music. Spiritual, attractive, loving, honest, intelligent, healthy and open-minded. Seeks single white male, 34-45, financially secure, similar qualities, for loving, long-term committed relationship. We share: talks, walks, ocean, travel, films, hiking, etc. Let's bring out the best in each other! Note/photo. 1012 ☒☎

Super-Nice Guy—With a great sense of humor, extremely romantic, affectionate and caring. I'm a young 40, 6', 170, fun-loving, active, athletic, cute, love life and all it has to offer. Photo a must. 8930☒☎

Self-Assured, Self-Employed—But not self-absorbed. Tall, trim, sophisticated woman with distinct presence, elegance and style, early 50s. Intrigued? 8968 ☒ ☎

Multifaceted—Handsome, tall, very successful businessman, 54, 6', youthful in spirit and appearance, seeking a very pretty and slender female, 36-48, who is intelligent, upbeat, spontaneous and enjoys life. Photo a must. 8947 ☒

Let Me Show What You—Have been missing all your life - Born in east Europe, beautiful, blond, 37, model/dancer-type, one child, seeks very successful, warm, generous, with good sense of humor and high standards. Note/photo. 1028 ☒

Handsome Male—6'1", athletic build, financially secure, well-educated, 43, Manhattanite, equestrian lifestyle, seeks previously married, attractive blond, Christian gal who enjoys both town and country life style, the arts, Italian food, fine wine, romance. Recent photo a must. 8917☒☎

Have You Ever Looked—Into someone's eyes and just wanted to talk all night? Wall Street professional male, 40, fit and attractive. Emotionally literate and willing to take risks. Looking for the right pair of eyes. 8948 ☒☎

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NJ, Down-To-Earth, Warm, Confident—Jewish (secular) male, 40s, 6', 170, handsome (I'm told - truly). Easygoing, spontaneous (if planned!). Seeks 30s woman, attractive, playful, shapely (what else do I say!), communicative, bright, sense of humor, sensual..."well, at least have good teeth!" Photo/phone. 8971✉

You're The Man—Who's made life on your own terms, full of love and energy, creative, open-minded, compassionate, and ready for a serious relationship with this lovely, spirited, smart, unusual, multifaceted woman, highly educated early 40s, 5'9", slim, fit and ready for love. Note/photo. 8923 ✉☎

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim. Loves springtime, slow dancing and falling in love. Looking for male counterpart. 1009 ✉☎

Attentive Man—Tall, handsome, 59, seeks intense, passionate, romantic Manhattan woman, 45-50. Recent photo. 8912 ✉☎

Class Act—Attractive, witty Jamaican lady, heart in the '60s, head in Y2K. Enjoys travel, theater, dancing, fine dining, long walks. Seeks tall, attractive, successful male, 50-60, to share good times and monogamous relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8914 ✉ ☎

Chances Are—You don't want to pass up this opportunity. Attractive, successful, divorced Jewish male, mid 40s, down-to-earth, even-tempered, with great sense of humor, seeks mid 30s-mid 40s Jewish gal with class, character and substance, to explore the endless possibilities. Photo preferred. 8878 ✉ ☎

Intelligent, Beautiful—Black female educator, seeks companionship with professional, fit, tall, dark, handsome, communicative male, 38-50, eclectic interests. Note/photo. 1029 ✉

Svelte, Stylish Beauty—With Ivy degrees and high net worth, 39, seeks outrageously intelligent, seriously wealthy, old-fashioned romantic gentleman, 45-69. Photo/note (will exchange). 8871✉

Green-Eyed Blond—Appealing, extremely attractive, divorced woman. Independent and feminine, passionate and thoughtful. Creamy complexion, slim, good figure, very comfortable in a bikini. Believes all things are possible. Enjoys people, good books, good wine, romantic inns, the Knicks, Paris, London, live concerts, the warmth of friendship, Italy, sailing. Seeks fit, attractive, intelligent, funny, established 48-plus man who enjoys life/travel. 1020 ✉☎

Want Wife - Will Travel—I'm a charming, intelligent, humorous, handsome, trim/fit, Jewish, divorced (no kids yet), extremely wealthy, self-made, unpretentious businessman who now wants to find an incredible woman to share life, success and hopefully a family. Odds are she's in NYC, so I'm coming back to find her. If you're 30-38, Jewish, accomplished, attractive, petite, thin (size 2/4 is perfect), have no kids yet and, most important, are extremely intelligent and witty, then please do what you've probably never done before - respond with a descriptive note and photo. If it all works out, we'll live anywhere we want - even NYC. 1016✉☎

Could You Love—A beautiful, intelligent, independent, slender woman of 48, Scottish descent, no kids, ex-Wall Streeter, who loves cooking, gardening, books, music, film, art, dance, NYC, travel, hiking, rock climbing, kayaking, skiing, the ocean and the mountains? If you are a nonsmoker, fit, smart, a lover of nature, the arts and all things sensual, and love to laugh, please respond with note and photo. 8972 ✉

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LI Professional—6', light hair, light eyes, 40s, athletic, enjoys travel, outdoor activities, dining out, fireplace evenings, and love life. Looking for happy, professional, sincere woman, at least 5'3", slender, who wants to enjoy life. Note/photo. 8921 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Warmhearted, Sweet—Divorced, petite female, 42, half Jewish, dazzling smile, seeks a man who has integrity, a sense of humor and a happy disposition. Westchester preferred. 8953 ✉☎

Curvy, Green-Eyed Beauty—With great legs, glamorous career and warm, fun-loving, outgoing personality, seeks witty, upscale, outstanding, sensational, secure, lovable and happy man, 45-55. 8839 ✉ ☎

Woody Allen's Wit—Marilyn Monroe's body. Caring, striking, vibrant, educated female, 50, seeks male. 8929 ✉☎

Seriously Attractive Blond—45, tall, slim, sexy figure, leggy, very vivacious, intelligent and sensual. Looking for exceptional Jewish man, 44-55, who's independent, sensual, intelligent, successful, handsome and has a great sense of humor. Note/photo/phone. 8956 ✉

North Shore Elegant Lady—Shapely and sweet. Seeks an attractive, kind, 65 plus, caring and cuddly gentleman, financially secure, to share a happy quality life together. 1010 ✉☎

Successful, Handsome, Athletic—Attorney - loves culture, the arts, jogging, Jewish, 47, looking for pretty and athletic lady who is caring, intelligent and cultured, for romance and marriage. Photo appreciated. 8967 ✉

Menschette—Attractive professional, fit, 40, seeks handsome, Jewish, 36-45, professional male. Note/photo. 1017✉

Cross The Threshold—Into a deeper life with a subtle, authentic, attractive woman, 41. Would like to meet a warm, attractive, nonmaterialistic man, 35-45, who is daring in matters of the heart. 8954✉☎

Soulful Male—37, 6'1", seeks attractive, slim, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh. 8963✉☎

Very Attractive, Exotic Jewish Woman—Long dark hair, blue-eyed, successful, early 30s, sexy woman with a great smile and creative mind. Great body, work out, heart of gold, with devilish smile. Love boating, getting away on weekends. Looking for serious relationship. Seek handsome, charismatic, exciting, entrepreneurial man, 35-46, who loves to live life. Dress up or down. You must be nurturing and well-balanced. Commonality important. Manhattan-based preferred. Are you my Prince Charming? Photo. 1023 ✉ ☎

Divorced White Female—NJ, 50, attractive. Looking for great guy, 48-65, for long-term relationship. A sense of humor a plus. Interests: movies, dining, the arts and spectator sports. 8880 ✉☎

Considerate, Loving, Intelligent, Kind—This is the man whom I hope to find. A man who's been married, loves being a dad, but life as a single is making him sad. A lasting connection with one cute, bright and sweet, would surely make his life complete. Me - blue-eyed, blond professional, work out, very slim. Educated, interesting - that would be him! Late 40s-50-something would be just right. Informative note, clear picture would be a delight. 8957 ✉

NYMessage

Park Avalon—Friday, 6/27 at bar. You are a recruiter for banking without benefits. I am in HR. Please write. 1027 N

Are We A Match—Never-married Italian female, 43, brown-eyed brunette, kind, thoughtful and generous, enjoys dining, travel. Seeks white professional man, 39-52, nonsmoker. LI only. 8840 ✉ ☎

A Great Catch—Successful Jewish man of 49, with no dependents, seeks attractive, passionate, devoted woman. Photo/note/phone. 8946 ✉

Very Attractive—Westchester Jewish widow, mid 60s, sophisticated, sensitive, bright, well-traveled, financially secure, looking to kick up her heels with intelligent professional mensch, for ever-after happiness. 1006 ✉

Adventurous, Fun-Loving, Intelligent—Sensitive and sincere Manhattan woman with diverse interests. Marriage not a priority. Searching for a male counterpart, 60-70, to share a mutually satisfying relationship. Nonsmoker. 8854✉☎

Publishing Rep—33, seeks woman who loves pets, good movies, bad tennis and especially romance. Photo please. 8952✉

Spiritual, Sexy, Intelligent—Divorced Jewish male, 44, 5'11", NYC business owner with a warm heart and quick wit. I'm a sensitive, caring soul with a tremendous degree of personal magnetism that lights up the people in my life. Seek "special woman" who is beautiful inside and out. Note/photo. 8955 ✉

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 38, 5'7", into skiing, beach, NYC, concerts, seeks "nice" female. Available immediately! 1015 ✉☎

Handsome, Fit, Secure Professional—Single white gentle male (36, 5'11") seeks feminine/pretty soulmate. Everyday commercial things are familiar to her; her sharp intellect and spirited sensibilities engage her to the quality things in life; her passions are the artistic, social and athletic sites of Manhattan. Note/photo. 8942✉☎

Single Jewish Female—34, thin, fit and pretty, enjoys outdoor sports, art and travel. Seeking man, 28-40, fit, handsome, secure and sense of humor, for serious relationship. Photo a must. 1011 ✉ ☎

Is Your Smile Your Trademark?—Handsome Jewish patent attorney, 37, seeks happy, attractive Jewish woman, 27-35, to warm his nights. Note/phone/photo. 8960✉

Genuine NY Female—Seeks male, 38-47, for mixed doubles partner, lifetime match of fun. A great sport, loves black diamond trails, classic Benz, suits up in jeans or Armani with first seed looks. 8904 ✉☎

Manly Good Looks—Single, mature, Jewish, successful business exec, 5'10", hazel eyes, fit, virile and seeking an earthy, vibrant, sensuous younger female for all the right reasons. Photo and frank response. 8918 ✉ ☎

Feminine, Lovely, Refined, Fun—Loves life, arts, nature, travel. Seeks vibrant, caring Jewish man of integrity 65 plus, to share sweet pleasures. 8857✉☎

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MARY ANN MADDEN #946

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

He was waiting at the bar in the airport. I walked up to him as if I were meeting a friend. He had the eyes and the handshake of a sea bass. If this was my millionaire client, I was in for some heavy weather.

Above, the opening words of a voice-over narration from an action-adventure (not private-eye) movie. Competitors are invited to provide one original sample, 50 words or fewer, please.

Results of Competition 943, in which you were asked to name a new "designer" magazine.

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Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

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Larry Laiken, N.Y.C.

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Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 946, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by July 23. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the September 3 issue.

C u e

What are the new films and where are they playing?
Broadway, Off Broadway, or Off-Off Broadway?
Music under the stars or on the stage?
How about a comedy club for a few laughs?
Want to be moved by classical art or avant garde art?
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O	P	T	I	M	A	L	■	E	N	C	Y	C	L	O	P	E	D	I	A	■
■	■	I	N	D	I	E	S	■	N	E	E	■	S	P	A	R	E	S	■	■
■	W	O	R	L	D	A	L	M	A	N	A	C	■	G	L	I	N	T	E	D
G	E	N	E	■	E	R	O	O	■	D	R	A	M	A	■	■	■	I	R	A
E	R	A	■	S	S	N	■	Z	E	E	■	L	I	P	S	■	S	C	I	S
T	E	R	S	E	■	■	■	A	N	D	E	A	N	■	A	R	I	S	E	■
S	A	Y	Y	E	S	■	A	R	E	■	R	I	N	G	L	E	T	■	■	■
■	■	■	N	A	T	A	N	T	■	P	O	S	E	R	■	N	E	A	T	H
O	S	L	O	■	A	C	E	■	B	U	S	■	H	A	R	A	■	P	I	E
P	H	O	N	E	N	U	M	B	E	R	■	G	A	Z	E	T	T	E	E	R
T	O	N	Y	S	■	F	I	B	E	R	■	T	H	E	S	A	U	R	U	S
S	W	I	M	S	■	F	A	C	T	S	■	O	A	S	T	■	G	Y	P	■

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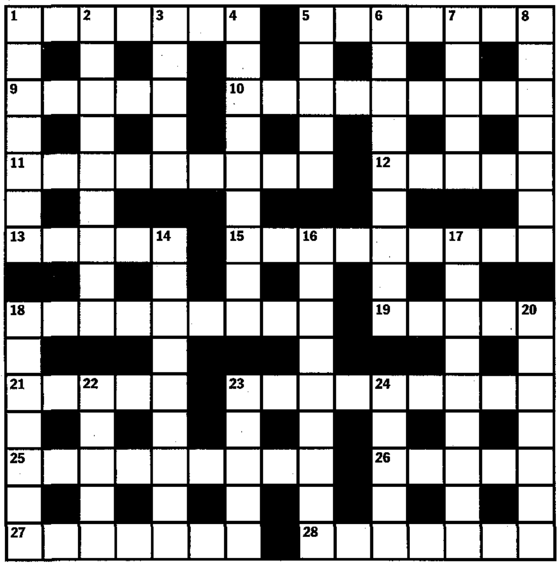
The 'Guardian' Crossword



ACROSS

1 Stuff with hair—that's for safety reasons. (7)
5 Rider accepting lift cracks up. (7)
9 Sound record made by famous pianist. (5)
10 Seeing underworld boss asleep, may be put out. (9)
11 Her charges are invariably small. (9)
12 An Irish writer—wayward egghead. (5)
13 Tot presented with foreign article appears confused. (5)
15 An American who's always on the level. (9)
18 Port and nuts sent back by a cad. (9)
19 Oriental service that is provided for a man. (5)
21 Took a seat beside a top newsman, well-satisfied. (5)
23 He'll attack a fool and sicken a social worker. (9)
25 The Italian patriot takes the biscuit! (9)
26 Princess of Colchis involved in gruesome dealings. (5)
27 Set owls free, being most dim-witted. (7)
28 Plain note: few make an impression. (7)

DOWN

1 Fantastic pool in a former kingdom. (7)
2 A record concerning daughter—it will bring censure. (9)
3 To rue reform is not at all usual. (5)
4 Took off with an exciting novel. (9)
5 Sat when asked. (5)
6 Acknowledgment of a grant? (9)
7 Bearing with high-rise housing fit only for animals. (5)
8 A woman gone to find a drinking-den. (7)
14 Band getting involved in dreadful melee may be set straight. (9)
16 Allowing a girl into a seedy bar. (9)
17 Mister Knockabout! (9)
18 Leaves singers all at sea. (7)
20 Get out if over-weight. (7)
22 Some doctors only treat the body. (5)
23 Distribute a tax raised. (5)
24 The feet of poets. (5)

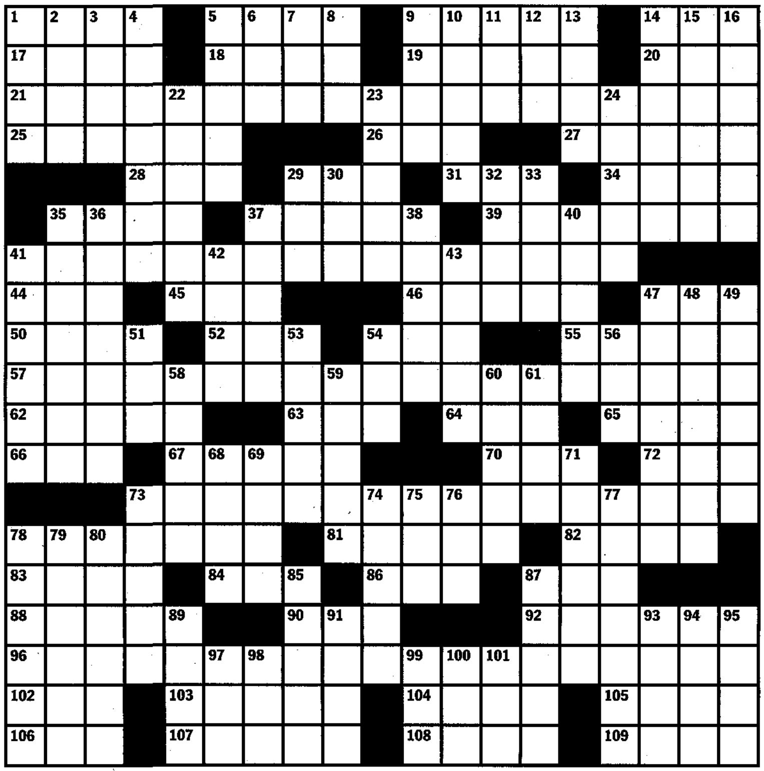
'Tell Me That You Love Me': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

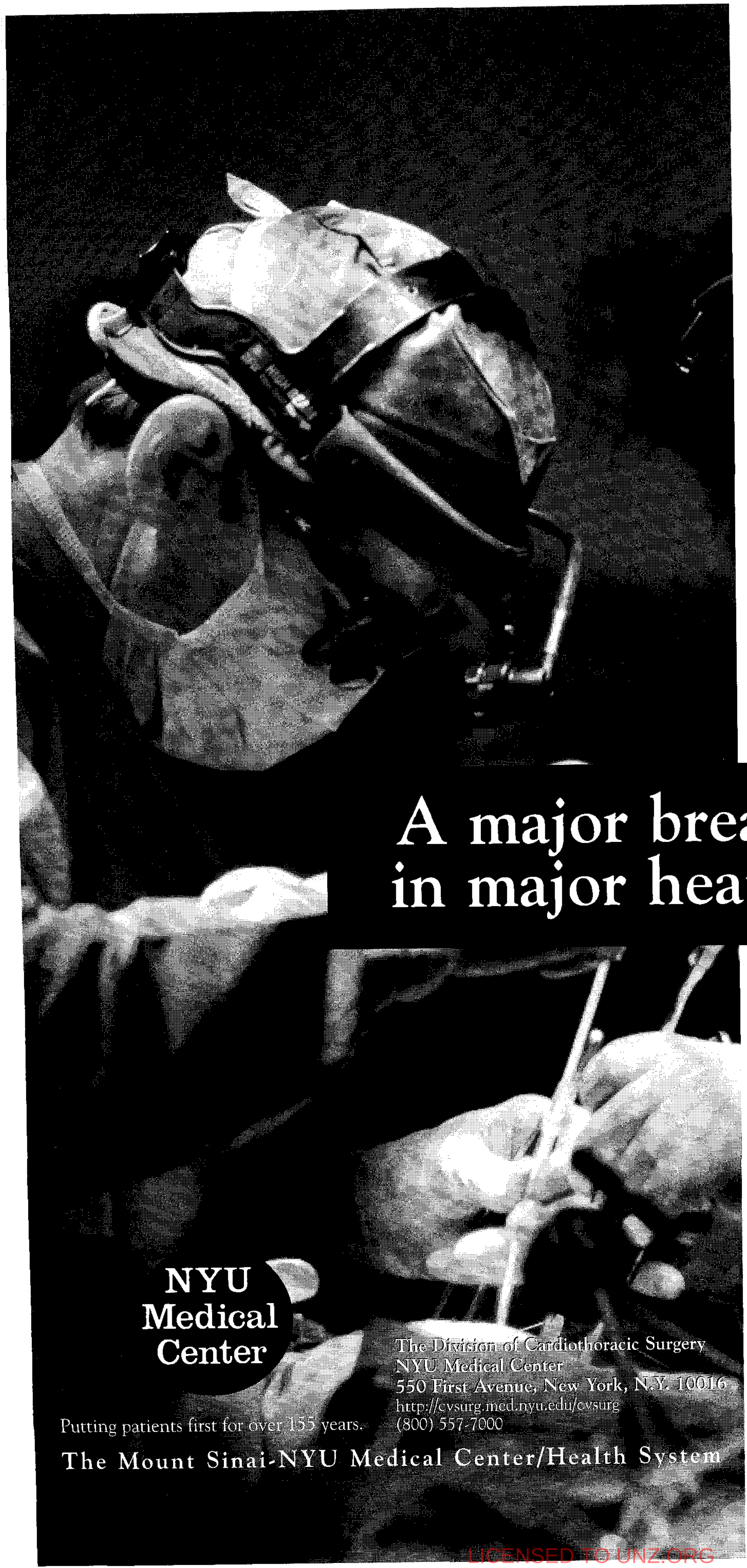
1 Chamber employee
5 Chemist's glass tube
9 Strikebreakers
14 Ernie of golf
17 To boot
18 Machu Picchu native
19 Rush
20 Small, in Dogpatch
21 Start of a verse
25 Before Madre or Leone
26 Pierre's pal
27 Scold
28 Used to be
29 "Arabian Nights" bird
31 Not working
34 Exhausts the supply, with "up"
35 Pirate's loot
37 Fortune card
39 Zirconium is the last, alphabetically
41 Verse: II
44 Dyer's tub
45 Gun gp.
46 "Steam Heat" singer Page
47 Fat farm
50 Workmen's-safety agcy.
52 Ex-Dodger Hodges
54 —— Lingus
55 Lions' lodgings
57 Verse: III
62 Spooky
63 Cow's chew
64 Far from joyful
65 Largest continent, on a French map
66 Orthodontist's deg.
67 Bullfrog's sound
70 Mauna ——
72 La's go-with
73 Verse: IV
78 Breakfast porridge
81 Makes a web
82 Relieve tension
83 Saint Philip ——
84 "Braveheart" Gibson
86 Last word of "America the Beautiful"
87 Kibbutznik's land: abbr.
88 Consequences' alternative
90 Vanity
92 Blacksmiths, often
96 End of the verse
102 N.Y. transit org.
103 Hot under the collar
104 Appetizing mart
105 Freshman course in aesthetics
106 Ending for Hallow
107 Ancient harps
108 Trees in an O'Neill title
109 Hornet's home

DOWN

1 Raincoats, for short
2 "—— Ever Need Is You"
3 Peekaboo words
4 Portal
5 Passport permits
6 Pen dip
7 Card in the hole
8 Shropshire boy
9 Fake
10 Unusual art object
11 Floating zoo
12 Undies item
13 Coordinate the timing, for short
14 Fictional Plaza brat
15 Hal who played Barney Miller
16 Most wily
22 Ferdinand's realm
23 Georgia city
24 Hitchhiker's necessary finger
29 Stadium "hurray!"
30 Granada gold
32 Fedora fabric
33 Tire mishap
35 Banged up
36 Shrivels on the vine
37 Orient Express, e.g.
38 Wigwam
40 Jannings and Gilels
41 Declared positively
42 Encourage strongly
43 Football gains
47 Sonora snoozes
48 Midwest level grassland
49 —— as a doornail
51 Vowel request to Vanna
53 Making all stops
54 Calculate the total
56 Palindromic exclamation
58 Actress Anne
59 Compeers of Ellington and Wellington
60 Concert places
61 Heathen god
68 Paper quantity
69 Give the eye
71 H. Rider Haggard's "She"
73 Dame Maggie
74 Kind of salts
75 For shame!
76 Merkel of old movies
77 "The Time of Your Life" playwright
78 Neither early nor late
79 Give soda its pop
80 Eisenhower's predecessor
85 Philippine island
87 "A man's home —— castle"
89 Stones from the sky
91 Part of a sentry's query
93 Brontë's Jane
94 Hamelin's rodents
95 Clobbered, Biblically
97 Be nosy
98 Equal footing
99 Drink that sounds helpful
100 Theologian's study: abbr.
101 Initials on a Dutch plane



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 12



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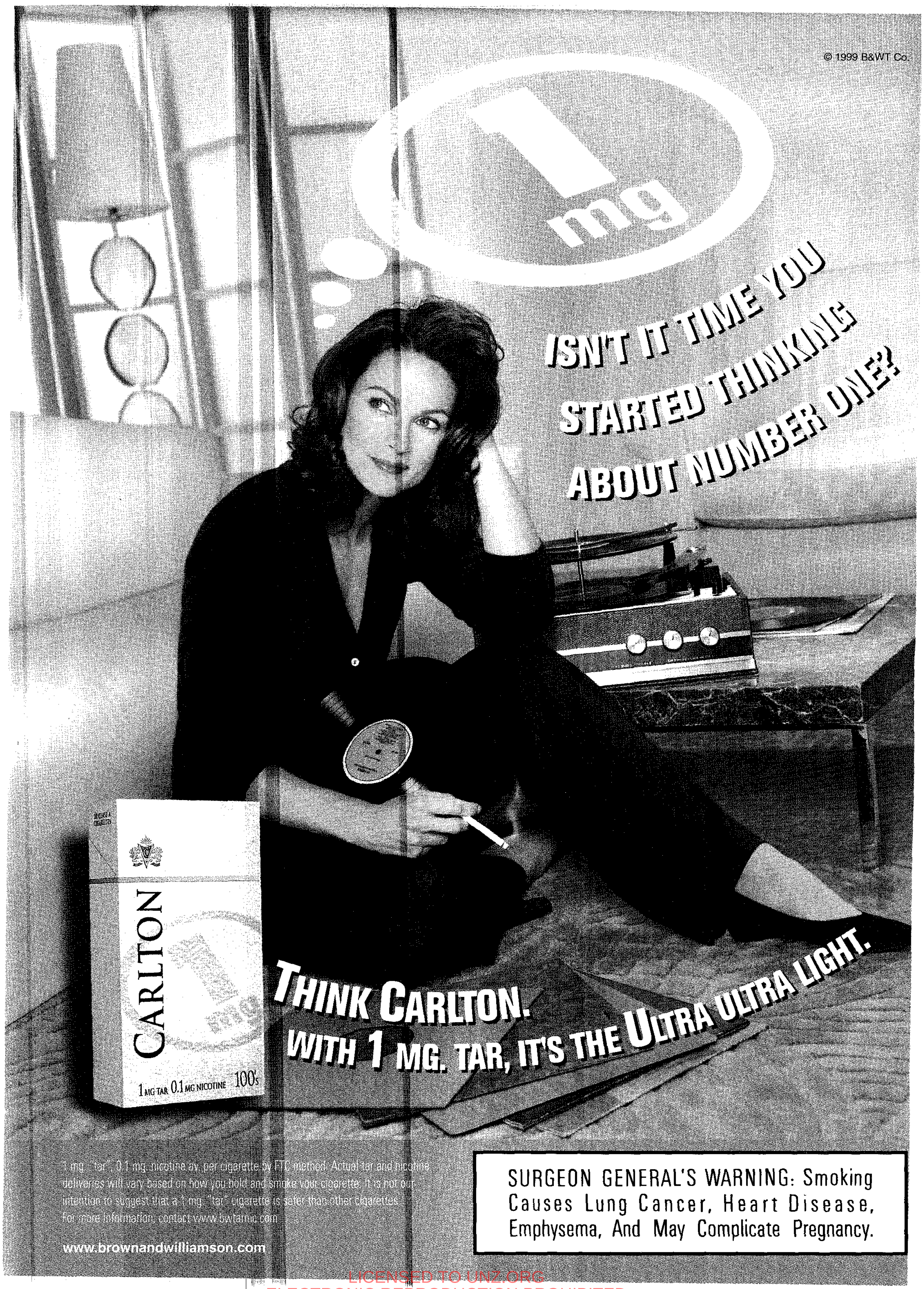
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